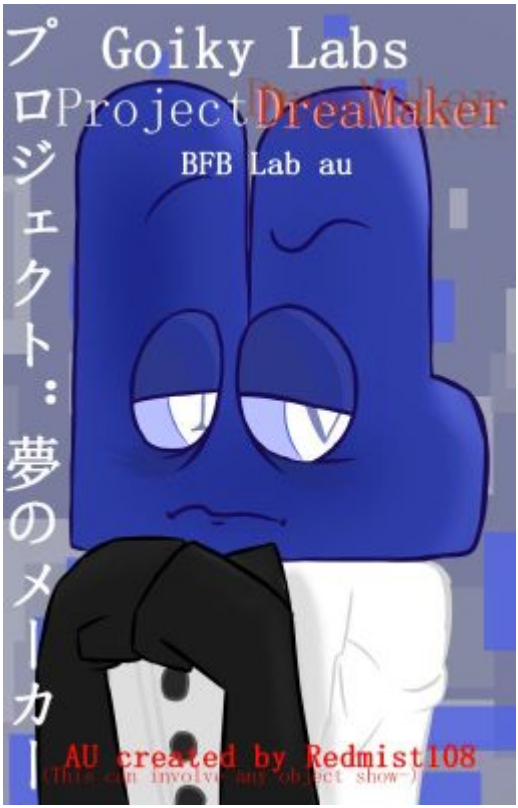
Goiky Labs
プロジェクト：夢のメーカー
ProjectDreaMaker
BFB Lab au
AU created by Redmist108
(This can involve any object show~)

# PROLOGUE

"*Huh...64 objects...all sleeping in these test tubes...."*

Four crossed his arms, watching as many speaker boxes were checking in on the room he was currently in. Rows and rows of large stasis tanks littered the room, each and every one of them contained a single object, floating in their tubes under a induced coma. wires and life support tubes were scattered all over their bodies, each in differing places depending on their body type. Some objects would twitch a bit, however almost nothing went through any of their minds, no dreams, no thoughts.

The speaker boxes of this lab didn't look like ordinary speaker boxes, for they had been modified to fit their jobs as scientists and researchers for Goiky Labs. The mechanical monoliths were now taller, bigger, and had functioning pairs of arms and legs. It was an odd sight seeing these speaker boxes the way they were, almost alien, but most of all uncanny.

Four himself looked just about his old self, but now, he was wearing a nifty white lab coat, for he had came to Goiky Labs as an assistant doctor along side his friend X, their work behind the scenes throughout the years on other experiments and projects would ultimately lead to both of them being promoted to head doctors. Four glanced around, then sighed.

*"So..what exactly are we here for?"* Four asked a dark colored speaker box, Announcer, who was the older head doctor. *"Ah, this here is the stasis facility housing our subjects for Project DreaMaker."* The speaker box droned. Four raised an eyebrow, *"Project DreaMaker..? but I heard that project died like, 3 times.."* The Announcer shook his head, *"Project DreaMaker is our most important project, we NEED to restart it once again."* The speaker box went up to the tubes of the first series of subjects, staring at them, the almost lifeless beings floating in

chemical filled water, their names shown on the bottom bases of their tubes.

**L34FY - 002**

**F1R4Y - 001**

**1C4 C2BE - 008**

**FL0W4R - 010**

**B2BBL4 - 003**

**P1N - 006**

**C01NY - 005**

Many names. Code names. Soulless names.

Announcer went up to Firey's tube, glaring at the fire creature inside. The liquid was a orange color, indicating it was oil based in a way to make sure he could survive without water, on Firey, many scars, stitches, faded from years and years of experiments, Firey was well under stasis, but his closed eyes had dark and heavy bags under them, a visual sign of his mental stress and restlessness.

*"This one..he was designated the DreaMaker during the first iteration of the project."* Four pointed out as Announcer stared at Firey's tank. *"....and then SHE came along..."* Announcer responded, then turned to Leafy's tube, glaring at her. he went up to her tube, placing a metallic hand on the cold glass. *"Throughout each and every course with her, 002 was the most passive towards every scientists.... and the most forgiving of every experiment, no matter whether we dissected her, electrocuted her, forced her to kill one of her colleagues....and she was so..kind to every subject..in and outside the stimulation room....she especially grew a fondness for 001...they both were close...then....she..." Announcer then placed both of his hands on the tube, clenching them into fists, eventually letting them slowly slide down the glass surface. "We were almost **THERE**."*

Slight silence filled the room

*"Her twin sister...L34FY - 002E...i thought she didn't have her powers...but then she showed signs..."* Announcer trailed off, but then turned as X appeared, adjusting his lab coat, he was calm, fiddling a bit with a pair of glasses, pondering a bit whether to actually wear them or not.

X spoke out calmly. *"Now now Announcer..I know you are stressed after the first project failed at the last minute..then you tried again...it also failed...."* He sighed, then looked over at all of the objects. *"But...we can try again...and with US promoted to your rank...we can help to truly make everything work out!"* X looked at Four, who rolled his eyes, but smiled.

*"Really..."* The speaker box stood, straightening up and crossing his arms behind his back. "Oh-Ah, yes Dr. X, with you and Dr. 4's great potential, I trust both of you to take over on the 4th iteration of Project DreaMaker." The other speaker boxes looked, collecting the information they were being presented with.

Four looked around, smirking a bit. *"Ah...yes...we'll make sure everything goes much better than before...all of these lab rats...all of this potential..all i've seen..."* There was cold, calm, yet sinister malice in Four's voice as he said that, X noticed, but he only sighed.

*"Now Four..remember we're torturing them for **SCIENCE**."* X noted.

*"Yeah yeah...that's what i mean...for **SCIENCE**."* Four responded.

*"Yes..for **SCIENCE**." Announcer added.*

The other scientists chattered a bit along side the three head doctors, every staff member knew of the renewal of Project: DreaMaker, it was such a important project to them, they'd do absolutely anything to succeed in it.

The only beings who didn't respond or could express their feelings to the project within the soulless lab was the objects within their tubes, still under their medically induced slumbers. All the best they could be feeling is a calm before the storm, a sense of melancholic peace as being in their stasis tubes were the only true peace they could get, for they were part of Project: DreaMaker, a hellish science experiment

where blood will be spilled, tears will be shed, flesh will be torn, minds would be bended, and pain would be felt.

---

(And that there is hopefully the basic premise of Project: DreaMaker! atleast, the very beginning before all the sp00ky adrenaline pumping stuff comes up, calm before the storm i guess jdsakl

another thing, i am pondering if this story will be interactive in some way, just to get the blood pumpin, but still this au was like, just created yesterday as this was posted. hoof.)

# Atmosphere

*Pen's POV:*

**Day 1 - Atmosphere: Calm**

**P4N- 011 AWAKENED. SEND TO STIMULATION ROOM.**

**-----**

Wowy...it's pretty great finally being out of that fish tank! still feel super weird sleeping there for so long, but hey, these two weird doctor guys seem cool! Not what i'm used to though...the yellow X looking doc seems like your run of the mill nerd, and that blue 4 doc too..but somethings a little odd about him..eh...whatever...gotta meet up with everyone again in the Stimulation Room.

Oh yeah, "Stimulation Room". It's just a gigantic empty room every object is put into to freely interact with one another, it's kinda monitored? i see cameras, but eh, who cares! gotta get back with Eraser, man i miss him!

**Day 2 - Atmosphere: Calm**

Great getting resettled back in this place, meeting back with everyone. Snowball and Blocky are doing fine as usual, and Eraser's all well! We only really chatted about what's going on, current impressions on the place, anything we remember, the weird metal collars on everyone's necks, he's already scheduled for a experiment, he was pretty chill about it, but he was sorta anxious about it, he didn't really know why, but eh i don't think it's much of anything, probably lame intrusive thoughts.

Leafy's sharing her reward cake with everyone, since she already succeeded in one experiment on day 1, strange...she has a huge stitched up wound on her arm, people asked her about it but she said she was fine. Four Doc told us to refer to the experiments as "challenges" a while back, dunno why, sounds kinda dumb to say so, i know these are experiments, like, the number guys are both freakin scientists! not game show hosts....hehe..he must just goofin with us.

**Day 4 - Atmosphere: Awkward**

Eraser was taken a few days or so, he hasn't come back still, huh, must be pretty busy with his experiment...Well all I do now is sit in my room, it ain't much though, everything's pure white, bed's ok, there's a little desk, they provide us with food here an there in a little chute (though, it's just bricks of tasteless gunk.), and they *do* provide us with actual items, mostly notebooks for writing and drawing.

It's pretty lame not seeing Eraser for a while, feel a lil weird, not to mention Snowball and Blocky are gone for now too. But hey..I managed to meet up with Black Hole! he just came out from an experiment,

Told me some weird stuff like- "They placed me within a machine to extract the energy I emitted. They told me it was nothing, but i felt great pain."

And- "The Four isn't what we think of him to be, do not trust him, not even The X."

And the FREAKIEST thing he ever said was- "Pen, you're scheduled for an experiment soon, I can't explain this very well to you, and you most likely don't remember the previous years, but I can only say

this; don't trust anyone in a white coat, whatever happens, endure it, your instinct to survive is dire to you."

*Maaaan*....some of these dudes are getting weird now, like- Liy's brandishing a big dumb knife all the sudden (she says she's "Just trying to look cool."),  some of the weaker one of us are super scared all the sudden, that Woody fellow is screaming his face off again (jee, thought he got over that.), and Firey's starting to act all shaky..keeps saying he's seeing weird things, and things that hurt...

Eh, it's probably the gas leak that was fixed lately.

**Day 6 - Atmosphere: Wary**

Eraser, Snowball and Blocky are back! been a while, Liy and Black Hole are being total lunatics now...man I was excited, then Eraser suddenly hugged me and hid me in his room..he was really frantic..

I was caught off guard if i'm gonna be honest here, Eraser kept checking to see if I had any like stitches or wounds or whatever and if they did any "Psychological Tests"..he looked pretty damn beaten up too, missing half his left head! fuck.....I asked him what happened, then he told me the doctors were torturing him..they apparently had worn down part of his head until they got his left eye out, they

zapped him, they injected him with some poison, and..goodness..this sounds too damn real...

Eh..I really wanted to give my two cents, like he's my buddy..but then Four came to take me while Eraser spoke, my experiment time was ready. Eraser yelled like crazy when he came, he tried to pull me back from Four, but he was shocked by his collar and failed to keep me away from Four. Forgot the collars were supposed to control us if we misbehaved, either shocking, sedating and other stuff, these things freaking suck, everyone hates them, but eh, law is law.

Hmp, shit is seriously getting real aloof around here, going with Four down the huge hallway though, i tried to lighten things up, told him my legal name was **B**en, hehehe, made that up myself. Four wasn't amused though, said to me "You don't know any shit that's going on around here eh? oh just wait and see you idiot." *Maaaaan* what a buzzkill, thought he was cool the first time we saw him! Well eh..I better do the exper- oh sorry; "*Challenge*" personalized for me.

Well hey..experiments are experiments eh? If like, the weird game show shit the docs keep telling us is just to like, a cheap facade to keep us calm until we eventually all find out about this dark sinister secret behind everything we're here for, and I'm like currently about to be *HORRIBLY* tormented and traumatized by unorthodox horrors in the name of science to find out who out of all 64 of us are this lucky and elusive "*DreaMaker*", then color me red-

...

*what the flip..?*

**Day 60 - Atmosphere: Hellish**

Death is our only solace.

Death is our only solace.

Death is our only solace.

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Death

is

our

only

solace.

(Prob worth noting, still on a break on my blog at Tumblr, I am simply using Wattpad as a sort of recording place for any ideas and stories involving this au, i guess it is "officially released" once i post it on my art blog?? though i gotta start branching out, whenever that comes around. hoo.)

# Existence.

*Golfball's POV-*

A Journal Entry-

Hello, I am G0LFB5LL-020-

.....

Golfball.

This is the first entry of my journal, supplied to me by Dr. X. It has been at least two days and 6 hours since i have been removed from my stasis chamber. I am stable and recollecting all of my knowledge whom i had originally been installed-

.....

Learned.

Currently I am adjusting back into my environment. The other subjects are slowly resettling into their positions as well, Leafy is aiding most of the time (oh her.) and the doctors are both being respectful. Our schedule for experiments is currently being prepared, things will be slow, as well as the earliest experiments being made in multiple selected teams rather than the traditional personalized experiments, simply for the sake of ensuring all of us are on track until one person is picked here and there.

I am however spending my time resting in my room, remembering the earliest iterations of *Project DreaMaker*. I know how experiments go, some are odd, some are in "teams", some are quite painful, some involve death. Goodness, how i hate these experiments, these extraterrestrial fiends dehumanize us. How can they not respect another person, whom they share the same sentience? how can they be so confident in their abilities to find this "*DreaMaker*" by creating us and gambling on who of us are this elusive messiah?

Goiky Labs...the place I was created in.....

.....

*created in.....*

*NO.*

*I was NOT created in this lab, I WASN'T.*

*I AM GOLFBALL.*

*I AM AN OBJECT, I AM A PERSON.*

*I AM **NOT** A LAB RAT.*

*I AM **NOT.***

..

..

..

..

..

..

..

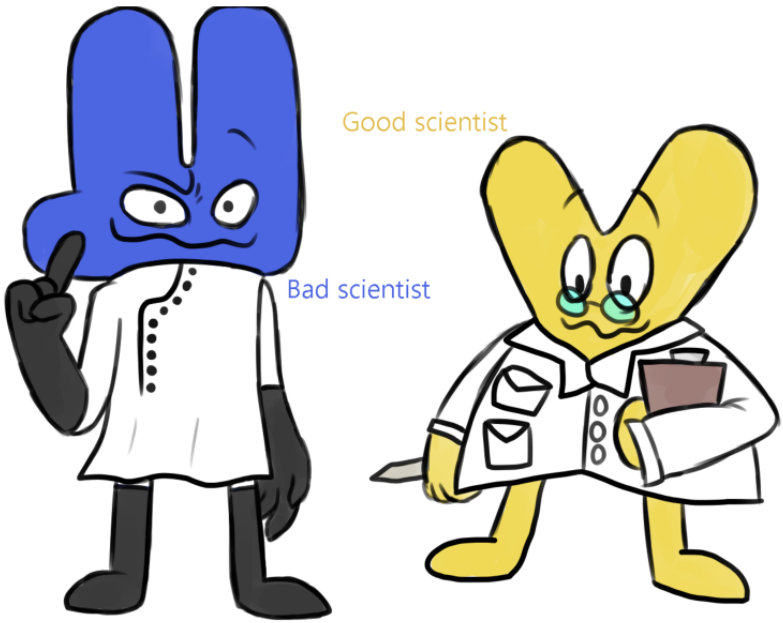
..

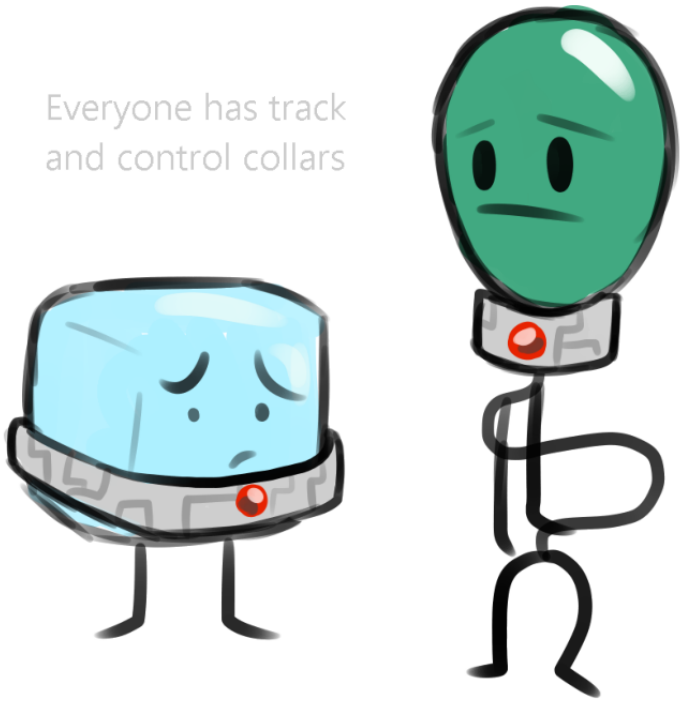
*Am I...?*

(I oughta actually do legit story lines instead of these small baseless teasers oof)

# No Escape from Termination

*(Before we start this, basic concept art of the designs going on here:)*


Good scientist
Bad scientist




*(ok that's the basics, of course a little sketchy and already kinda old in my view but hopefully all you need to know, but now here's an actual story so bloop,  it definitely isn't gonna be all that perfect but i tried)*

*Coiny's POV*

"*Experiment failed, collect successful neural compounds from 006.*"

....

"*Vitals dropping for 006, blood transfusion necessary from right recipient.*"

....

"*Let me do it! please give her my blood!*"

...mmh...

"*You both are not corresponding blood types, even if she dies we'll just regenerate her, don't stress it...goodness.*"

mmr....

"*BUT SHE'S IN PAIN!!*"

Ngh...

"*We do what we want with you damn rats.*"

f-ff...

"*YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO US!!*"

GGH-

"*Well then. Looks like I'll have to use this button again.*"

"*Wait- no NO* ***NO!!***"

CRAP.-

Waking up, ah. I'm inside a tube....floating....in some kind of liquid....with all these wires and tubes on me. Everything is all blurry, really dizzy. Oh yeah, I remembered now. looks like it's the beginning of a new project.

I steadied myself as the tube i was in drained, wires popped off and retracted away, however some small mechanical arms strapped on a shape-shifting metallic collar around my neck (if you could call it a neck really, coin creature and all.) to ensure i wasn't lost, then the

glass opened...

It was pretty chilly when i initially came out of stasis, being surrounded by weird water all the time. I looked around, seeing all of the empty tubes. Huh, looks like i'm pretty late. I could recollect this place really, been around for like, was it 2? 3 projects? well whatever, i need to meet with everyone.

I walked down a rather large and blank hallway, the only place we subjects could go, other doors were locked up tight.

Eventually i found the entrance to the Stimulation Room, a really large field room. There I saw everyone, each chatting with one another. Rocky was happy and chipper as usual, Blocky is hanging with Pen, Snowball and Eraser, Match and Pencil are back together, Leafy is helping anyone who is still dozy from the stasis drugs, and Firey is still a bast-

....

Firey caught my eye for some reason. He's...normally interacting with a lot more people than just, the wall. Plus, Firey's eyes...they're all baggy..and..he doesn't look too go-

"Hey!"

I jumped a bit, not really noticing that 'hey' was for me, i looked around.

"U-uh..who's..."

Then I saw her, Pin..ah...Pin!

My face lit up as I saw her, I quickly ran to her. she smiled warmly, looking as healthy as a thumbtack should be.  Oh man me and Pin, it wasn't much in the 1st project, but once we got to know each other later on the years, we were like peas and carrots! Always helped each other..always gave each other our food if we needed it..always comforted each other....always....ah....

Well we just go together! yeah.

"Pin..Ah..it's been so long buddy!" I got to her, she chuckled.

"Coiny! you know we neighbor each other in the stasis chamber!" She was always so bright, so warm. so silly.

I chuckled back. "Oh come on..it ain't the same when we're both inactive..."

Pin sighed. "Well..I guess I really did miss being with you..." I noticed she got a bit close to me, normally I uh, dislike it when any of the subjects got way to close to me but, this felt...welcoming..

"A-Ah..well...we'll always have each other..I-I mean..." I'm really not good with emotions, but it really stands, me and Pin are partners.

"So uh.." I really didn't know what to do. Pin came by to held my hand, she assured me. "Hey come on..you're probably still all woozy with the stasis and such...we gotta readjust!"

It was a bit awkward being dragged away by Pin, but I quickly grew to accept it, being with Pin made me more comfortable around here, well, aside from her being just, really good, I dunno why here though. I didn't really think about this place too much, why was it so...unwelcoming..? I'm familiar with this place...

*Four's catalogs*

---

*"Day 1. Subjects are readjusting from stasis. subject L34FY-002 shows no suspicious activity other than general passive behavior. subject F1R3Y-001 appears to be stable, however, sanity scans indicate 1/4 lost sanity. Amnestics (memory eraser) potentially still unstable, monitor both 001 and 002 thoroughly as usual."*

*"....."*

*"Subject C01NY-005 and subject P1N-006 are both interacting more*

*frequently than other subjects with typical relationships. Behavior of 005 and 006 was previously observed in Project DreaMaker Mark 2."*

Four stared at Pin and Coiny chatting with one another through a security camera. He connected the way this was all going. Pin and Coiny were both always..close..

He once remembered a time when Pin was trapped in her stasis tube during regeneration due to a malfunction; the stasis tubes were augmented to recover objects first-hand so they'd always be given new tracking collars automatically. Coiny showed an unusual amount of distress when seeing her panic inside her tube. The old doctors tried assuring him they'd get her out, but he seemed to care too much about how Pin was feeling. Well, Coiny grabbed one of the speaker boxes and bashed them into Pin's tube, which of course smashed it open and freed her. Coiny didn't care at all about whether or not he was being punished or that his collar was being electrocuted to settle him down, all that mattered to him was that he was comforting and protecting Pin.

That was at least what they all saw.

Looking down and exhaling a bit roughly, Four felt a bit odd. The way Pin and Coiny are...the way they both care for each other..the way they both support one another, whether it be experiments or supplies or whatnot....almost like.-

Four shook his head, he knew things were always happening in this project, but, he really couldn't overthink all the time.

Right?

Well, just monitor them closely, if nothing suspicious, lay it off.

---

*"Day 2, all subjects participating in both individual and group experiments proper. Subject  C01NY-005 and P1N-006 both are actively supporting one another during experimentation. Dr. X had gained interest in 005 and 006's interaction and attempted a mini-experiment involving putting 005 and 006 in a isolated room together with a single slice of cake. All*

*subjects express a extreme fondness for the cakes synthesized for rewarding and coaxing purposes, it is common for subjects to fight one another for any piece of cake they can find regardless of terms. 005 and 006 did not display a single bit of conflict over the slice of cake, and both proceeded to share the slice equally among one another."*

Coiny and Pin sat together, both were enjoying their share of cake happily. "Pin..I really did mean it when I said you could have it all..I mean..you really worked yourself out jumping through all of those pillars! This is your reward." Coiny said.

Pin chuckled a bit and sighed, placing a hand on Coiny's. "Look...I know you..and we both work together...if it weren't for your encouragement i would've splatted on the ground!" Coiny looked down at Pin touching his hand softly. He felt oddly warm and comfortable being so close to Pin like this, yet he couldn't figure out what he was feeling...

"This is both our reward Coiny, come on...it's all cool.." Pin closed her eyes, eating the rest of her cake piece. Coiny watched and finished as well, he looked down.

The experiments going on now are nothing too odd for him, he knew very well he was a test subject. However, something in Coiny's mind kept fizzling into his train of thought, almost like static. It all felt like something he *should* know more clearly, he felt it. But despite his best efforts, he still couldn't recall whatever was he thinking.

At least, one thing he was recalling more of, was emotions. Melancholy, relief, loneliness, anguish, anxiety. These emotions all felt quite bad, he was nervous of what exactly was the source of them all.

Perhaps however, Coiny thought he was simply having intrusive feelings, nothing more, nothing less.

---

"*Day 3, personalized experiments will now be done more frequently for further details on each subject. Subject L34FY-002 continues to show static changes in disposition despite more graphic experiments. Subject*

*F1R3Y-001's stability is gradually lowering, but proper care is ensuring no severe plummets in health. Subject C01NY-005 and subject P1N-006 continue to stay along side one another. Harsher experiments were performed on both 005 and 006 previously."*

Coiny groaned a bit as he sat on his chamber bed, he wasn't feeling too good after a rather vicious obstacle course nearly broke every bone in his body. He recalled more and more of the strange memories he knew were linked to his current fears.

Strange figures, wearing white coats. They all were diverse in personality, but all the same in motivations.

That one motivation being to find.....something....

Coiny couldn't recall that detail yet, but he knew very well he and his comrades were all created to find this thing.

But that wasn't all too important to him, what mattered to Coiny were the abstract memories of experiments, specifically the ones he and Pin were both put through...

There he was, strapped to a metal table. He looked around, scientists everywhere, He looked to his side to find Pin in his position. He remembered that she looked absolutely *horrified* for some reason. She yelled out to him, he yelled out to her, then suddenly, someone...came with a chainsaw...and then-

"Gkh....dammit..." Coiny shook his head, the memories were all too unpleasant, he stood his guard more now. However, with still so much fuzz in his mind, he wasn't sure what to exactly do..

---

"*Day 4, subjects are being properly controlled and monitored. choleric subjects are detained as usual, experiments are successful despite bumpy roads here and there with subjects misbehaving more. However...subjects C01NY-005 and P1N-006 are continuing to show unusual behavior..."*

Four sat at his desk, staring at a screen, one of many in his room, scattered and whispering soft static. The screen Four looked at showed Pin, she was in the center of her pure white chamber,

hugging herself as she was terrified for tomorrow.

*few hours ago*

"Please...Dr...I've done all the experiments perfectly, this can't be necessary!" Pin begged the blue scientist, but he shook his head.

"I am doing what i was assigned to do by the old team you had. Awake autopsy is necessary in that we'll learn further about your insides, THUS more potential of you being The DreaMaker."

Four stood calmly; he and his buddy X were definitely the far more ethereal looking scientists than those freakish looking speaker boxes, yet...his tone and overall demeanor gave off a *far* more unnerving vibe.

Pin squinted a bit, but backed away. She had worked herself to near death to complete all of these experiments perfectly, she helped others, made an example of herself, almost like a leader!

However, this thing she kept hearing the doctors say..*DreaMaker*...what was this all leading to? Exactly *what* was this *DreaMaker* thing meant to be in the end?

"Hmp. 006, remember you are a *test subject,* and *I* am a *scientist.* You are to follow and comply to everything i assign you to, no talking back. A Numeric of my caste shouldn't even be dealing with this nonsense." Four lowered his head and went out of Pin's chamber.

Pin raised her arm to reach for Four nervously, still wracked with fears and questions, she mouthed a soft "wait", but ultimately Four vanished, the door of her chamber shutting and locking. She stared and slumped on the ground, feeling tension in her heart.

Thoughts of the events going on lately piled onto Pin's head, she closed her eyes.

Experiments...Cholerics...Punishments...goodness...these thoughts all filled her with dread, made her feel out of place in the artificial environment of this lab she was in. The other subjects were at least in her position, however, due to the erratic nature of the project she just couldn't get a good bond enough to feel that much comfort with

them.

But.... then something popped up in Pin's mind, something that suddenly washed away her fear, her dread, and her slight despair....*Coiny*...

".....Ah...."

Recalling vivid memories, the two objects were closer than ever, they genuinely liked each other. Liked....no...another word..what was it again..? "Oh.." Pin finally recalled.

".....Coiny...."

---

"*Day 5, autopsies were performed on 6 subjects, results are stable, will review findings thoroughly."*

*"....."*

*"Subject C01NY-005 is missing."*

*"....Hrm...."*

*"Subject C01NY-005 has breached his chamber, he has been found in P1N-006's chamber."*

*"....-no no wait for tomorrow..this is **something**."*

Midnight shrouded the soulless lab. All lights were off as darkness swept within the corridors of of the subject facility. All doors were closed shut, except for a slightly open one.

Pin laid on her bed, clutching a massive, grotesque, Y shaped wound running on her entire torso. The wound was all stapled up, some translucent tape keeping any infection away. However, Pin was in pain nonetheless.

She didn't dare recall what was done to her, the agony of herself being cut open like a damn frog in a science class. Pin didn't *want* to think about *that,* She was busy with something, something that was keeping her from sobbing her eyes out the entire night after the autopsy.

And that was Coiny, laying in bed with her, hugging and comforting her from behind.

He had managed to escape his chamber by jamming the locks of his door before it was night time. Coiny had all reasons to do so, he couldn't take this anymore, he recalled everything from the past, he knew what was happening, he knew why everyone was here, why the fucked up speaker boxes started all of this, why they were now leaving everything to these two ridiculously powerful extra-dimensionals. He knew too well, but that didn't matter right now, what mattered now, was Pin.

"....."

"Coiny...." Pin whispered.

"....Yeah..?" Coiny replied.

".....This lab is scary..." She closed her eyes, tears welling up.

".....I know..." He silently puffed some air, stress numbing the back of his head.

"...."

*"And that's why we need to go."*

---

"*Day 6.*"

*"Experiment on C01NY-005 has been cut short as 005 has broken into a escape from us."*

"*I'm going to kill that son of a bitch."*

***ESCAPE***.

Coiny ran as fast as he could. he looked around wildly as he ran with all his might.

But no matter where he turned, no matter where he sprinted, all the he saw where white wards after white wards.

He was afraid. He regretted knowing too much. He regretted breaking out of his chamber. He regretted talking back at Four. And now, Four was chasing after him, he knew that number of death was far more powerful than the smaller yellow number, especially having mystical control over all of the technology in the lab, if he didn't run away fast, if he didn't escape that mad doctor, his escape would fail.

Pin had followed a bit awkwardly, she was somewhat disoriented from all the anesthesia she had to sleep off from yesterday's experiment. "Coiny..?..a-ah.." She reached to him.

Coiny sharply turned to Pin, widening his eyes as he realized. He wasn't alone here, he needed to escape with her too.

"Pin! come on!" he yelled and quickly grasped her arm, dragging her with him as he continued to run around the lab. Pin tried to keep up with Coiny's pace, unlike him she wasn't completely aware of this lab's *true* nature, but nonetheless, she was afraid of this place just as much as him.

**"GET BACK HERE YOU DAMN PESTS!!"** Four's screeches of rage and frustration could be heard echoing through the halls.

"Where...WHERE IS THE EXIT?!?" thoughts flashed through Coiny's mind.

How big was this lab?

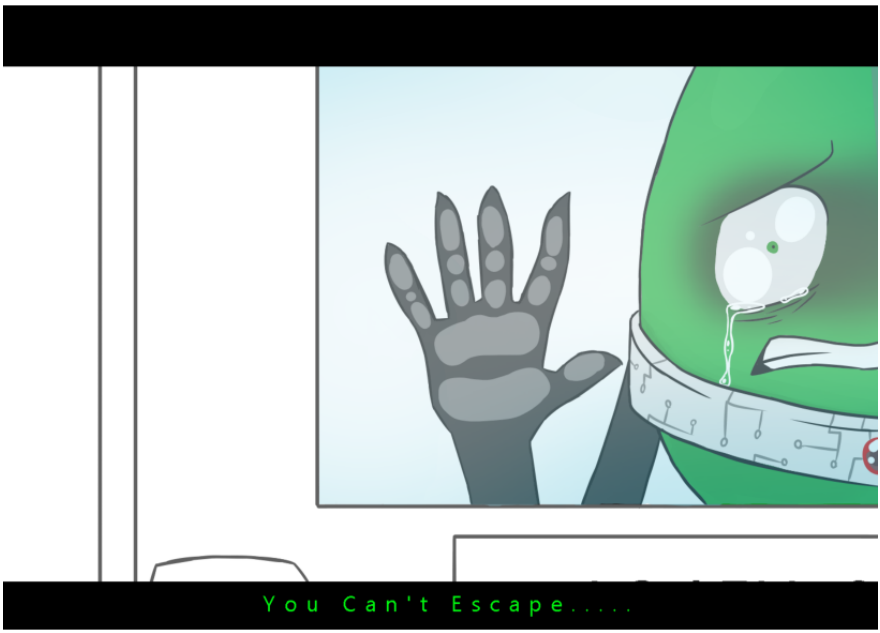
Where is the exit?

What does this lab even look like from the outside?

Is there any place for him and Pin outside whatever world is outside the lab?

**Where is the exit?**

The two continued to run, soon going through the general subject facility. Pin focused on keeping up with Coiny, however, Coiny took a glance at the window of one of the subject chambers, Leafy's chamber...




No.

Coiny couldn't accept that, he just kept running and running with Pin.

He can't give up, he can't live like this anymore, he can't bare the idea of these *mad* people keeping him here to like a guinea pig. Whether or not they find something with him, he simply didn't want

to become whatever *THING* they're so desperately seeking for. This thing, this position, this entity, this abominable sin of nature.

This DreaMaker.

"C-Coiny I- **GGHKK**-"

Suddenly, the sickening sound of flesh being stabbed was heard behind Coiny, he was suddenly forced to stop as Pin suddenly dragged him back. He turned back, and as he saw, his heart nearly stopped.

Pin's eyes hung wide open as blood oozed from under her collar. The red light on the device was blinking brightly. Barely anything else occurred as Pin simply choked out and dropped dead on the floor.

At that single moment Coiny realized, the collars everyone was forced to wear. If any subject were found to be attempting escape or were simply too unruly, the scientists would active their collars "termination" function, which would stab spikes into every direction of their necks and instantly kill them. Coiny's heart was shot with nervous despair at that realization, he could run, he could hide, he could fight back even, but no matter what he or ANYONE in this lab could do, there was no escape from termination.

As Pin collapsed, Four was right at Coiny's view, the doctor's finger having been aiming at Pin's collar, but now, was pointing at Coiny's.

"Sorry buddy, but you can't escape this place." Before Coiny could respond, he heard his collar suddenly activate with a collection of beeps, the light blinking.

"No No NO N-" Ultimately, Coiny was silenced as he too was terminated by his collar.

Four watched as the penny, once desperate for survival collapsed on the ground beside his...companion. A halo of blood pooling under his head.

The doctor sighed as he dragged away the bodies to be restored later

on. X rushed in to see Four.

"A-ah Four...did you? oh...you did.." X cupped his hands, Four sighed and looked down.

"Prepare the amnestic treatment on C01NY-005, he knows about the truth." X jumped a bit at that request from Four.

"W-wait Four...remember....F1R3Y-001...his reaction to-" X was politely interrupted by Four.

"It's ok X, the amnestic given to 001 was not completed by the speaker boxes, 'budget cuts' and all that jargon, the one you've discovered is perfect now, 005 will not be deteriorated." Four closed his eyes, walking again, X following.

"A-ah...really...ok then..." X sighed, feeling assured. However, this incident in the lab somewhat shook him, he was glad Four took over everything (Well, this was all mainly started by Coiny rebelling at Four directly.) and all that, but, something in his mind made him feel, they were going to have quite the science project in Goiky Labs....

---

*"Day 7, Everything is back to normal with C01NY-005 and P1N-006 after their attempt at escaping Goiky Labs, their bond continues to be strong, I dare say they must have romantic feelings for one another. X has pointed out it is better to allow 005 and 006 to have their relationship, which would preserve moral and stability. As such, I will not butt into 005 and 006's bond unless necessary to our research."*

*"Overall experiments with subjects are going smoothly regardless of any issues occurring such as previously mentioned escape attempt. side assignments needing to be completed along side Project DreaMaker will be*

*reviewed by both me and Dr. X."*

*".....Week 1 completed, awaiting next week of experimentation."*

Four finished his video catalog, placing it away in his desk. He looked at the files given to him by the speaker box doctors.

*"Complete Project DreaMaker 4."*

*"Find lost test subjects and secure them for aid in Project DreaMaker."*

*"Ensure L34FY-002 does not interfere with Project DreaMaker like before."*

*"Stabilize F1R4Y-001 in hopes that previous potential as DreaMaker is restored."*

*"Optional, ensure Speaker Box Coalition and Symbol Coalition can collaborate in further projects and goals."*

.....

Four placed the files down and organized his desk, sitting down and thinking.

He stared at the screen where the Stimulation Room was being watched, Coiny and Pin were together, closer than ever, but he stared at the other subjects, each at their own mood and motivations.

He thought about himself, and his lab partner X, he and X were higher than all of these subjects combined.

Yet....He couldn't scratch out the idea that both of them were going to go through just as much craziness as the subjects would be in this strange lab.

.....

Atleast, he sighed, it wouldn't be as *terribly nightmarish* as what the subjects would be put through.

(Laziness is the ultimate culprit of why this story took far too long than it needed to be, i'd like to illustrate the next stories coming later a lot more than here. but yeep, ships are gonna appear, and grimdark crap, and references (a LOT), and bull, and mediocre writing, and weeaboo crap too, because why not. - Redmist108, regretting stuff, and currently a Coinpin freak.)

# Disposition.

*(Hopefully this main story will have more illustrated scenes (albiet, illustrations shift in quality cuz i suck) as I very much anticipated doing this one in particular due to how many ideas i got fleshed out for this hoop, and heads up, this is gonna be some mood whiplash, also I am of course going to be inconsistent with this numbering junk with the codenames and all so im gonna try to like, actually make a official list to avoid confusion for myself hoop, (still gonna have some mistakes cuz again i suck cries))*

*Four's Catalogs*

*"Subjects display different behaviors and personalities due to randomized mind installation during their initial creation."*

Four watched the subjects in the stimulation room, each to their own. The objects each remained their original selves as they'd either chat, goof around, bond, play, or did nothing.

*"One of the basic identification of subject's general data includes the Disposition Class. This classification is cut into 4 classes to determine a simplistic identification of subject behavior. Sanguine subjects are generally positive to other subjects and tolerate experiments most of the time."*

Four glanced at Leafy, who was with Pencil, Match, Ice Cube and Bubble. She was simply aiding them in getting Bubble's collar adjusted so it wouldn't pop her constantly, a smile glued to her face as her voice was optimistic and assuring, a perfect example of a Sanguine subject.

*"Phlegmatic subjects are indifferent to experiments and generally passive to other subjects, often times unemotional to things going on and even lazy at times."*

Four then turned to look at Pen and Eraser, they simply chatted with one another, with the two then looking at Firey, who was....curled up in a ball and seemingly mumbling maniacally. Despite this unusual scene, they both kept on their casual grins, almost ignorant to anything around them, typical Phlegmatics.

*"Melancholic subjects are as calm as Phlegmatics, but appear to be more empathetic and shy, sometimes even displaying far more emotional sensitivity than others and often growing depressed or fearful after certain experiments."*

Four went back to Bubble, she had sheepishness painted on her face as Leafy carefully adjusted her collar. He knew of Bubble being sensitive to her friends misbehavior and is known to bend over backwards a lot to direct demands. With this information, Bubble made the requirements for a Melancholic.

*"The last disposition type are the Choleric subjects. This type of subject is known to be very unruly and violent towards both scientists and subjects. Often aggressive and difficult to cooperate with."*

*as of f-*

**"GET OUT OF MY WAY!!"**

Four noticed the sudden increase in audio of his recording, watching the screen as all eyes peered towards a very tall, and very irate subject.

Flower tapped her foot on the ground as she looked down at a small and helpless Ice Cube, who she didn't notice was in front of her as she was pacing around the stimulation room, thus bumping into her and nearly slipping. "I-I'm sorry Flower, I-I'll-" With Ice Cube simply beckoning her and shivering on the ground, Flower's patience was instantly tried and she kicked her away to a wall, bruising Ice Cube as she squeaked in fear and pain.

"I've had my petals clipped and I don't need to deal with ANYMORE shit around here!" Flower looked at everyone as she yelled, some of her petals had chunks missing from them by X needing DNA samples, and as most people knew, Flower valued her appearance and well

being to high regards.

"So you all BETTER not get on my nerves or I SWEAR I will CRUSH YOU for REAL." she snarled and then stormed to a empty corner. Some of the smaller objects quickly scurried away from Flower as she sat down and rested, pouting at everyone. The bigger objects either whispered to one another, and some others simply shook their head.

Four raised his eyebrows a bit and let out a simple "Huh" at the scene. Flower was *definitely* what a Choleric subject would be.

---

*Flower's POV*

Ugh, fucking hell. These damn scientists, strapping me to a chair and snipping off pieces of my BEAUTIFUL petals?!

What do they have the nerves to mess with ME?! They keep me in a damn jar of water for years and years, force me to do STUPID challenges with a bunch of BOZOS, do ANNOYING and PAINFUL experiments on me, and they force me to wear this UNCOMFORTABLE and HIDEOUS metal donut around my neck?!

Let me adjust this thing...pulling it around my neck, maybe keep it in the center and not hang loosely? No no..it's pulling at my SKIN now! NOW THE EDGES ARE POKING AT ME. FFFUUUCCCKK-

"DOES ANYONE IN THIS GOD FORSAKEN LAB KNOW WHAT TRUE BEAUTY IS?!?!" I lost it, screeching at the air. Everyone jumped and looked at me, hmp, I knew I was hated around here, like I care, these subjects all don't know me for me, just my behavior, and these scientists especially don't know me at all! It's even more pathetic because I am well aware the old team of speaker boxes *made* me. They made me beautiful! They programmed my personality and my memories! and even *THEY* don't want to accept my perfections? Including these new weirdos especially!

Well...I guess people don't think I'm beautiful...because...I don't act so..?

*"Well...I think you're pretty beautiful, even with the clipped petals!"*

....

Eh?

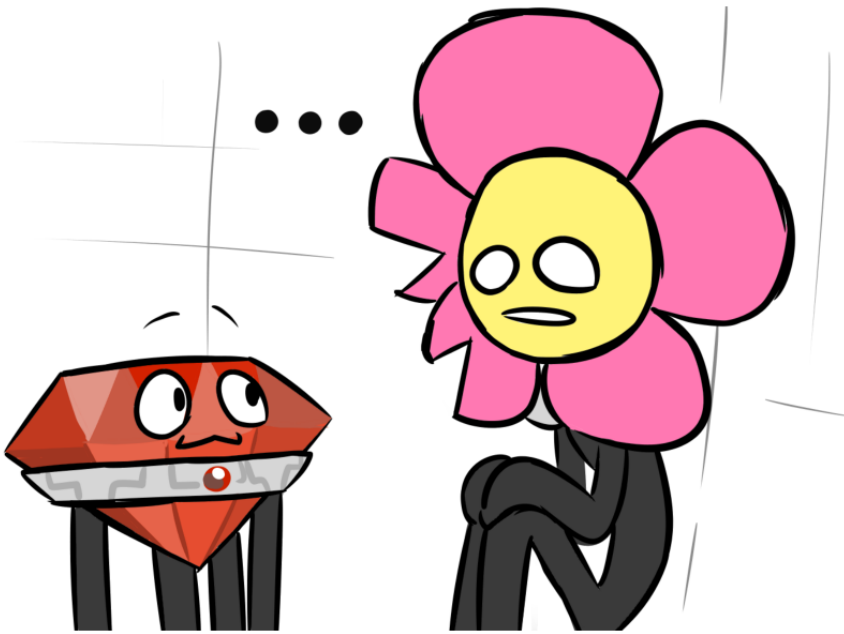
Who said that-

Oh.

It was...Ruby. That weird crystal girl that's part of the "Freesmarters" some time ago i think. She...thinks I'm beautiful? really? REALLY???

OH MY FLOWER GARDEN.

SOMEONE-




THINKS-

I'M BEAUTIFUL!!!!

---

*Four's Catalogs*

*"Experiments are going smoothly with each subject. Disposition classification works well for both me and Dr. X on what specific experiments we should perform on each subject for best results. With the previously recorded data we have on the first wave of subjects, we are both finding it rather easy to perform the correct experiments on each-"*

*"Ah...?"*

*".....FL0W3R-010's data and disposition has dramatically changed. Ever since she was complimented by R2BY-032."*

Four stared at the screen showing some experimentation room. Flower was there, she was gossiping and fawning over Ruby. That slender brute normally would be threatening to crush the other objects or misbehaving with the likes of the freesmarter alliance or hell, even the tougher bigger individuals that would easily snap her like a twig.

But...she looked so..happy...carefree...Four even dared to believe...she looked...*harmless*...

"Four...what's wrong?" X nervously went up to Four, who sighed and pointed at the screen. "It's 010. She's changed, nearly overnight." X raised an eyebrow and looked at Flower.

He knew Flower was always one of the most static individuals in the subject collection, but seeing her actually change her cruel ways and make a connection? this was indeed a scientific marvel!

However, Four had to express his negative concern with this, as unique as this was. "Because of how she's behaving now, FL0W3R-010 is now no longer responding to the typical choleric-class experiments she'd often pass perfectly." He sat back, pouting a bit. "Not to mention, she's put far too much of her focus on R2BY-032 than her assignments. This is hindering her progress in evaluation as the DreaMaker. As well as the general collection of scientific data from her."

"Ah.." X listened to Four, then pondered about what to do. "If a

subject were to change behavior instantaneously, this would mean we have an opportunity to collect special data not often found in common activities of every subject." Four looked up at the statement. "Ah..? so you're telling me...we should take 010 and 032 and do a special experiment involving their new relationship..?"

X nodded. "Basically yes...but..from what we've gather during previous experiments, FL0W3R-010 responds to normal situations and experiments with R2BY-032 as a typical Sanguine subject would, y'know with the...sharing cakes...complimenting...aiding...and that one time she got her hands on the no-slip no-fall damage boots."

"Hm, so we can't do generic crap with them.." Four then pondered on what *he* could think of. Flower clearly adores Ruby, and Ruby adores Flower yes? Well...Flower was always shallow and selfish. She takes advantage of other subjects to steal their food and finish experiments without any pain or just plain effort.

But seeing this...Flower actually having a friend? She's never had a true friend! let alone...if this friend she's made was even made for the right reasons....

"Hey." Four perked up slowly, X turned to him. "FL0W3R-010 *hates* to experience painful experiments. She'd do absolutely anything to not even let her petals get nipped a bit. To the point where she'd go as far as to use other subjects as meat shields against any obstacle in her way. All thanks to her simply not caring one bit for anyone."

"And..? Oh." X suddenly realized where his comrade was going. "And...since she's made an actual friend...why don't we test on her to see how her heart has changed..?" X finished the statement for Four, whom grinned.

"Yeah.. and I have my own idea on how we'll do that X."

---

*FL0W3R-010 and R2BY-032, report to Experimentation Room 21*

Flower held Ruby in her arms as she walked down the pure white

hallways of the lab, contentment in her heart as she proudly carried her friend. The days have been wonderful for the flower. Having this wonderful person actually see her for who she is? and LIKE her for her character? she was over the moon every time Ruby was with her!

Not to mention...Ruby HERSELF was beautiful! What else can you say when this lovely individual was literally a gemstone? One of the most beautiful items the world could ever offer! Oh goodness, it was heaven finding someone to connect with for Flower. Someone who likes you, someone who wants to be with you.

Someone who actually cares about you.

"Hey...Flower...you ever wonder whats going on inside the two doctor's heads?" Ruby innocently looked up at Flower and asked. Flower rolled her eyes and scoffed playfully. "Oh goodness...obviously scientific mumbo jumbo. They ALWAYS have some weirdass thing to say about us." Flower began to make a mock voice of X. "Oh 010, your petals will repair themselves after a few days, it's all thanks to your plant DNA having a mix of animal DNA!" Ruby chuckled at the joking from Flower, who was soon heading for a door meant for them.

"Yadda yadda yadda DreaMaker yadda yadda...besides...what jargon are they gonna talk about to us now? at least we're *both* together in this experiment." Flower looked down at Ruby as she stopped at the door. The awfully kind statement made Ruby smile warmly, chuckling a bit awkwardly. "A-Ah Flower...you're too kind...really.." Ruby looked down, somewhat sheepish now.

"Hey hey...it's ok! I know you're always nervous about all of these experiments, but trust me! you'll be ok! I'll protect you." Flower stood confidently. Ruby was somewhat surprised at that statement, feeling warmer now with this tall girl's insistent of selflessness.

"Wow...Flower...I'm so grateful for that...but...I don't want you to like...get hurt too..." Ruby looked up a bit nervously again, now some concern in her eyes, Flower looked down and noticed, but confidently assured her.

"Oh Ruby...You know me! I've been through so many messed up experiments! ESPECIALLY from the four looking weirdo!, I hate pain but....I'm strong! it's ok! We'll both be ok....*I'll* be ok..-"

As Flower walked into the door that opened, she noticed a strange...large machine in the corner of the room. Some kind of operation table, with two hydraulic presses positioned where one would put their legs in.

specifically, aiming at the femurs.

"Ah..." Flower frowned a bit, seeing a large window were Four and X were behind, staring at them, she placed Ruby down, letting her hide behind her.

"What...the hell is going on?" Flower called out to the two doctors, Four spoke. "FL0W3R-010, welcome to your personalized experiment along side R2BY-032. You are to place yourself on that Femur Breaker and allow me to take 032." Four entered the door at the side of the large window, approaching Ruby.

"F-Flower..?" Four's walking and face clearly had ill intentions for the tiny object, it was only exemplified by the fact that he had his right hand stretched out slightly, sparking with electrical energy. His "Zappies" whom he'd always use for both self defense....and....*vicious* experiments.

Flower would normally just back away and mockingly present the person to Four when he was prepared to do a particularly *messed up* experiment, especially here where he was clearly prepared to *taser* poor Ruby for a little science project. But..this person Flower was nearby was not just some random nobody to her, it was her friend, the one person who she managed to connect with, her *only* friend.

And Flower would **not** step aside for this.

"You better not get your hands on her Four." Flower stood in front of Ruby protectively, shocking the gem, who was now growing deep

worry for her tall comrade.

"Eh? get out of my way lab rat. I'm going for her, not you." Four grumbled and raised his hand at Flower now, pointing out three charged fingers, ready to blast her.

"Oh please, you know I've been shot many, many times by that stupid wizard spell of yours. Only time you *can* really get me is if i'm caught off guard." Flower sneered at the blue scientist, who stared blankly, yet sternly. "And i'm *well* on my guard right now, egghead."

"Hmp. Well I see." Four closed his eyes and snickered, he pulled out a syringe full of sedative from his coat, glaring back at her. "Looks like i'll just have to knock you out again, always works when you know how fast i AM-"

Four then swiftly darted to Flower, raising the syringe and swiping it at her. He was always the one you gotta trust when needing to do something quick, him having super speed.

but-

A second went on at that moment.

Flower beat down Four in a single kick, grabbed the syringe and intended to stab *him* with the sedative, raising her hand.

But alas, she was stopped dead on her tracts. She felt a spark of pain on her back as she grunted. the choleric turned to see that X had barged in at the nick of time for Four, managing to inject her with

sedative before she could harm the blue scientist.

Her eyes fluttered closed, and almost instantaneously, she dropped limp.

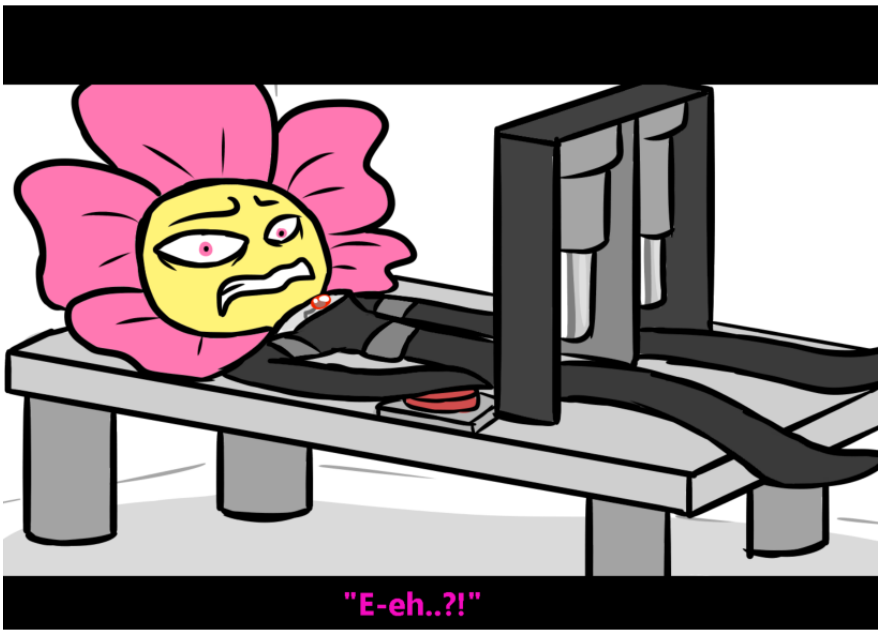
All Ruby could do was watch at a corner, watching Flower drop out cold.

"FLOWER NO!"

---

***Experimentation Begin.***

Flower suddenly woke up, she felt dizzy, grumbling as she tried to adjust her vision. She noticed she was laying on a metal table...she looked at what she was on...then noticed. Straps keeping her body and arms still, her hands each laying on two red buttons, two hydraulic presses, aiming at her upper legs.




The Femur Breaker.

With her head raised, she saw Four standing a distance from her. The blue doctors face was painted with casual determination to do his grim job, and the slight accent of morbid interest.

What caused Flower's to be shot with fear was Ruby, she had fear painted all over her as she was being held by her collar by Four on one hand, his other free hand positioned for his zapper.

"No..you do NOT-" Flower yelled and tried to break out of the contraption she was strapped to, but alas, being tightly restrained kept her still. She tried to kick her legs, but the hydraulic presses being so close to them didn't give her any room at all to move too well.

She struggled, she yelled, she cursed, but she just couldn't escape this grisly machine.

"I've been studying you y'know." Four spoke in a somewhat robotic tone, Ruby cried and struggled in his grasp, but he didn't move or let go whatsoever.

"You're cruel, you're cold, you're ruthless, you're antisocial." The doctor lowered his head and closed his eyes. "You almost don't have a heart, and you aren't connected to pretty much anyone. But...." He opened his eyes and glared at Ruby. "Then *she* came along and called you beautiful."

Listening to this unruly doctor speak made Flower's blood boil already, she yelled and tried to break out once again. "AND WHAT DOES THAT MEAN YOU ASSHOLE?!-"

She was cut off by Four. "It was a surprise really, seeing you *change* like this. But...did you *really* change? or is this just another flaw of your brutish character? are you sure you *actually* like this object? Are you sure you actually made a *friend*? Did you only '*connect*' with R2BY-032 *all* because she called you *beautiful?* and you just crave more compliments? being that your appearance and your comfort is all you *truly care about*?"

This opus of scorn and mocking should have made Flower explode with blind rage, but....she was silent, her face suddenly loosening into slight melancholy.

Ruby struggled more. "She wouldn't think this! Flower is a good friend! she cares! aA-" Four raised her up quickly and aimed his

charged up hand at her, making her widen her eyes as she was now panicking.

"Hey HEY RUBY!!" Flower yelled out, but instead of that being full of pure rage, the words were now full of terror and concern.

"This is your challenge FL0W3R-010. You are to press those buttons your hands lay on, activating the Dual Femur Breaker. Which will...as the name suggests, crush your femurs. And i *WILL* remind you 010, knowing you **hate** painful experiments. Injuring your femurs, the strongest and longest bone in the body, is the most **agonizing** and **incapacitating** form of pain a person could ever experience."

Flower stared, a lump developed in her throat as she sweated and glanced over at the hydraulic presses aimed at her legs.

"And well...Knowing you've pushed objects into blunt obstacles meant for you, grabbed objects and used them like meat shields against flying rocks. I'll give you this new opportunity to avoid physical adversary.....You won't have to activate the Femur Breakers if you let me electrocute R2BY-032 until ultimate termination."

These words coming from Four's mouth should be coming from him as he's laughing and grinning maniacally, in a tone full of pure malice and macabre excitement. Yet as he spoke that, as he aimed his electrified hand at Ruby, whom only cried out more, he was...calm, stern, sounding monotone and casually serious, like he was just a harmless dentist telling a patient to brush their teeth before operation.

Flower couldn't have this, she wanted to yell and struggle more, but she couldn't. She was hopeless, she was in hot water, as not only was she moments away from experiencing *unspeakable* pain, but her dearest friend was going to experience it *to death* if she didn't cut the crap and do *something*.

And sadly, she knew what she had to do.

"...Fuck."

She really didn't want to do this shit, but hey...she's well aware of

these dumb experiments, she was cut open once! *YES* it was awful but, for goodness sake being a choleric meant she was hardened! She could do this. For Ruby. Nothing to worry about, These lame ass scientists.

"Hmp..!"

Flower's right hand trembled a bit as she pressed down on a the button it laid on, struggling a bit, but soon the button sank down as the corresponding hydraulic press started up.

Ruby widened her eyes as she reached out for Flower at that instant. "FLOWER NO!!"

Flower quickly looked at her in an oddly assuring face, she had kept her confidence remembering the previous experiments done on her.

"It's ok Ruby! I've been through worse! they don't know wH-"

***KKRRUNNCCCHH***

***"AAAAAAAAUUUUUUGGGGGGHHHHH---"***

The **howl** that exploded from Flower's throat echoed through what may very well be the entire lab. The shear ***agony*** that wracked her body and soul radiated from her right femur, having been crushed and shattered by the hydraulic press with such a *grotesque* sound of bones snapping and shattering.

Ruby's heart began to freeze as all in her head was the consistent symphony of visceral screeches from her dear friend. She shut her eyes as tears welled out, she cried out to her, but alas, it was only Flower and her pure agony in the world.

*"A-aahgg....h-hh-hh...w-w-why....w-why....why...w-why...."* Flower whimpered pathetically as she turned her head, cold sweat ran down

her face as well as tears pouring from her shut eyes, the poor thing did not anticipate this, she didn't anticipate this at all.

She didn't want this. The pain was too much, her leg hurt so bad, she was hurting so bad, she didn't care about anything but the pain.

It hurts so much.

It hurts to *death*.

"You still have another femur 010." Four reminded the plant in throe.

*"No..NO NO NO I WONT I WONT!!"* Flower sputtered out more. She *couldn't* do this. She *didn't* want to press the *other* button of this god forsaken *torture* machine, she just wanted out, she'd sacrifice *anything*.

Sacrifice...anything..?

"Well...I might as well deal with R2BY-032 then." He sighed and pressed his hand on Ruby, she suddenly spazzed out as she was electrocuted. Through the agony, through the misery, through the fog in her mind, Flower saw this scene, and she managed to keep herself together.

*"NO NO No nO **STOP**-...hhgGGH...-"* Flower croaked at Four, her hand weakly pressed on the other button, but her pain made her too weak to really activate it, yet.

"Ah..?" Four noticed and stopped, Ruby gasped out and coughed a bit, in a bit of a daze, she looked at Flower. Quickly, she snapped out of it and reached out to Flower, yelling in desperation, she couldn't. She didn't want this to happen to Flower anymore. She was willing to sacrifice herself for her well being, to stop the horrid pain she was in.

But ultimately, the other hydraulic press riled up and lowed..

"Flower.." The gem squeaked out, despair in her now soft and mournful voice.

*"I-I-It's ok...I've been through worse..."* the broken bloom cracked a heavy smile.

***KKKRRRNNNCCHHH***

***"AAAAGGGHHHAAAUUUUHHHH--"***

.....

---

*X's Catalogs.*

*Hours later.*

"*The previous special experiment with subjects FL0W3R-010 and R2BY-032 were a success. We have gathered brand new data on both in terms of disposition based research. 010 was originally found to be very unfit for both scientific value and DreaMaker potential during her initial bond with 032. However aforementioned experiment has shown us signs of 010 having greatly improved from her previous nature before bonding with 032."*

*"....."*

*"she really did have a heart...."*

*".....I and Dr. Four are going to attempt more unique experiments with other subjects thanks to the positive discovery from 010."*

X finished his own catalog for the day. Placing the recorder in his lab coat. he looked back at the control panel and worked on it, him being

in a very dark and enclosed room. Four sat and worked with him, his face blank as he felt rather tense from what he did before.

The only thing illuminating the room was the large glowing cylinder of liquid in the center, within it, a dazed and healing Flower, hooked up to multiple wires as some special bandages surrounded her femurs.

Ruby stared at the tube containing her curled up comrade. She had calmed down, and was allowed to be with Flower by X himself.

X somewhat looked at the scene beside him, odd feelings as he thought about the scene he had watched. Being a bystander of these experiments was nothing he was particularly bothered with. Four was always the brute back at home. And X himself was always the softer fellow. But him being the 'good' doctor with acting passive and all that stuff didn't mean he wasn't nonchalant to some of the horrors in the lab. At least not what we've seen so far.

It's all for science.

But...

As he stared at the two subjects, he somewhat felt a small whisper of ruth in his soul at what he and everyone in this lab were up against.

(WHEEZE finally finished this, jesus what have i created. this wasn't exactly as illustrated as I wanted it to be but if I wanted to do that then i guess this would have be a full on comic. And yes, Flowby. wow. this may go down in history as the most heinous piece of

flowby content in all of the universal codex.

Ruby: Hey Flower! I think you're pretty Beautiful!

Flower: **femur breaker sounds**

m

This is why I'm going to hell. more plot-ish heavy stuff later on, gotta develop new stories and content as well. -Redmist108, regretting her life choices.)

# INTERMISSION: Aperture

*"Portal Gun has been successfully completed. Testing on 3GGY-051."*

*"Wait...Portal Gun..? this is a Aperture Science Handheld Portal Device, Four. Wait...this reminds me of something.."*

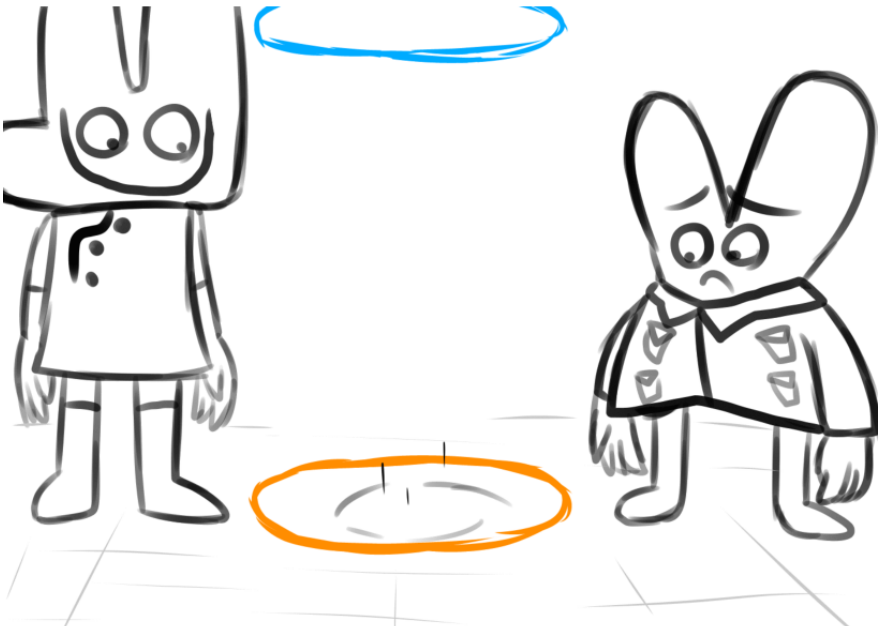
*"Of course it reminds you of something X! this is a sci-fi clusterf*ck au after all.."*

*"Eh? what's that supposed to mean Four? and where did that bleep come from?"*

*"This is the lighter side of thi- never mind."*

*".....Aah....Four..should we..?"*

*"No no no....Just waaaaaatch. For science!"*



(wow eggy)

# Stolen Memories

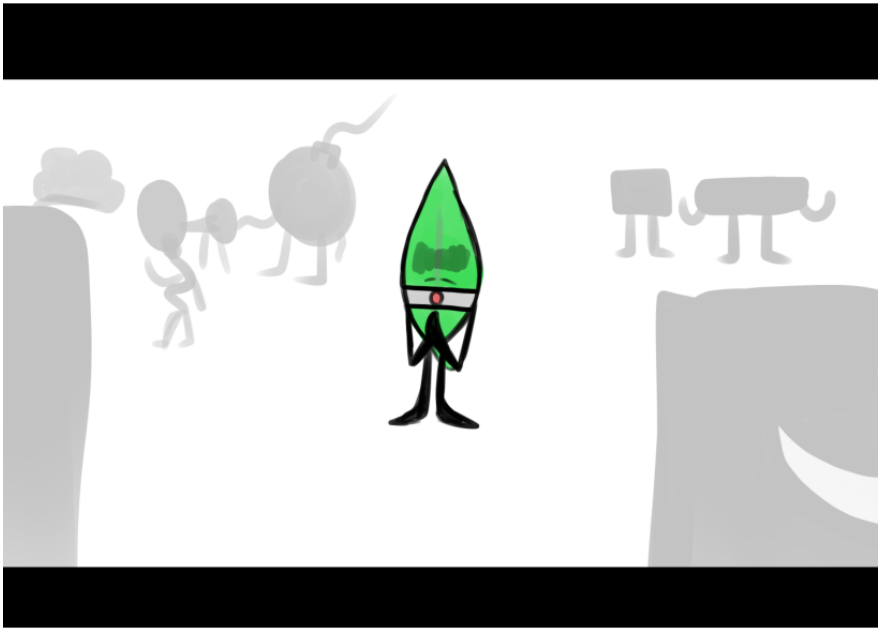
(wOo man, I worked out a lot to make this chapter sort of the beginning? or well, the chapter that genuinely picks up on a legit PLOT for this trainwreck story, god this will be hard cuz i have a NUMBER of issues-)

*Leafy's POV*

I see everyone.

Each in pairs.

They seem so happy.



Yet I'm not.

*Flashback*

*Leafy walked around happily in the stimulation room, greeting everyone who had finished their experiments.*

*"Hey Ice Cube!, hey Fries!, heyah Pin!, Hey Balloony!" The sanguine test subject was always a bit odd to everyone in the lab. Often times she was much too saccharine for their tastes, even at times her kindness would inadvertently harm someone, as well as her breaking the goody-goody attitude to reveal a more venomous side if she didn't get what she wanted.*

*But alas, Leafy in the end of the day was the brightest ray of light for the tortured subjects, her kindness, even if flawed, was better than nothing.*

*Leafy continued to greet everyone, until she was finally approaching one of the more special subjects much like her, Firey.*

*The leaf went up to Firey, he noticed. "Oh hey Fi-" Firey quickly went the other direction and walked away. This reaction confused Leafy, so she went after him.*

*"H-Hey Firey...I said hi.." Firey continued to walk away from Leafy, muttering a bit to himself, clearly wanting nothing to do with her.*

*"Firey..?"*

*"Firey it's me!-"*

*"Get away from me...!" Firey then turned to confront her, clearly annoyed, putting aside the bags under his eyes...*

*"What..?" Leafy stopped and looked at him, she was well aware of Firey 'suddenly' forgetting all about her back during Project DreaMaker Mark 2, but with it being so many years now, she was getting fed up with leaving all of this alone without any deep questioning.*

*"Firey it's been years...can't you recognize me? I'm not going to do anything!-"*

*"I DON'T recognize you okay? and I'm NOT in the mood to be near you right now, let alone ANY time!" Firey snapped.*

*Leafy flinched at the sharp remark. She went silent as she stared at Firey with saddened eyes.*

*"Now leave me alone."  Firey quickly paced away from the leaf. He didn't care what she was feeling, why she needed him, he didn't know her, as a matter of fact, he didn't feel good at all around her! because...*

*.....*

*Because.....*

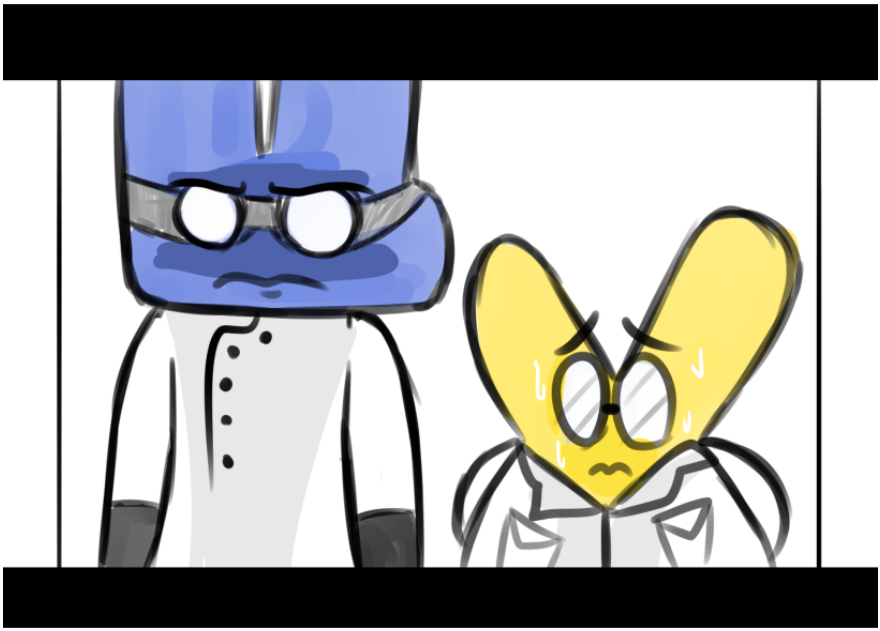
*...Why...?*

*Present*

Leafy closed her eye, reminiscing about her lost relationship with Firey racked her heart with loneliness and loss.

She sat at a far corner in the stimulation room, curling up. She didn't want to deal with this anymore, she kept being nicer and nicer to everyone just to perhaps fill the void left in her heart from Firey. Leafy just wanted to move on, she knew she shouldn't be persistently going after Firey, she shouldn't be acting obsessive, she didn't *want* to be moping over this for so many years, yet no matter what, she just couldn't-

**RRRRRRRRRRR**



Leafy jumped at the sudden sound of the stimulation room door opening automatically. All voices died out as eyes aimed towards the two scientists.

Four and X looked sternly at everyone in the room. Four clearly squinted with a more malicious scowl in his face as he walked into the bundle of subjects. X slowly followed by the side, the smaller doctor's eyes hidden behind his glasses, yet a tinge of nervousness

clearly showed on him.

Four stopped in the center of the stimulation room and announced to everyone.

"I will be changing things drastically with this Project. Individual experiments will be far more frequent than organized team experiments. You will all be staying in your personal chambers more than in the stimulation room. Me and Dr. X will once again like to state that we are in charge here. if we want to do harsh experiments on you all, we will. and if we wish to terminate you, we will."

The subjects in the room all glanced at each other and muttered. Leafy stared at Four in slight fear and confusion, Firey looked up from the corner he was hiding in, terror rising within his heart.

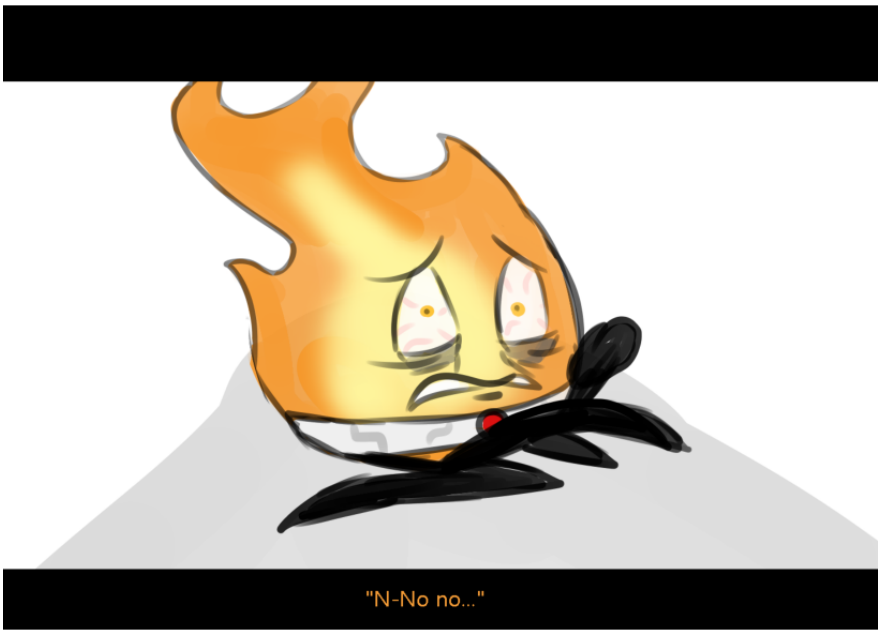
The smaller and weaker ones grew quite terrified. Ice Cube in particular panicked, given how much harsh and painful experiments were done on her. "N-no...please doctor, you can't do this..!" she squeaked out, running up to Four and begging to him.

Four glared at her and hissed. "DON'T approach me 007, accept that you're a lab rat, one of the punier ones anyways." Bracelety suddenly confronted Four, only causing the scientist to grow more irate. "HEY, how about YOU don't approach her you FIEND!"

This remark instantly made Four lose it, his face distorted into a wrathful grimace as he sharply faced Bracelety, his mouth hinged open widely as a unholy screech burst from his throat, directly at the blue subject. The shear sonic blast caused Bracelety to shiver painfully, a visceral popping noise was heard from her as Four finished his screech.

The group of subjects were in chaos as they watched Bracelety drop dead. Ice Cube panicked even more and scrambled away from Four, as did everyone else.

The blue doctor stared at Firey, whom was shivering and cowering in fear. "You. 001. We need you right now."




Four began to approach the flaming subject. Leafy took notice of this, she widened her eyes. Sure, Firey and her were well, *over*, but she still cared about him.

"NO!" Leafy quickly got up and tacked Four, causing him to yell in anger and surprise.

Firey backed away, utterly confused at the scene, but terrified

nonetheless.

"RRRHG- YOU DAMN-" Four was fed up.

Leafy didn't have time to think as she was quickly grabbed by Four and bashed into the floor, hitting her head, knocking her out as everything went dark.

---

*Some Hours ago*

Four sat at his desk. contemplating deeply about everything these past times in the lab.

Goiky Labs. Project DreaMaker. Subjects. Experiments. Speaker Box Coalition. Symbol Coalition.

*DreaMaker*.

All this damn time, Four and X had to hide their feelings and limit their powers during this entire project. All this time the speaker box team has forced them to follow rules and only complete this project

for *them*. Because they made these subjects, they made this lab, they made this project.

This DreaMaker they were so hellbent on finding, This absolutely perfect object that would help the extraterrestrials in advancing their kind and taking over planets after planets. How they relied so much on this being for *themselves*. They may have been scientists, but they were so *stupid* in leaving this precious project in the hands of Four and X, in the hands of another, more *superior* coalition.

Four's mouth slowly began to contort into a grin as he thought about all of this. He was through with following rules, He was through with hiding his enjoyment whenever he tortured those pathetic lab rats, and he sure as hell was through with not exercising his status as a physical *god* in a wonderful place like this.

"This is it X, the DreaMaker. This will be *our* achievement." X watched and felt nervous at Four's comment, he was not happy with how his companion was going on right now, he couldn't hide his own feelings anymore. He did not approve of the mistreatment of the subjects. He knew Project DreaMaker was not his kind's project and he didn't want to just steal this from the speaker boxes.

"Please...Four...we can't do this...the subjects are going to go through enough with the required experiments! and this project...it's for the Speaker Box Coalition! they need objects influenced under the right conditions to build them in order to survive! and this DreaMaker would have the ability to churn o-" X was quickly cut off by Four as he snapped in anger.

"FUCK THE SPEAKER BOXES. Don't you see X?! This DreaMaker....it is supposed to be the *ultimate* object once it is perfect enough....It can expand our kind's reach throughout the cosmos, we wont be bound to the algebra zone! We can develop new powers and achieve TRUE godhood! Nothing can stand in our way X!"

Four's outlandish remarks were genuinely freaking out X, he couldn't do this, he couldn't. But...Four...he cared for him so deeply...yet...he was still scaring him.

"Four...i told you...we are already powerful enough...let the speaker

boxes-" X was once again cut off.

"X. the speaker boxes don't even know how to handle their own damn project. This "budget cut" bullshit that hinders experiments and their powers. F1R3Y-001, the subject that WAS found to be the DreaMaker, it all FAILED because L34FY-002 chimed in...and SHE ended up just as eligible, but then they just sat and let everything fell apart...and then they tried to erase 001's memories of 002, it worked! but at a cost. The amnestic they used was *unstable* and *permanently* damaged 001's overall heath, why? because "*budget cuts,*" if that doesn't SCREAM *bullshit* then i don't know what else!"

X jumped, he quickly cupped his hands together, he really couldn't argue with Four anymore, he cared about him too much, and beside, nobody should ever want to be on the numbers bad side.

"Hmp, speaking of which, i'd like to try and restore F1R3Y-001. Just to see if we can maybe complete this head on." Four seemed to calm down.

"A-ah...but..Four..we tried our best..." X looked down, but Four chimed in again, this time, waiting until he had finished speaking.

"X, you've perfected an amnestic that doesn't deteriorate subjects, they forget and they're not falling apart. I believe we will do well." Four closed his eyes, getting up.

"Ah....o-okay then.." X looked at Four, slowly calming down himself, at this point, he decided he'd just...go with it, but alas..this dramatic shift in agendas was something he simply did not agree with.

---

*Present*

Leafy's eyes fluttered open, she noticed she was on a chair. Grumbling, she tried to get out, but soon discovered she was strapped down. There was noise going on around her, but she couldn't recognize it, she tried to discern what it was.

frantic chatter...angry remarks...screaming...

"Give him the sedative X!"

"I already did Four!"

"Dammit! CALM DOWN ALREADY!!"

"Four enough! his vitals are dropping!!"

"WHAT?! STABILIZER NOW!"

***"ENOUGH ENOUGH!! PLEASE LET ME GO!!!"***

FIREY.

Leafy quickly jolted awake, her eyes widened as she noticed the scene in front of her. Firey too was strapped to a metal chair, struggling madly, X and Four were at his side, X quickly jabbing serums into Firey's head, Four holding Firey as still as possible as to not inadvertently damage anything, syringe after syringe littered the floor around them.

In an attempt to heal his damaged mind with direct chemical therapy to the brain, they ended up causing him great suffering instead, tampering with whatever abominable workings were in him to cause his memory loss, he was losing it far more than necessary.

Firey didn't need this, he already went through enough.

Leafy couldn't have this, she couldn't let him go through this anymore.

"STOP IT!! LEAVE HIM ALONE!!" Leafy screamed out at the doctors, she pulled at the straps, trying to escape. Four and X looked at Leafy.

"X, work on 001, i'll handle this." X nodded at Four and focused his attention on Firey, still screeching at the top of his lungs and struggling viciously in his chair.

"002, sit there, it's useless! He doesn't know you anymore! We are trying to HEAL him ok?!" Four sneered, Leafy was utterly confused at that comment, for the scene before her screamed of anything but healing.

"YOU'RE HURTING HIM!! STOP INOCULATING HIM!! IT'S NOT WORKING!!" Leafy yelled out.

"WHAT do you know LAB RAT!? These serums are meant to STABILIZE him! but it's APPARENTLY failing so we're SWITCHING THINGS UP!"

"HE NEEDS TO BE CALMED!! JUST LET HIM GO PLEASE!! HE CAN'T HANDLE EXPERIMENTS!!"

"Well FINE then! TRY TO STABILIZE HIM!"

Four backed away to X and pulled him away to stop, much to his confusion, he snapped his fingers as the straps around Firey and Leafy suddenly popped off.

Firey sputtered out words of terror and agony as he threw himself off of the metal chair, curling up and holding his head tightly, the poor thing felt like his brain was being melted in acid, all of the chemicals and drugs clogging his veins and grey matter was absolutely torturing him, his flame body had patches of blue and white to indicate his unhealthiness in his own bizarre biology.

"O-oh my god Firey!" Leafy quickly got out of her own chair and stumble to Firey, she tried to comfort him, give him assuring words and hold his hand, but noticing the green leaf in front of him, he suddenly screeched in terror and backed away, panicking in the mix of his pain.

Leafy was put aback by this reaction, but at this point, she was fed up, she wanted answers, she turned to the doctors with rage. "WHAT did you DO?! YOU DID SOMETHING TO HIM TO MAKE HIM

FORGET ME!! YOU DID SOMETHING TO MAKE HIM THIS WAY!! NOT EVEN TERMINATION CAN FIX THE WAY HE IS!!" She screeched at them, X cupped his hands together, looking down with some shame, but Four glared at Leafy blankly, starting to sneer.

"Well, it ain't our fault...all that happened was that 001 got an amnestic treatment to forget about you...after you screwed up the first project..they knew 001 would totally disobey and resist everything they'd try to do to both you and him at that point...so...they made him forget! but it didn't seem to be working the way they wanted.."

Leafy widened her eyes, she looked at Firey, who also heard, through his pain he began to remark on that, his voice alarmed and trembling.

*"A-All this time...I-I...f-f-felt something m-missing...I-i don't know why...a-are..a-are you someone i knew..?"* Firey shakily looked at Leafy, she began to tear up.

"YES Firey! i was! please...-" Leafy stopped as she saw Firey beginning to curl and tremble more with pain and utter misery, his voice quaking more.

*"B-but WHAT is it!? do i REALLY know you?! WHY does it feel so bad around you?! WHAT am i supposed to think?! do i really know things!?* ***do I NOT KNOW THINGS!??!"***

Soon a pitiful howl came from Firey as he curled up tightly into a ball, this scene utterly crushed Leafy to her core, tears leaked from her eyes, pity, misery, anger at the scientists, then despair.

"Well...looks like we can't get this over with using 001...might as well!" Four rolled his eyes and aimed his pointer finger at Firey's collar, through unknown forces, he activated the termination feature, the collar began to flash lights and beep.

In the blink of moments, Leafy's heart stopped, she quickly reached for Firey. "FIREY NO!!"

Firey looked at Leafy, for a moment, in the tone of her concerned

voice, a strange realization hit him. "*L-Leafy..**-GGGKAAGGHH-***" Firey suddenly jolted out as blood squirted from the edges of his collar, his fire body quickly faded to a dying pale shade as he coughed up the crimson liquid, the life in him quickly faded as he collapsed dead.

At that moment Leafy shrieked out. "***FIREY!!***" She scrambled to Firey's body, she held his arms, feeling no pulse she cried out, hugging his body, she didn't burn given the genetic modifications done on both of them a while back to prevent complications.

"*P-please....h-hh....F-Firey...ggk.....I-I love you...*" Leafy squeaked out as she held the dead flame in his arms, cradling him. All these years, she still cared for him, all these years, she felt complete with him, all these years, she missed him so dearly, and all of these years, she wanted to confess to him.

He wanted to confess to her, before they were both ripped from each other.

"Oh get over it 002, we'll recover him." Four blurted out at the moment, he squinted at the leaf in disgust, X however, backed away a bit, feeling very uncomfortable with this situation.

Leafy's crying suddenly died out at hearing that, she slowly got up and let Firey's body go, her face indiscernible from the distance.

"You took him from me." the young lady's voice was blank, empty, but **rage** irradiated from that sentence.

X was now terrified, he read about Leafy..she was special, when they made her they found many things, she was strong for a leaf, she learned and remembered easily, she was unusually resistant to the mental strain experiments had on a typical subject, and in her creation, she was found to have some specialties to her...

Four knew about that too, but that didn't concern him one bit, he aimed his hand at her, energy crackling in his fingers.

"Well, all I did was try and fail to restore him, and then terminate him. If you want him so bad, I can just terminate you too, for a while." Four smirked, then quickly blasted a beam of energy at Leafy.

But.

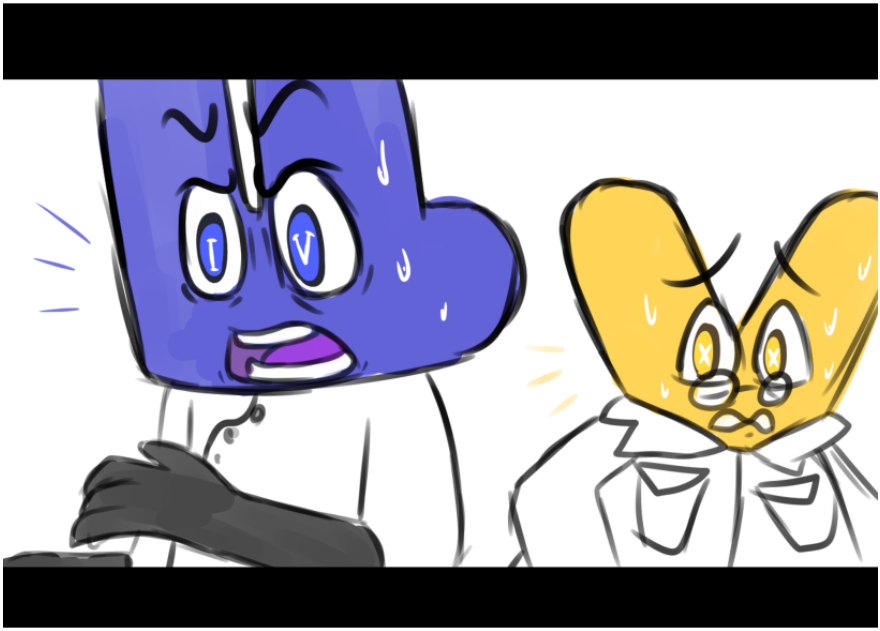
Before she was hit by the laser, she suddenly blinked from sight. Gone.

The air turned cold as the two scientists widened their eyes at the subject suddenly disappearing.

"Wh- how did-"

"F-Four...002...she.."

"shit SHIT ***CONTAINMENT BREACH!!***"




(welp that's that, alot going on and woop, h o p e f u l l y something for this au, m a n,

Def gonna make a lot of sillies for this dumb chapter, but

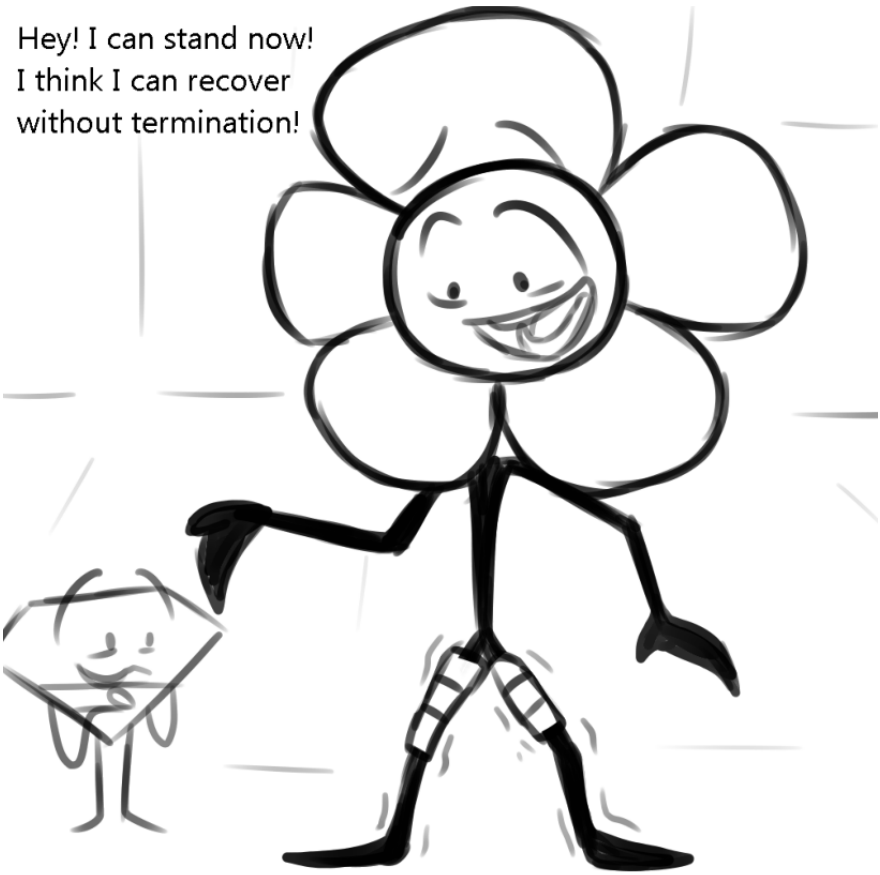
hhheeeeeeyyyy, some animu crap about to hit, god, am I a cringelord. also crappy doodles that i rushed out cuz again my habit of illustrating stories.

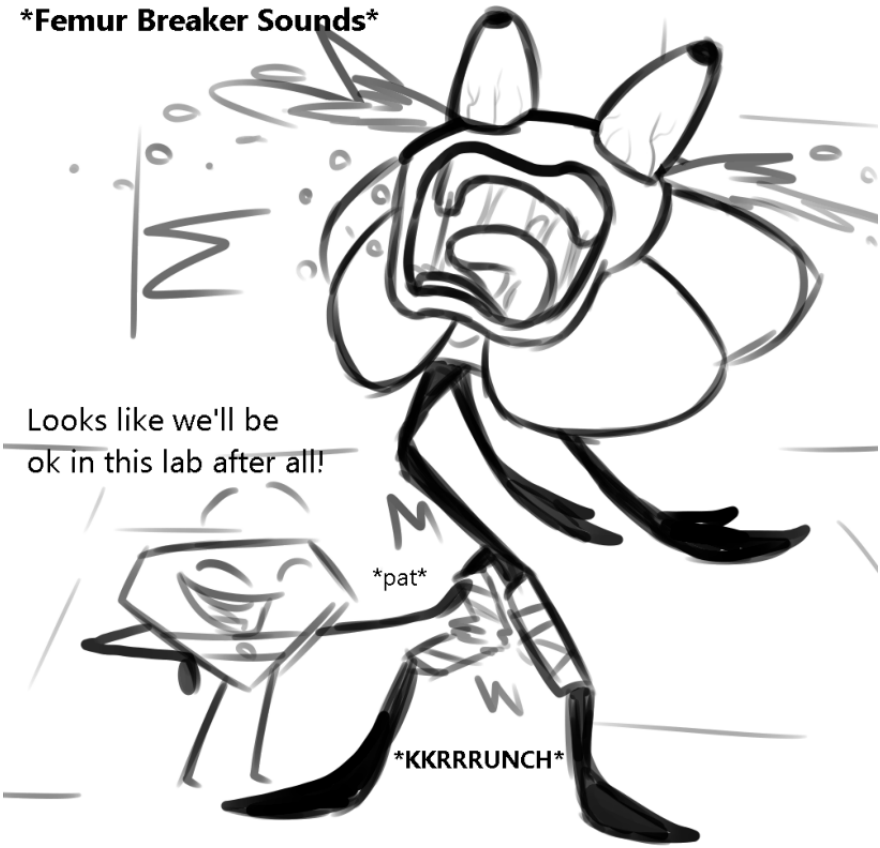
but eh whatevs cliffhanger. and y y e fireafy, for me it was dethroned by coinpin but h e y with the current state of the ship we can do angsty one-sided love cuz y a y sadness, o o f -Redmist108, indulging in her deviantart-level fan bullshit, and more inexplicable regret)

# INTERMISSION: FL0W3R-010 FOOTAGE

(some sillies cuz Disposition was edgy and Flower pretty h)

Here you go I don't need these
Here's your Ruby that will be two femurs


Hey! I can stand now!
I think I can recover
without termination!




(and a serious one cuz cries)

(but ye content for now, "INTERMISSION" chapters are part of the light version of this au, whilst of course chapters with edgy titles are the actual story chapters of the grimdark version of this au.

we're gonna go back to the actual suffering soon so yay more story??? h

next time on Project DreaMaker, we get answers on why there's some special attention to Leafy, and why Firey's seemingly not doing too bright.... - Redmist108)

# INTERMISSION: L34FY-002 FOOTAGE

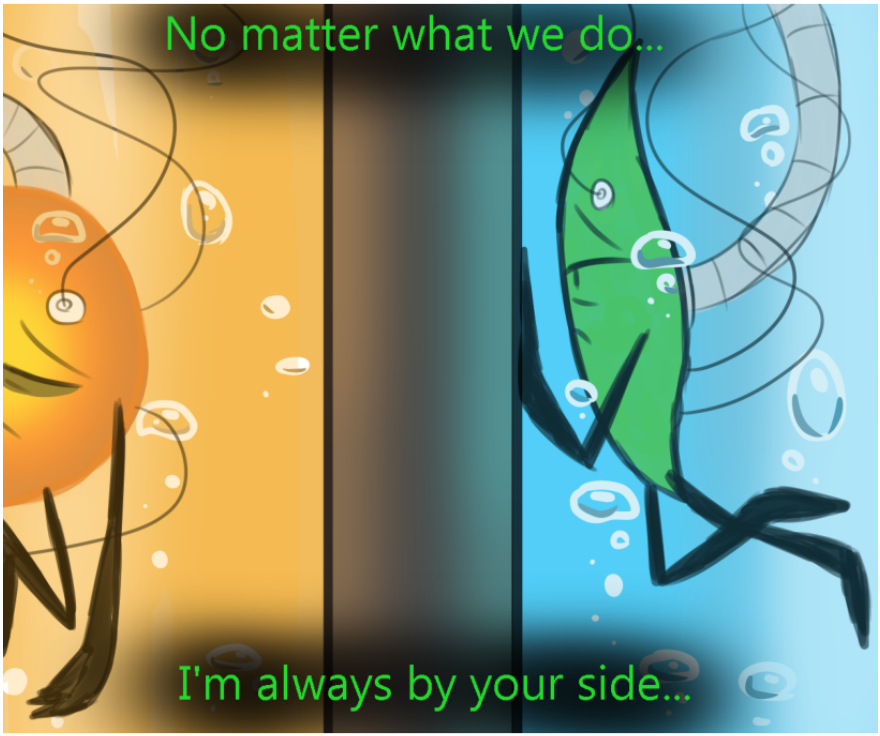
(just stuuuff need to make better ideas for parts in the main story cuz i only got a few pre-planned ones)

002 was never quite a sanguine subject..
she was more...choleric..

...then melancholic...

(a little serious but yeep i kinda have a addiction to the 4 temperaments if the "disposition classification" stuff is to tell here jsdakl)

(when your crush was given amnesia by some alien nerds and you're also both test subjects meant to be tortured for science, oof jdskla)




(and another serious thingo jdksla, Firey is a ball here because he's in liquid so physics?? also the tube liquid is orange because it's oil, and oil is well, not water, you should get this h, i need to do more genuine lineart works instead of all these quick sketches but blehg art is hard, but content for now- redmist108)

# IN--ERM---ION: {REDACTED}

"God...DAMMIT!" Four swiped away the contents of his desk to the floor in rage and frustration.

L34FY-002 was nowhere to be found, somehow she had regained access to her teleportation powers, despite everything she ate being laced with anomaly-suppression drugs. Her tracking collar signature was somehow offline, no matter what Four did he couldn't find her through any of the surveillance systems, let alone his pure senses. None of the subjects knew or saw Leafy anywhere, no matter what. They were all locked up into their personal chamber rooms for now anyways, everything was on hold until they found that one damn subject.

They had to find her. Before it's all too late. She'll destroy Project DreaMaker once again, and this time for good.

Four couldn't handle this, he had no idea he'd be feeling so damn stressed and terrified over this. He'd been yelling and blowing up on X lately, something he wasn't proud of, but he had a reason! this lab already had so much advanced technology! it'd be so stupid to not use any of the tech they had to find Leafy!

But.. there was this tracking remote at one point linked to Leafy's DNA, he tried to find it..then he did! use it? USE IT!

....Nothing.....offline too....this damn thing is supposed to be the most

efficient way to track a specific subJECT- *FUCK*-

"...Four...?" X squeaked a bit to Four, whom sharply turned and ran to his lab partner. "DID YOU FIND HER!?"

"N-no but...I managed to dig up some old catalogs...through my research I've found...this might help us find her....b-but i tried to decipher it..I...I don't know how..I...." A shiver of pure cosmic dread rushed through X's spine as he gave the collection of catalogs to Four.

"RRHG-.....ah..?" Four was almost about to yell at X for not having specific information on Leafy, however, seeing this bizarre collection of information sparked some unrelated interest. And given that X pointed out some sort of connection to them securing Leafy in this situation, he simply took the tablet and began to read over the information.

"...wh..."

...if he could read it at all.

---

**CATALOG OF □□□□□□□□□**

*"It took a lot of speaker boxes...and it took a lot of subjects...but we made it, Compound-Scarlet."*

*"Clones of genetically eligible subjects have finished gestating. Infuse each with Compound-Scarlet and observe new behavior."*

*"Experiment with Compound-Scarlet designated title of □□□□□□□□□□"*

*"Compound-Scarlet is a mutagen made to induce heightened anomalous powers in normal subjects. Research involving Compound-Scarlet is hoped to immediately complete the search for the DreaMaker, as well as further enhance our control and power on said DreaMaker."*

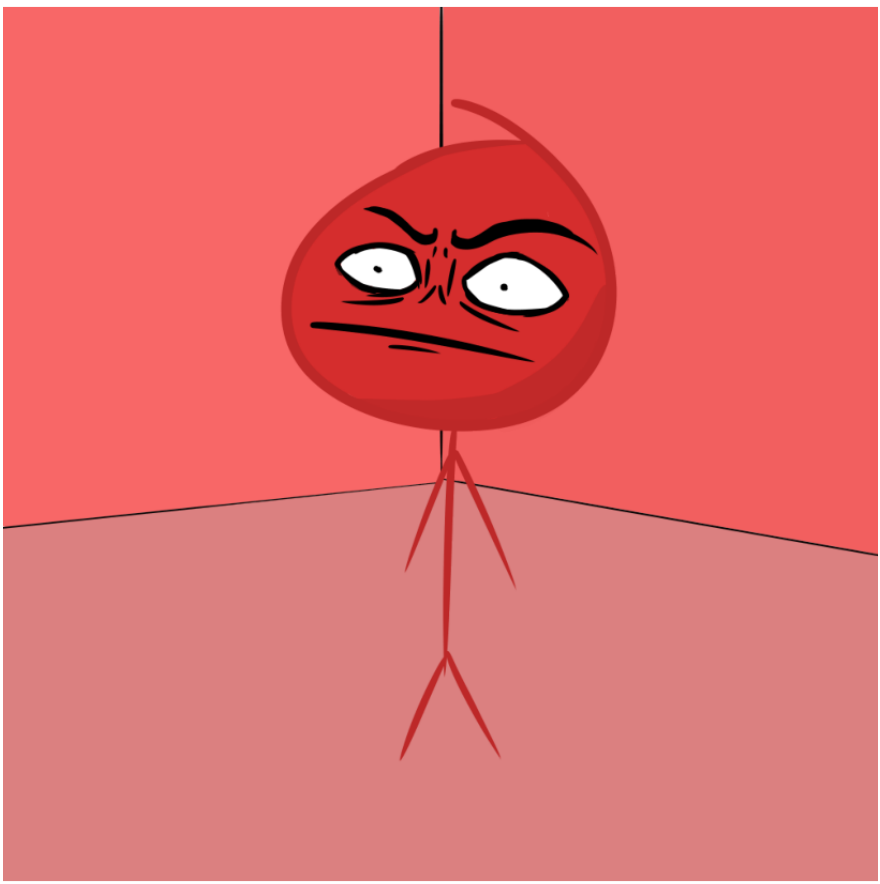
*Current scans show to be successful, however anomalies come at random, as well as side effect of Compound-Scarlet causes subjects to take on a deep red pigmentation, giving the name of Compound-'Scarlet'."*

*"L34FY-002 has been watching the process of □□□□□□□□□□. She especially shows great interest in her own clone. L34FY-002 seems to be very quickly growing a familial attachment to her clone, claiming her to be her 'sister' as well as asking us if she could teach the clone how to teleport when she is released."*

*".....you haven't even..."*

*"....L34FY-002 will stay in case her corresponding clone goes rouge. Perhaps she could reason with her? Not to mention we already need a normal subject to interact with these things. She always is helpful in subduing rough subjects. Amnestics will be given to L34FY-002 after we are finished, no stress."*

**E-CLASS SUBJECTS**

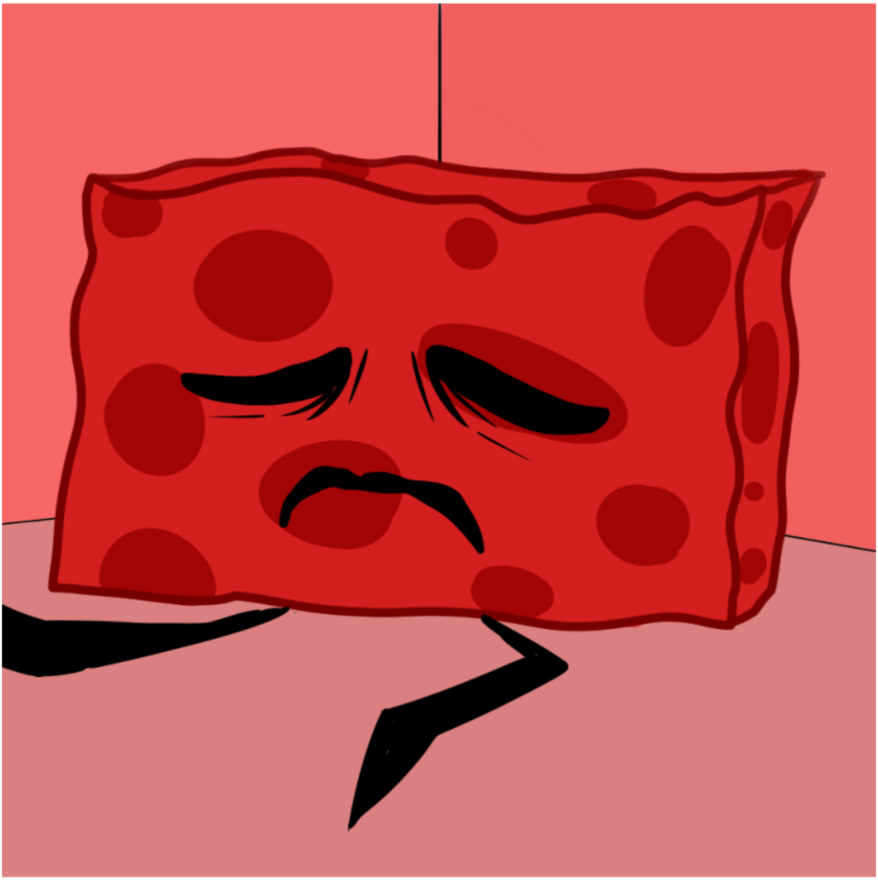


D4V1D-029E

STATUS: PERMANENTLY TERMINATED

DATA: [redacted]

NOTES: *"As useless as his species is, we at least can extract new supplies of Compound-Scarlet from this one. God...making this stuff was a nightmare."*



SP0NG3Y-013E

STATUS: PERMANENTLY TERMINATED

DATA:□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□.
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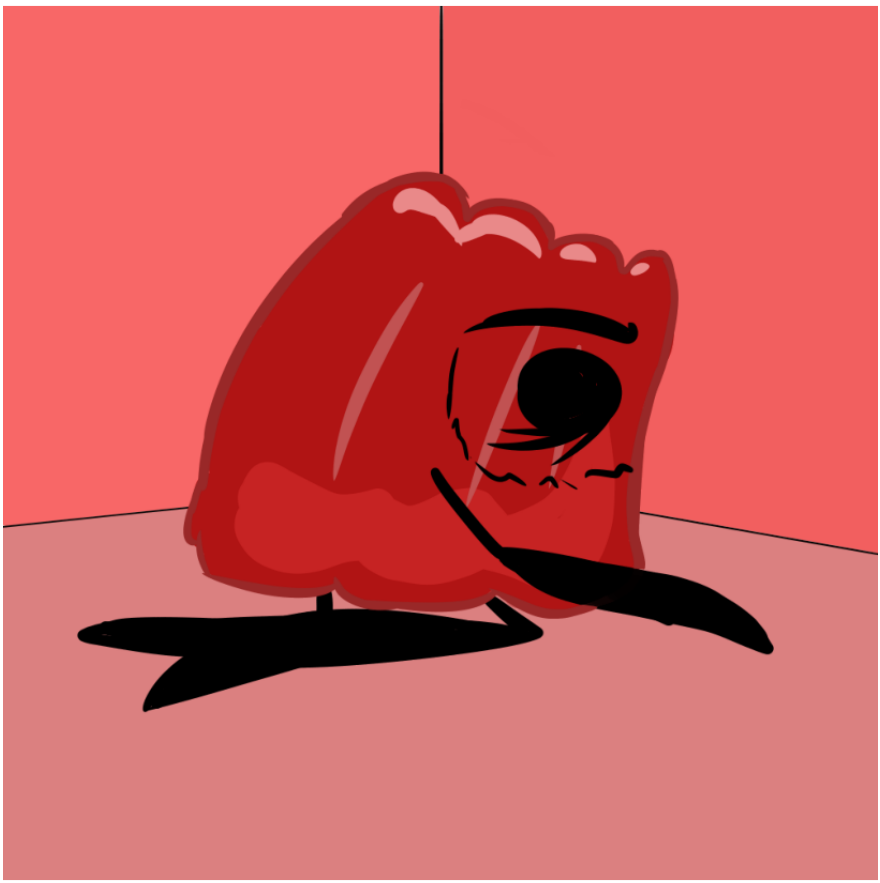
NOTES: *"Huh. This one knows a lot of weird cosmic horror stories, L34FY-002 seems to enjoy listening to him a lot but...god...so damn graphic...how does he..?"*



G3L4T1N-031E

STATUS: PERMANENTLY TERMINATED

DATA: [redacted]

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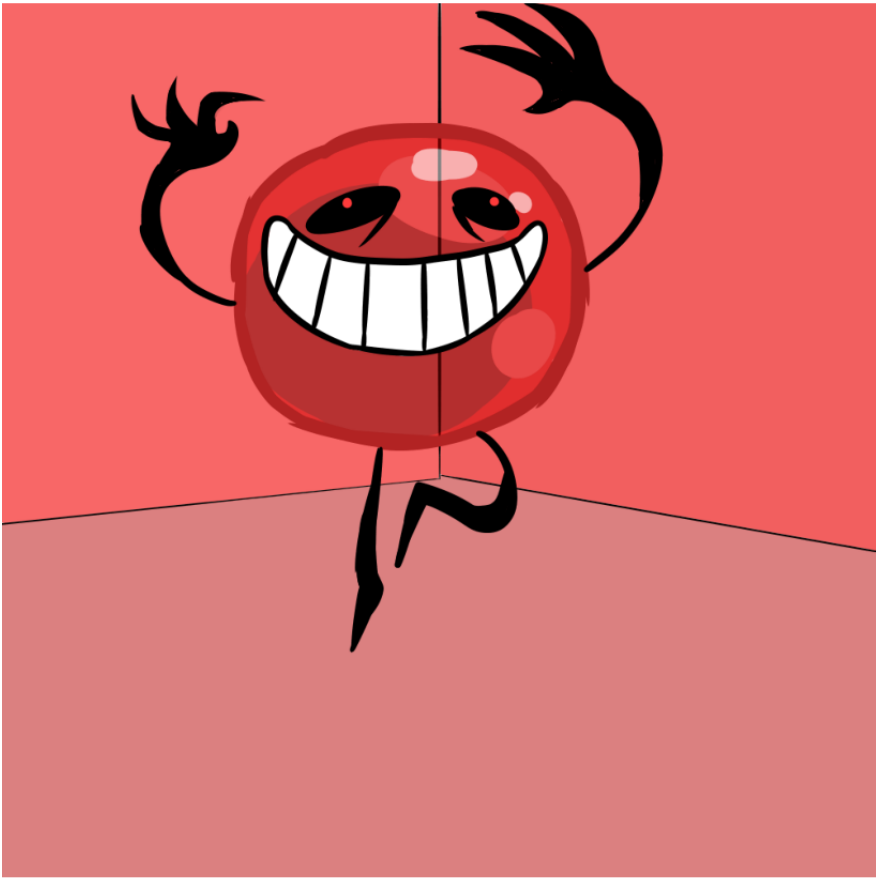
NOTES: *"He keeps gibbering about something...given what SP0NG3Y-013E was rambling about I do NOT want to know."*



B2BBL3-007E

STATUS: PERMANENTLY TERMINATED

DATA:□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□.
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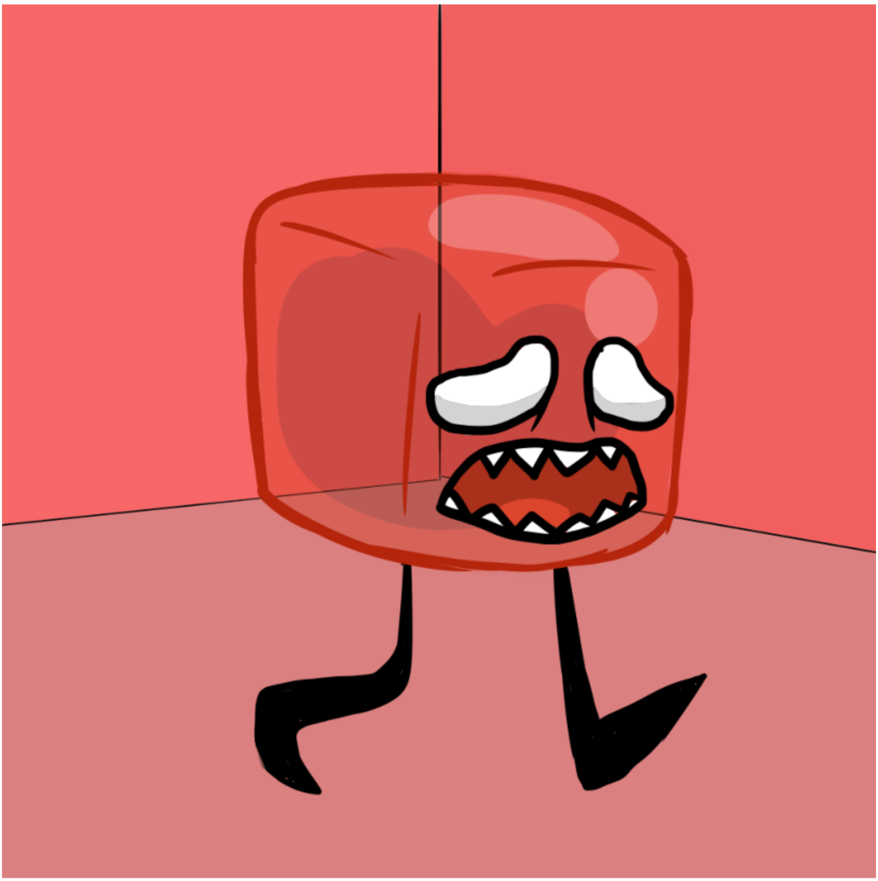
[illegible]

NOTES: *"Out of ALL the subjects, THIS one is the one that goes apeshit on everyone?!"*

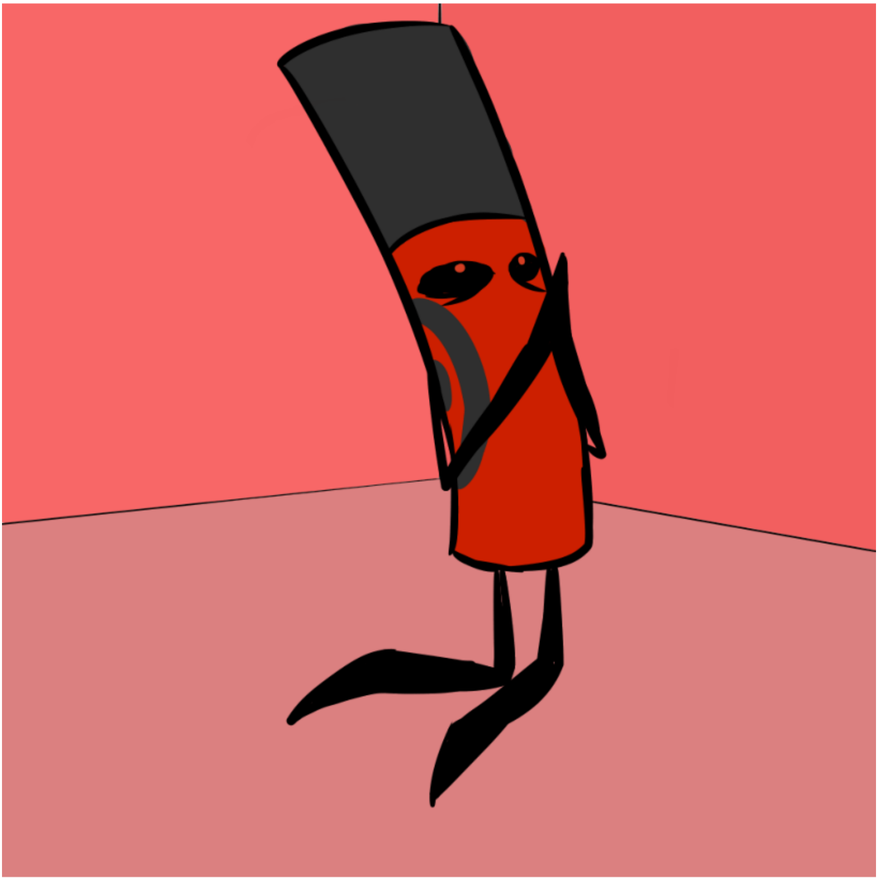


1C3 C2B3-004E

STATUS: PERMANENTLY TERMINATED

DATA: [redacted]

NOTES: *"Her voice, Like thousands of tortured souls screaming, She knows what we have done."*



M4RK3R-051E

STATUS: PERMANENTLY TERMINATED

DATA: □□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□.
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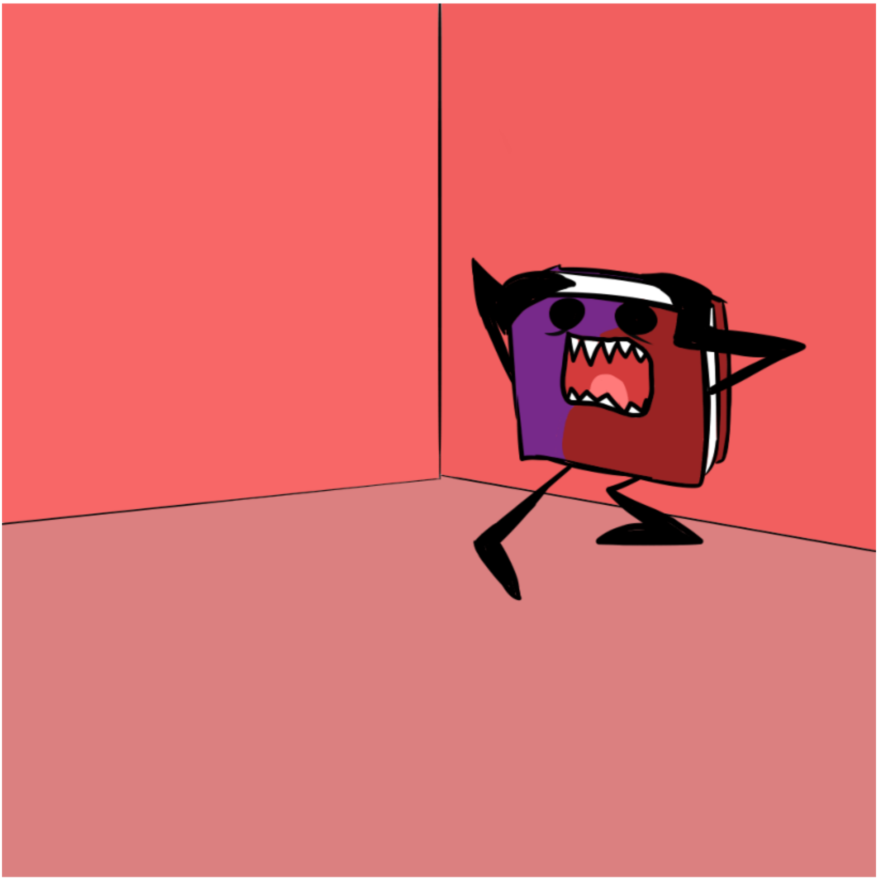
[illegible]

NOTES: *"He prays for us, perhaps he asks for forgiveness on us, or perhaps he asks for judgment on us."*



B00K-034E

STATUS: PERMANENTLY TERMINATED

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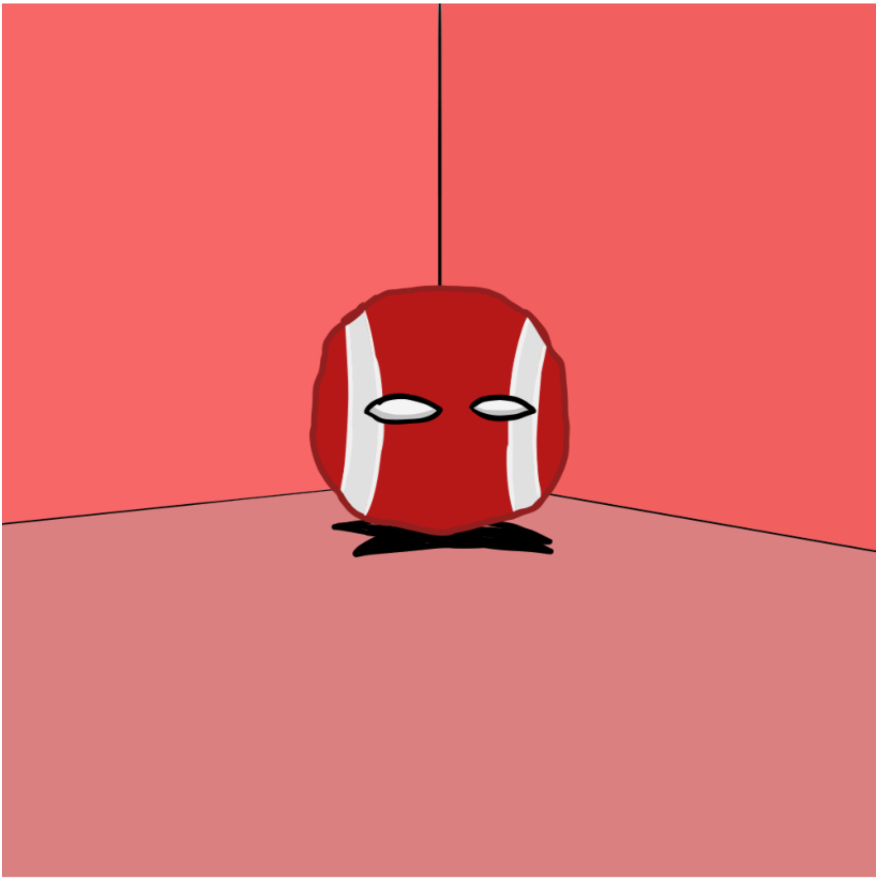
NOTES: *"She knows far more than us. Yet to decipher her mind...we can't risk it."*



T3NN1S B4LL-019E

STATUS: PERMANENTLY TERMINATED

DATA: □□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□.
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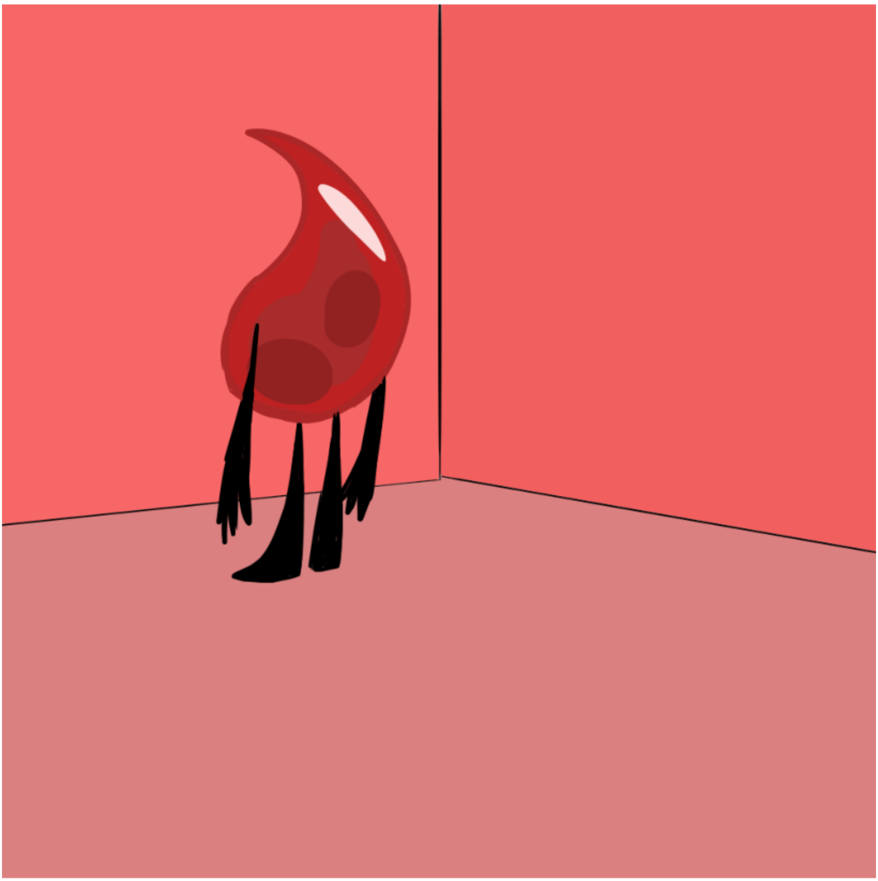
NOTE: *"Silent as T34R DR0P-008, but...people have been reporting seeing him whispering something to L34FY-002."*

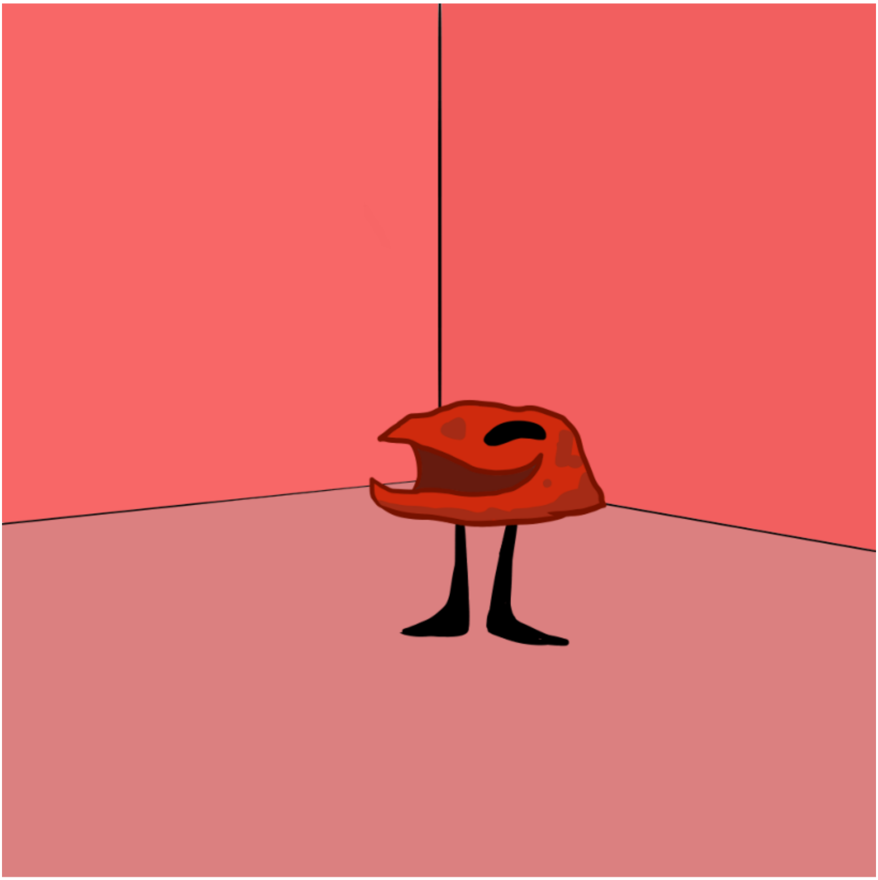


T34R DR0P-008E

STATUS: PERMANENTLY TERMINATED

DATA: [redacted].

NOTES*: "Why did i speak to her why did i speak to her why did i speak to her why did i speak to her why did i speak to her why did i speak to her why"*



R0CKY-026E

STATUS: PERMANENTLY TERMINATED

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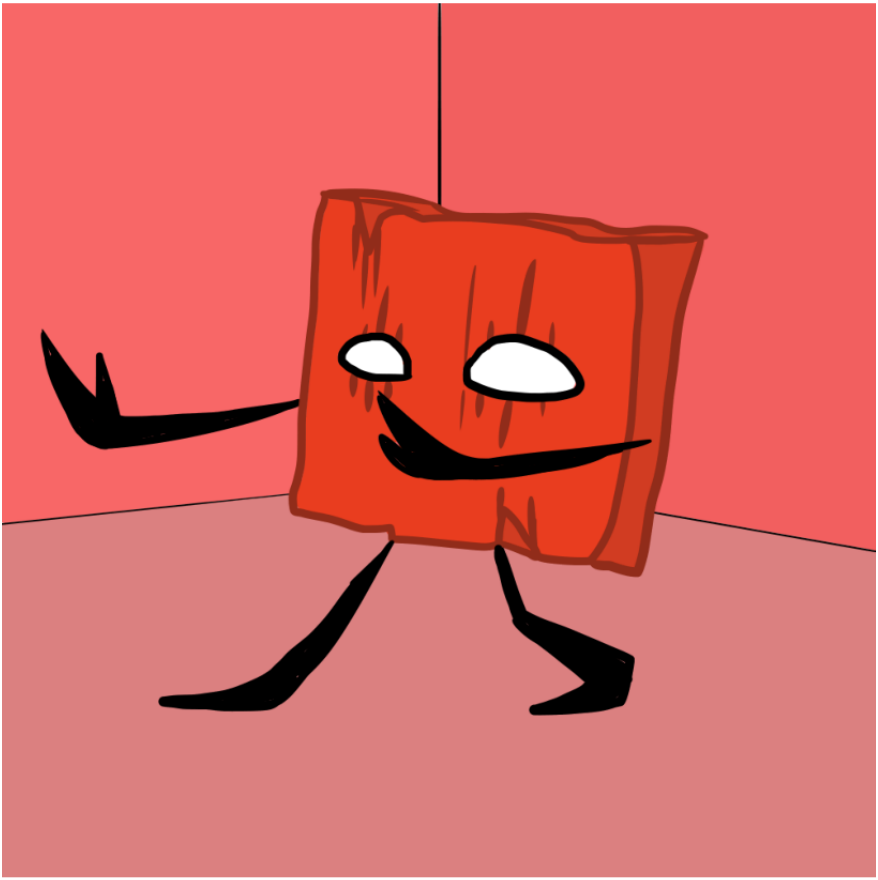
NOTES*: "Such macabre melodies that he spews from his mouth."*

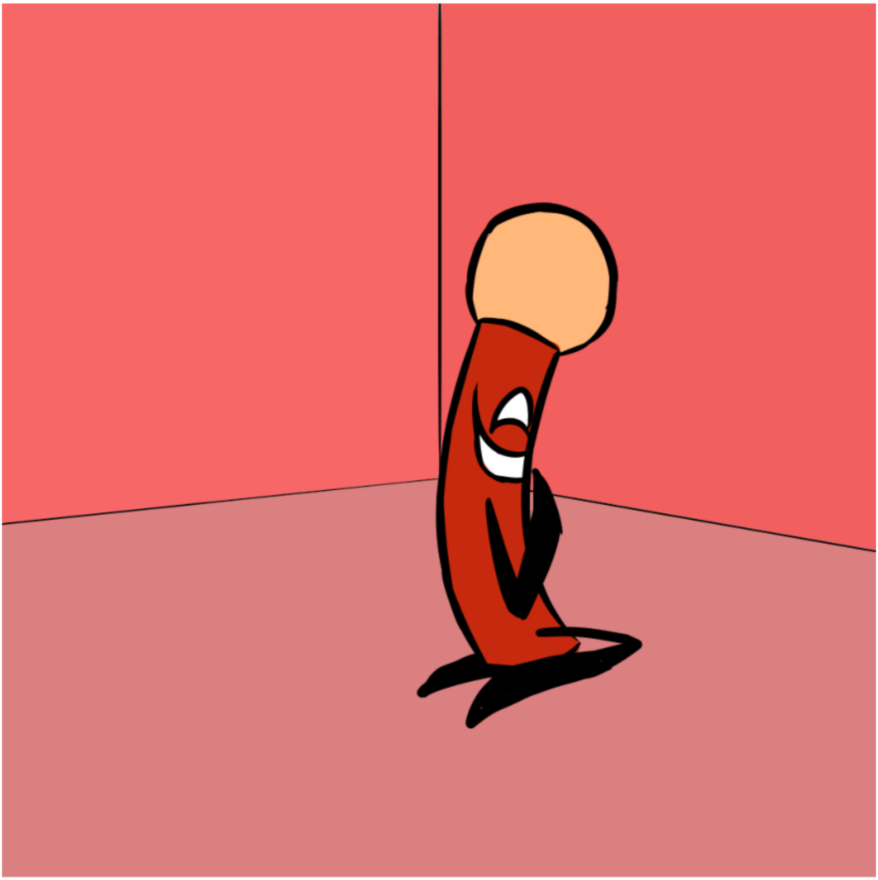


W00DY-015E

STATUS: PERMANENTLY TERMINATED

DATA: [redacted]

NOTES: *"Nightmares every night. We didn't know why. Then we looked at his camera feed, We found out why."*



M4TCH-028E

STATUS: PERMANENTLY TERMINATED

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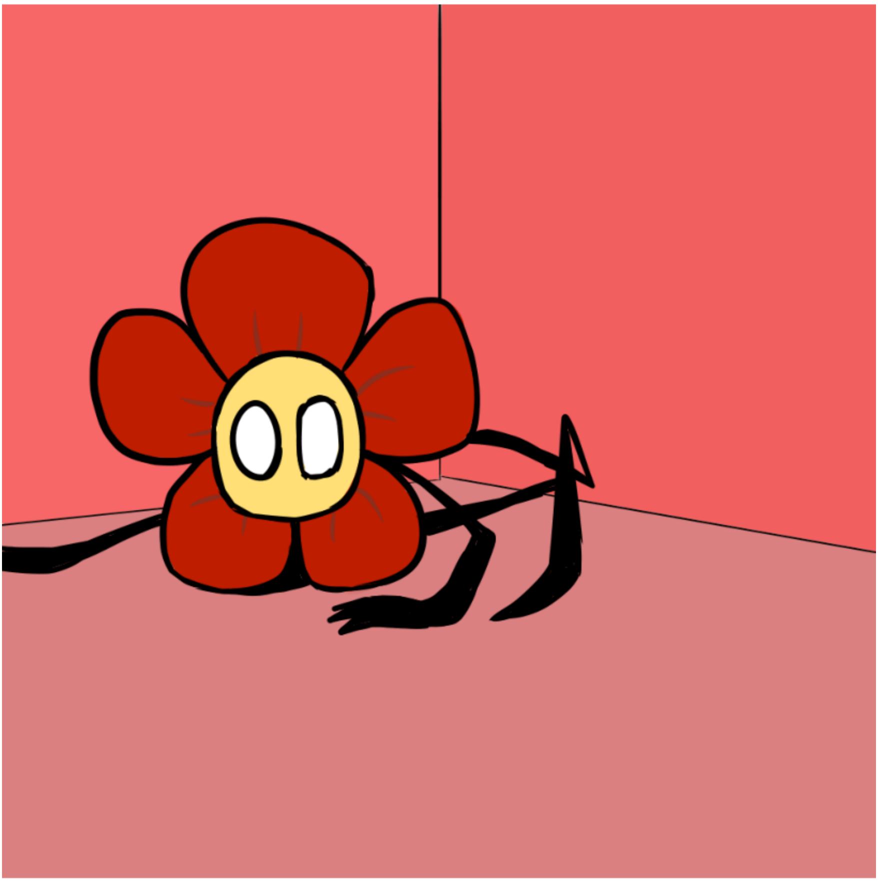
[illegible]

NOTES: *"What the HELL is she laughing for!? WHY THE HELL DID WE DO THIS!??!"*

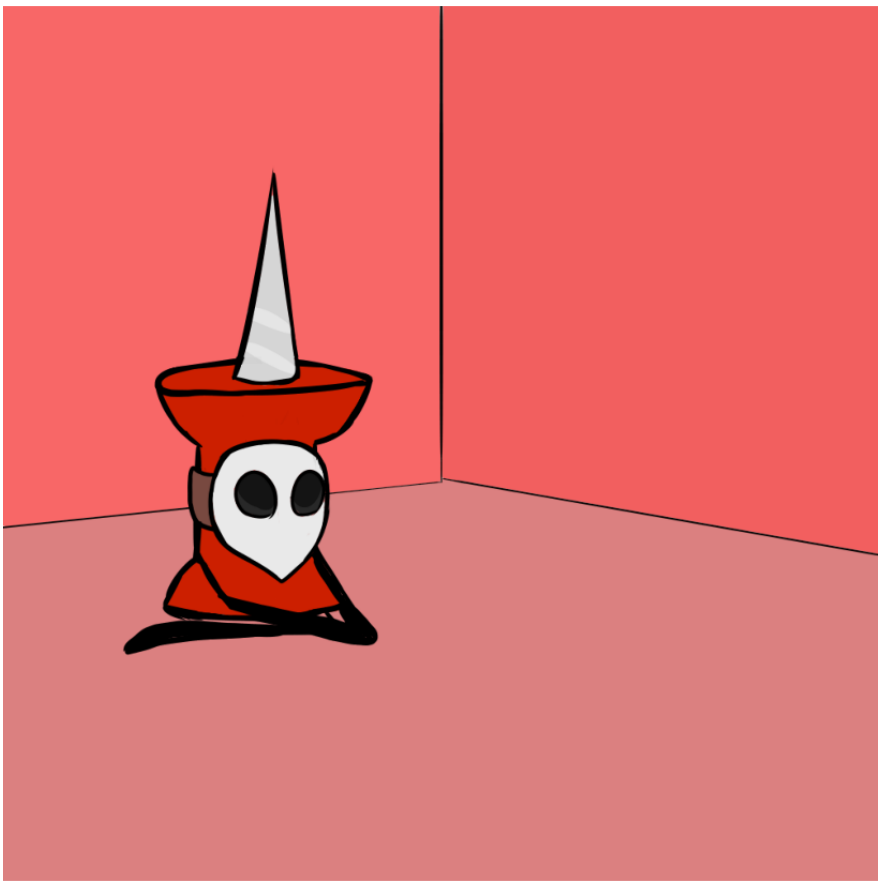


FL0W3R-010E

STATUS: PERMANENTLY TERMINATED

DATA: [redacted]

NOTES: *"WHAT THE HELL DID I SAY!? WHAT DID YOU EXPECT!? SHE WENT RIGHT **THROUGH** THOSE PEOPLE!!"*



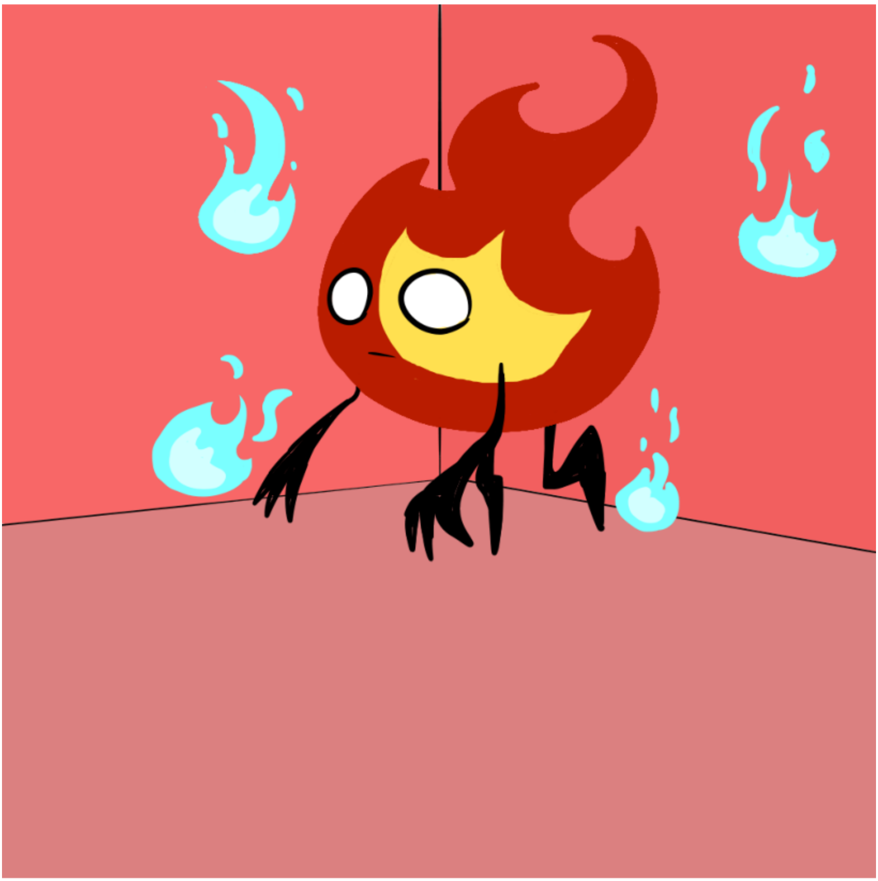
P1N-006E

STATUS: PERMANENTLY TERMINATED

DATA: [redacted].
[redacted]
[redacted]
[redacted]

[illegible]

NOTES: *"An absolute sweetheart. She is helping us greatly, but her face. I. I can't."*

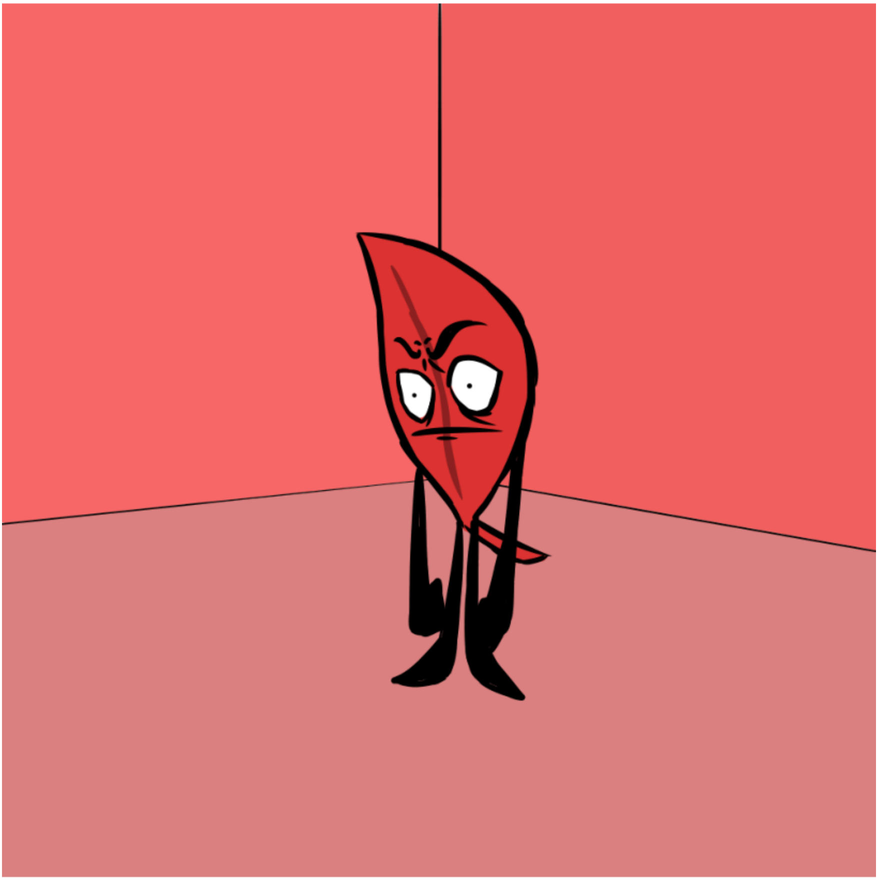


F1R3Y-001E

STATUS: PERMANENTLY TERMINATED

DATA: [redacted]

NOTES: "HOW DO WE EXTINGUISH HIM?! THE **WHOLE** FUCKING FACILITY IS **BURNING DOWN**!!"



L34FY-002E

STATUS: ACTIVE

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NOTES: ***"OH gOD. ShE eSCAPED.  COntAInMEnt BReACH."***

"□□□□□□□□□□□□□□ *has been canceled."*

*"All information of □□□□□□□□□□□□□□'s existence is to be completely redacted and destroyed."*

*"Never do this again. it isn't worth it anymore. destroy every trace of Compound-Scarlet. this isn't worth it for anything. Nothing. Not even for the DreaMaker."*

*"Administer amnestics to L34FY-002 as well. I feel so bad. I'm so sorry."*

---

*"....."* Four stared at the screen of the tablet. The horrified notes. The expunged data. The photos. The secrets. *L34FY-002E.*

"...A-And....what will we do with this..?" Four glanced over at X. For the first time, he genuinely had some clear nervousness in his face. "I'm....assuming.....L34FY-002's connection with this...thing...is our key to finding her.."

"Oh...yes...and...W-Well...i have a plan..but...It may be a bit complicated." X looked down, beginning to write things down quickly.

Four on the other hand stared at the catalog once more. He knew those damn speaker boxes were already playing god when they made those objects, but..this..? He recalled why he and X's species were asked to do this project in the first place.

.....looks like *this* was what they chose them for especially.

***TO BE CONTINUED….***

**(EDGE EDGE EDGE EDGE EDGE EDGE EDGE EDGE EDGE EDGE EDGE EDGE)**

# Forbidden Outskirts

(W H E E Z E THIS TOOK TOO LONG--)

The office room was dark and brooding. The ambient hum of machinery wiring, and static from computer screens kept the silence at bay. However, the lingering feeling of anxiety, stress, and determination radiated from two extraterrestrial beings.

X sat down at a desk, nervously fiddling with his glasses. He and Four had finished planning out their mission on finding Leafy. But..how things would go? it was going to be...hard. Man..this was a first for him, he..didn't develop all that many offensive abilities like Four. And...going out and hunting a highly powerful and dangerous entity with your super powers alone? X..wasn't ready.

"Ok. I think I'm ready." Four stood near X, whom looked up to him quickly, straightening up. "A-ah..ok...I shall..reprise the plan..." X took a breath. "In order to secure L34FY-002 despite our technological failures, we shall venture to Yoy-level 12...where...the 'Evil Series' project took place...and find L34FY-002E.....and uh..." X began to stutter a bit. He..forgot how complicated this all was going to be...but Four chimed in.

"We will capture L34FY-002E, see if the original 002 has met up with her. If she did, we capture her. If not, we will use 002E to do an advanced genetic data track to find 002." Four closed his eyes, taking a breath. "We incapacitate 002E, freeze her solid, and then I will secure her in EXIT." Four lamented on EXIT, a pocket dimension he developed within his soul that could trap people inside, with all of these chambers apparently doing nothing to stop Evil Leafy..he figured...a pocket dimension would work..?

"Four...I-I don't know about this." X shrunk into his seat, cupping his hands together. "I know we're powerful in this place but...these evil subjects...I have a bad feeling..they were made using thinks the speaker boxes shouldn't have dared got into...i'd say i guess..demonic things.."

"And..?" Four raised an eyebrow.

"I dunno I..I think we'll be in grave danger with L34FY-002E..." X closed his eyes, taking a breath.

"...X, it's going to be ok. I have my zappies..my screech..my mutilation touch.. and so on.." Four assured his comrade..but he was still unsure of this..

"Four..I know but..*I* don't have such powers...only the basics..." He felt somewhat ashamed, X's anxiety always led to him following behind his colleagues, both at home, and at work..but suddenly..X felt a pair of hands touching his own hands gently..Four chimed in.

"But you have regeneration...and pain resistance....not only will you endure whatever happens much better than I will....but you can also heal me X."

This statement gave X assurance..but at the same time..confusion. "B-But Four! you can revive others!"

Four shook his head. "I may be able to recover people with my bare hands, but I can't recover myself. You on the other hand can heal both yourself and others." he closed his eyes a bit.

"And that's why I need you with me...you're helpful...you're my assistant X." Four looked down and squeezed X's hands softly, before patting them reassuringly, then letting go.

X looked in silent surprise at Four...he and him were always the best of friends..cohorts...comrades...he got up, smiling a bit, feeling more confident in his abilities...but also a bit warm inside..

"Come on, we have some subjects to capture." Four walked out of the

office through the lab, X followed.

white wards after white wards, the scientists went through the lab. they eventually exited the main level of the lab in which they worked in.

Entering Yoy-level 12.

...Here we are.

....

Whatever happened, this level of the lab has been completely destroyed and abandoned.

Four and X took their steps into the dark area. The scenery was entirely wrecked, machinery broken and smashed, never to work again. Glass shards littering the floor, some sparks popping out of broken lights. Screens shattered and devoid of light nor even static.....The remains of deceased Speaker Box Scientists.

X gulped a bit as the door behind him and Four was closed, he glanced at Four for a bit..looking down at his hand..he felt so scared..he just wanted to....X shook his head. The two began to walk through the facility.

Dark wards.

Dark wards.

Dark wards.

Dark wards.

Dark wards.

X began to ponder as he walked...sweating a bit. The Evil Series Subjects obviously were the ones responsible for the destruction and abandonment of this level of the lab....all of these dead scientists...the damage...he wondered....

....

....

"Four do you wonder if-" ....X noticed Four was missing, he looked around frantically. Wait...he was following Four closely!

"Four..? Four?! Where are you Four?!"

suddenly.

X heard heavy breathing, a chill went through his spine.

he shakily turned to see behind him....

nothing...

"Hhhugh...." X shivered more, sweating...he needed to get back to-

***"Ha a a h h."***

X froze in absolute terror as he saw Evil Leafy in front of him. Her vacant glare, intense, yet morbid. Her face distorted into a rancid scowl, stains of crusted dried blood painting her hands and body. Her breathing raspy, distorted, demonic.

X absolutely panicked as Evil Leafy grabbed his shoulders, before he could run for his dear life. The crimson abomination hissed more, opening her mouth widely, her jaw audibly dislocating and popping, her cheeks tearing to compensate for the unnatural gape, Ready to bite the poor doctor's head off. X panicked, wailed, tried to get out of the grasp of this *demon*...

*"FOUR?! FOUR HELP!!! **FOUR!!!!**"*

***KKRRUNCH***

"AAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHH----" X screeched out, covering his face-

"X CALM DOWN!" Four shook him, worry painted all over his face, X trembled and looked up..confused...wh...

"I-I..I-I..F-Four..it was HER!! she GRABBED ME AND ATE MY FACE!!" X was covered in cold sweat, tears leaking from his eyes. Four was confused...but shook his head.

"Hmp..X..you must've panicked in your thoughts...come on. We're ok..." Four patted his companions back...continuing their journey...X followed Four far more closely, shaken by that...vision.

Four however looked away a bit, he cared for X obviously...though knowing him, he must've just had a little burst of anxiety...the subjects they were going to capture after all were quite menacing to the common person.

Four closed his eyes as he walked, seeing all of this destruction in Yoy-level 12...wasn't a good visual honestly.

He just needed to keep going...focus on the job.

Both of them had to focus.

"*H-hhhff*...."

Hmp, X was breathing heavily....

"*Hh-hfff*.."

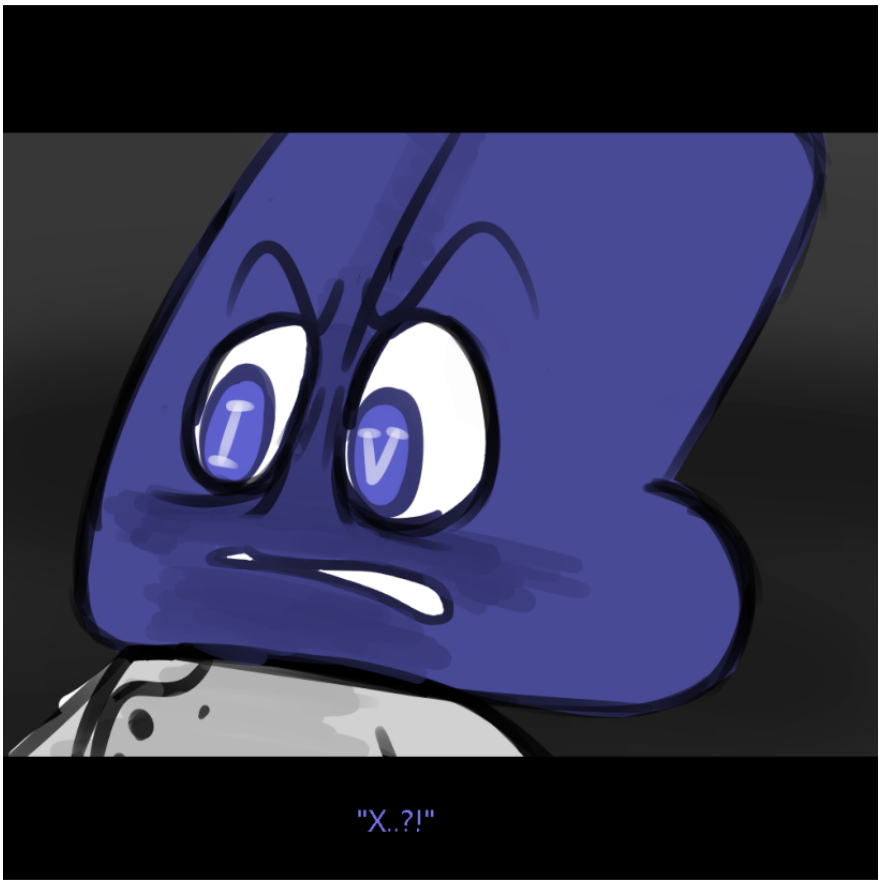
Four slowed a bit, taking note of that...

"*H-hhh-hfff*..."

Four sighed, turning his head to looked at X-

.....

X...?




...Where did he...

Four looked around frantically, calling out..

"X..?...X are you there!? X?!"

Shit.

where was he.

Four ran through the dark area.

dark wards

after dark wards.

This was a deadly situation.

X was too vulnerable.

Four needed to protect him.

He was his friend.

*"X?? X!!"* Four yelled out more.

Where was he?!

where!?

Four ran and ran and ran and ran-

then a dead end...

Four stopped to catch his breath...he needed to look around...where did he go...he needed to-

**KRRUNCH**

*"GGHHK--"*

Four choked out, a **horrid** pain suddenly hitting him as a arm plunged through his chest. His navy blue blood splattered about, he

coughed out blood....and he saw in front of him.

Evil Leafy. In front of him. Having stabbed through him with her bare hands.

She lifted the number up, snarling, the grotesque pain quaking Four. He felt his life slipping away rapidly, **terror** and **agony** sweeping through his soul. Evil Leafy only grinned at Four.....*speaking*.

***"H e y ."***

Four stared at the abomination, wide eyed, sweating, choking, whimpering.

***"H a v e y o u e v e r s e e n m y R E A L f a c e ?"***

Evil Leafy then held her face harshly with her other hand. Her fingers digging into her lips and her eye lids. The horrid monster began to pull her face off...Four struggled with whatever strength he had..he tried to yell, the pain was too much, he didn't want to see what this creature was doing to her own face, he needed X...HE NEEDED X-

Four however looked up at Evil Leafy, she had finished, underneath her original face....oh god...*oh gOD*....***O H G O D----***

At the top of his lungs, Four let out a visceral screech. He held his head, almost falling over, the sight of her face, *the sight of her **F a C e**.*

"FOUR CALM DOWN!! STOP!!-" X held him tightly from behind. Four flinched and gasped, turning to X quickly and holding him frantically, wheezing, sweating...crying.

"H-Hah...X..?!" Four panted a little, shaken...he was astonished to see X...suddenly with him..?!

"What happened!? Did I..."

"Four! L34FY-002E...she's marked this entire level of the lab as her nest! We're suffering from hallucinations.....hallucinations caused by 002E's power....Compound-Scarlet....she's..."

"Evolving..." Four finished for him...but then...a horrid smell hit both X and Four...they looked up.

.....

Rotting corpses.

Piles of rotting corpses, years old, belonging to each and every one of the object subjects. Old dried blood painted the floor of the area, leading to this..pile. It was..outlandish to think, but Four and X could tell..the carcasses were all collected and hoarded by Evil Leafy, for whatever reason.

"Good fucking God.." Four sweated more, staring at the macabre

scene.

"O-oh G-God.." X felt incredibly nauseous from the scene...he felt the urge to vomit..but he held back quickly, taking a deep breath.

Then, they heard chatter. The scientists perked up, quickly keeping quiet...

They looked around...where...behind the corpse pile..? ugh...Four and X slowly peaked from the side of the pile...looking...it was.....

Leafy.

"Lil sis...I know I know it hurts...but you gotta help me...!"

wh....what was she....the figure she was facing.....a crimson figure...burying their face in their hands...sobbing...?

Evil Leafy...?

"What the hell are they..." Four whispered to himself...he aimed his hand carefully at Leafy and Evil Leafy...continuing to eavesdrop...To think that this mission, meant to mainly target Evil Leafy, would lead to him and X stumbling upon LEAFY! This was shocking but, this was GOOD, they needed her anyways..BOTH of them...before they destroy Project DreaMaker.

"Please...I promise...we'll do something better...I know it was scary...but you can come back! You can help us escape!" Leafy patted the shoulder of the red abomination...how...was she....what was she....

"The others will be scared of you like before but IT'S OK....they will understand once you get us out....try not to devour them?"

She.....Leafy...she was convincing Evil Leafy to...-.no...not happening.

Four charged his zappies on both hands...aiming...aiming....Leafy...sensed something off...she looked around...then saw...the blue and yellow figures..widening her eyes.

"TELEPORT NOW!" Evil Leafy shot up in surprise, turning to see,

hissing.

Before the bright ray of energy could hit the two siblings, they teleported away. Four widened his eyes and cursed, X backed away in fear...then both turned to see the two leaves..the green one armed with a blade..the red one glaring furiously. "SHIT! X STAND GUARD!"

Leafy attempted to stab X, but he quickly backed away from her. Four quickly blasted at Leafy as X got out of the way, nearly hitting Leafy, but she teleported again to a behind Four. Again, Leafy attempted to stab Four, but ultimately, Four grabbed Leafy by her neck, quickly choking her, she struggled, she gagged, then she looked at Four, rage in his eyes....

"You are not escaping this fucking lab, no matter what. You are going to EXIT you fucking rat." Four pulled out a freeze syringe, ready to stab Leafy and contain her i-

"FOUR!! ***GGH--*** L34FY-***AAAG--***002E!!" X was on the ground, his dijon yellow blood splatted across the floor around him and all over his body. Evil Leafy was clawing into his chest and abdomen, not making a sound, not changing her grotesque wide eyed grimace, X's regeneration kept the abomination from killing him on that spot, but she kept going, going, going, going, going, going-

"X!!" Without thinking very well, Four tossed Leafy away to a wall. He quickly blasted Evil Leafy with a zappy, pushing her off of X with a hiss and injury. X gagged out and held his horrific wounds tightly, he was able to activate his pain resistance in time, but now he had to regenerate his wounds..slowly the damage closed up, but Four held him in grave worry.

"X oh GOD! Are you ok?!" Four yelled to his assistant, but X quickly noted to him..

"Four...L34FY-002...and the other...-!"

"Wah-"

Evil Leafy teleported behind Four, quickly swiping her claws at his

back, creating a nasty laceration, Four arched his back and yelled out.

"FOUR!" X quickly wrapped his arms around Four, with a a flash of light, the two teleported away from the abomination. X stumbled as he stood, Four however fell to his knees as he held X.. "Three can play at that game.." X whispered to himself as he quickly placed his hand on Four's injury, through the sharing of his regeneration power, Four's claw wound closed up.

"Sh-Shit-" Four quickly recollected himself, where was Leafy!? He choked her over there- EVIL LEAFY-

The red leaf was injured, a burned hole on the side of her leaf body, but that didn't stop her. She stumbled to the scientists, not teleporting here and there like she normally would.....was she disoriented?-

With a mix of fear and determination, Four charged up his hand lasers and blasted at the abomination rapidly. X flinched a bit as he hid right behind his comrade, flashes of light illuminating the ruined facility floor.

Evil Leafy screeched and stumbled as more and more her body was damaged. The laser pierced through where her brain should be, where her heart should be, yet the abomination kept standing,

*hissing,*

*screeching,*

*staring,*

*weeping....*?

Four huffed out as he felt drained from the laser spam. Evil Leafy wheezed and collapsed on the ground, nearly half of her body was destroyed, her massive wounds were severe, but cauterized at least.

X stayed near Four, looking around in fear. Leafy....where was she!? they needed to find her! But first...Four approached Evil Leafy,

holding a special freezer device.

"This better add to my research." Four squinted at Evil Leafy, activating the circular device and was about to attach it to her, but suddenly-

"GHK-"

Four stumbled back as a knife flew and jabbed into his chest, he coughed out some navy blood, and collapsed.....X's heart skipped a beat.

Leafy ran to her red sibling, lifting her up.

"Evy?! Evy stay with me!!" Evil Leafy didn't respond to the pleas from her elder sister with proper words, but gargled, hissing softly. Leafy shook her head, she already lost her dearest friend, she couldn't lose her sister!

*~~~Flashback~~~*

*Leafy looked up at a tube, inside the cyan liquid, a clone of her was curled up inside. The clone woke up abruptly, looking around frantically, she tried to yelp, but was muffled by the liquid she was surrounded in.*

*"Ah..." Leafy placed both hands on the glass of the tube, her clone noticed her, seeing the young subject..she was curious, going up to Leafy...lining her own hands up with Leafy's on the glass. The two leaves bonded at that*

*moment.*

*"Hello.....i'm your sister!" Leafy smiled warmly. The clone didn't hear very well, but tilted her head, smiling back...*

*Later on...the clone was fused with Compound-Scarlet, she didn't react well at all to the enhancement. She destroyed speaker box scientists, escaped the room she was supposed to be confined in to attack the other subjects. She felt the urge to harm, the urge to kill, the urge to spread misery, she felt...pain.*

*Match and Pencil were huddled to a corner, clung onto each other and quaking in terror as the clone approached them, intending to devour them. However...Leafy barged in and got in the clone's way, scolding her.*

*"Stop! Attacking the others is NOT how you'll feel less pain!" Leafy looked at the clone, who looked at her sister...she trembled a bit, and then cowered. Leafy sighed, kneeling down to the clone and holding her shoulders, quickly taking her away from the other subjects....*

*"Look...it's ok...I get you can't control this but...there's more to this lab than...suffering!"*

***"S i s t er I wa s A m IS t a Ke A ga i n s t Nat U R e."*** *The clone croaked out, curling up.*

*"Oh no no no! no need to say that Evy..."*

***"I t ' s L 3 4 F Y - 0 0 2 E . . ... .. . O r.. .. . .E V i L L e a F Y....."***

*"I know I know...but I'm callin you Evy cuz you're my lil sister! it sounds far better than EVIL Leafy..." Leafy gently hugged the young abomination. She hissed a bit....but accepted.*

*The clone felt...a little less pain from Leafy's support...more than attacking people...more than resisting experiments....*

*.....She really did only have her elder sister. Well...Leafy was the one who taught her how to teleport here and there.*

*And Leafy only had the clone as the..closest thing she'll ever get to a family member, being grown in this lab.*

*She needed to protect her.*

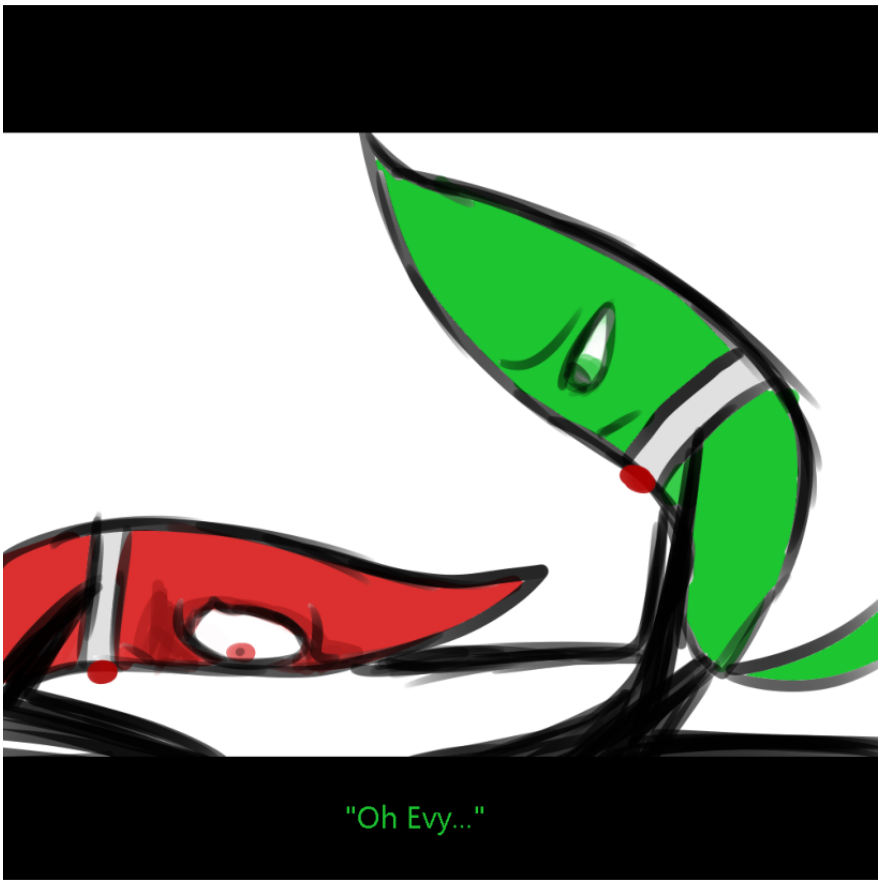
*She's all she'll ever have.*

*Leafy needed to guide and help Evil Leafy.*

*Regardless of her demonic tendencies from Compound-Scarlet.*

.....

*But how would she....with all of this.*


"Oh Evy..."

Suddenly...Leafy looked up upon hearing the sound of electricity crackling.

There, X was holding Four's right hand up, aiming at the two leaves shakily, his free arm wrapped around Four and pressing on the wound Leafy left with her knife, healing him slowly....X was sweating, full of terror, concern, but determination.

"I-I-I'll kill her if you try to move. You are g-going to turn yourself in to us and r-return to the lab. I'll heal your sister, just turn yourself in and cut off this fighting."

"W-Wh...No..do you THINK-"

**BLAST**

X shot Four's zappy right next to the two leaves, causing Leafy to yelp and flinch, holding Evil Leafy closer to herself.

"I wont HESITATE! J-Just come on!" Four tried to say something to X, but grunted in his hold. Leafy stared...she recalled the times of pain and misery in the lab..the screaming...her friends...Firey....Evil Leafy....

"Ghh..." Leafy shut her eyes tightly.

"FINE! JUST HELP HER!" X was deathly conflicted at the sight, but he lifted up Four back to his feet. The blue number was livid from all of this madness, but X help his arm, begging him...

"Hmp. Your sister will be stabilized by this freezer unit, you on the other hand are going to be knocked out for the ride." Four glared at the leaves.

Leafy squinted a bit. "Ride...?"

"EXIT you idiot."

Four raised his hand, a syringe appeared from thin air full of sedative, jabbing into Leafy from her back, she winced a bit, feeling hazy....then collapsed.

.....

*Four's Catalogs*

*"L34FY-002 and L34FY-002E have been successfully secured. Both me and Dr. X were however nearly killed during the mission. L34FY-002 is currently contained in her chamber, ending the containment breach. L34FY-002E is currently healing in a stasis tank situated within a miniature laboratory i created within my pocket dimension known as EXIT. Once L34FY-002E has completely healed after hibernation, we will run experiments on her to dig up lost data on what we now refer to as "Project EVIL".*

....

*Dr. X and I will be off now."*

Four tossed aside the recorder, covering his face with his hands.

That mission, that hallucination, the horrific scenes, Evil Leafy, Leafy, X being mauled to near death.

Why.

Why did he feel so terrible.

Why did that hallucination with Evil Leafy's ***F a C e*** still haunt him despite it most likely not being true to Evil Leafy's nature.

Why was he so scared at that moment when he was hallucinating, when he saw the awful scenery of Yoy-level 12, the brief battle with Leafy and Evil Leafy that resulted in him witnessing the awful scene

of X being-

"Four?"

The blue scientist flinched and looked up to see....X....his companion. He sported a fresh new lab coat after the attack from Evil Leafy tore his original one to shreds, he was wearing his glasses again. Four stared, huffing a bit.

"I-I'm fine...X."

Four failed to notice that X indeed have distress in his face just as he did. The yellow doctor walked up to Four, who stood up, adjusting his own lab coat...then the two locked eyes.

.....

Immediately, the extraterrestrials tossed each others arms around each other. Both closes their eyes as they held the other close and securely. X grunted a bit and began to cry silently, he had to let it out. Four on the other hand took a deep breath, exhaling, the stress was enough to handle.

"Seeing you being m-mauled like that I-" Four's words were quick and frantic, yet still had that slightly stoic tone to it. X quickly cut his companion off.

"My pain resistance was on, and my regeneration can allow me to survive even being reduced to a single hand. But seeing you nearly killed by a knife in the heart would've been the thing to kill me for good."

"....Ah.." Listening to that remark from X, Four's face turned to a slightly deep blue. He was silent...but shook his head a bit..X looked to the side, his own face burning with a medallion yellow blush.

It was hectic what was going on in Goiky Labs, the speaker boxes couldn't handle it, not even two numbers could handle this.

But ultimately, the two were lab partners, friends.

close friends.

If there was going to be something to keep the two from absolutely collapsing into shards, it was going to be their love for one another.

(oh DAMN, ok this chapter is, not what i planned it out to be, but the original plan kinda I dunno, reeked of edgy weeb shit so i guess that's good? blehg i mean like, I FINALLY got this out, apologizes for the delay cuz like, school, and mental health, and laziness, god. BUT THE GOOD THING, i have MORE stories ideas that i can make into chapters for this main story, as well as a special addition to this au involving the object contestants being the scientists, and the hosts and their species all being the lab subjects, significantly big difference between that and "Project DreaMaker" which is what this is. i dunno i mean jdsklajdakljdsadjskal OK NEW CHAPTER.

--Redmist108, terrible with her handling of her content rn.)

# Silence of Madness

*"God, what a coward."*

Woody ran through the white wards.

*"So weak...who was the one responsible for him as a tubling?!"*

The slab of balsa wood screeched in fear, for help, for his dear life.

*"We should have just kept him permanently terminated during DreaMaker Mark 2."*

Tears flew from his eyes as he ran, he shut his eyes.

*"W00DY-013.."*

The young object quickly turned to a open room....

*"You make a better meat dummy for experimental procedures than you do a legitimate test subject."*

And he hid behind the walls...He was breathless, shaking, cold sweat running down his head. Woody's entire heart and soul was wracked with pure terror, white noise deafening his ears, his view blurred and shaking, his track collar was heavy and cold on his neck.

Woody heard footsteps...

"WHERE IS THAT FUCKER?!"

"Four calm down! he didn't know anything!"

"WELL HE SHOULD KNOW BECAUSE HE'S A SERIES 1 SUBJECT, X!"

"Four p l e a s e-"

"RRGH...hfff.....fine."

"Let it go....come on."

More footsteps...quieting....then silence.

Woody looked a bit, sensing the danger gone, he let down his alertness a bit, wheezing out and slumping down to sit.....

But then he sensed someone in the room he hid in, his eyes widened again as he looked up-

Teardrop.

*-Woody's POV-*

Oh my god...

I-It's HER.

TEARDROP, THE GIRL WHO KICKED ME YEARS AGO--

.....

The girl I had a crush on.

This room..w-was just an empty experiment room, but Teardrop was present here. She was..facing a wall. I couldn't see her face...what was she doing here..?

I slowly approached her....was she hurt..?

was she...scared?

was she.....sad?

I approached her slowly...oh god...already getting intrusive thoughts..no no..don't...she must need someone...we haven't interacted ever since the kick.....ever...but looking at her....she was

beautiful....she seemed so nice....I couldn't just-

ah-

She noticed me, she sharply turned to look at me...she looks so..blank..but those eyes...full of *A N G E R*-

***S H I T !!!!!!***

RUN

RUN

RUN

RUN

SCREAM

RUN

RUN

RUN

RUN

RUN

WAIL

CRY

RUN

**OOF**

"Hey! Could you fucking stop with this shit Woody?!" Snowball yelled at me...I looked up to see mostly....everyone glaring at me with annoyance.

I tried to explain to him...I tried...crap- I was TERRIBLE with words when i'm under pressure!...All i was ever able to do was babble and

squeak....((think Courage the Cowardly Dog-))

He just grumbled and pushed me away...

"Grow a spine you fucking coward." Everyone went back to business in the stimulation room...but Leafy came to support me..

"Aaah it's ok Woody!"

I looked down and garbled to her about my chase with Dr. Four.

"Oh goodness...hey you're safe now! he's calmed down.."

I sighed, telling her about encountering Teardrop again after so many years...seeing her turn to me angrily...reminiscing about my crush on her...

"Oh...you and Teardrop? but you two haven't.....WAIT!"

I looked up in confusion.

"I know it was rough the first time!...well the only time....but you can bond with her!"

Eh!? i quickly babbled to her..I couldn't do that! she looked at me with ANGER!

"I know I know..but Teardrop has been through some experiments a few hours ago...she's tense with everyone right now! She probably was in that room to be alone..."

Ah.....but that would mean...

"Just let her cool down for now, when you're ready, go to her, approach calmly...then chat!"

Oh...I...I never thought...I could...oh my god I could finally do it for real!-

wait.

Chat?! Leafy!

"Oh- I forgot she...can't talk...and..you can't speak when you're being watched...."

Ugh....what am I going to do....

"Look...Woody.." Leafy placed her hand on my shoulder, I flinched a bit, but listened...

"*Go to her*.....it may seem like she's handling everything well, but really, she's screaming inside."

.....I....

"Come on...wait for now...then *go to her*..." Leafy handed me a slice of cake...ah!

I quickly took it and ate it, feeling, better....then Leafy patted my shoulder and left.

"Good luck!"

Hmm...well, I guess i'm going to stay here for now...where...

Ah...an empty corner, always trust those.

I rested in the corner, closing my eyes, tuning out..for now..it felt better..knowing you're not in danger....I guess i'll feel much better when i'm back in my chamber room..

---

---

---

-A few hours-

---

---

---

I walked around the lab...it was a little late, the lights were dimmed. It's kinda ironic given i'm afraid of so many things, but night..was kinda a better time for me honestly. Quiet, peaceful....but the darkness was a thing, so eh, but...it was better than day time honestly.

I'd normally be sleeping or scarfing up the rest of my food blocks at this time, hiding in my chamber room, but...I noticed Teardrop was being taken away by Four and X.....

She was...numb to their words as usual, but they said something about her voice issue.....And she suddenly looked hurt...when they took her away, she was looking at everyone not in their chambers yet...

Then she looked at me, fear in her eyes...almost....a silent plea for help?

.....

I had to go to her.

It took a while walking around so much.....I'm familiar with the lab layout but....you never know what room someone you're looking for is gonna be in....

"Ok....strap her up."

....was that.

shit.

I ran to where i heard the voice, but i made sure not to cause far too much noise.

running.

running.

running.

running.

then a window, glowing with light.

.....

I dunno how i'd peak...they'll probably notice me! a-and if they see me..they're going to *TERMINATE ME*!! or-or they'll knock me out, strap me to a table, then *cUT ME OPEN*---

.....

No.

I can't be a coward anymore..Teardrop....

I...I dunno what to do but....

hmp.

I peaked slowly from the window, squinting.....wh.....

Teardrop was strapped to a metal chair, she looked down, her face stoic, but clearly full of anger...Four and X were preparing a table full of surgical tools...what were they...

Oh god..

They were going to torture her, I know it.

But...then I heard....

"Hmp, T34R DR0P-008...she's never squeaked a single sound from her mouth huh..." The yellow doctor X said.

The blue doctor Four responded, scoffing a little as he went through some of the tools..."Yeah, she can only sniffle when she's crying, but never any mouth sounds. Never."

Teardrop looked at both of the doctors as they spoke about her, she was clearly irate...but she didn't dare show her fear.....

I...wanted to help her so bad but....I knew how powerless I was.....so I stayed put, and continued to watch.

"Hmp...what exactly happened?"

"Oh uh...from the records i've dug up, she *was* able to speak some time after her initial creation, somewhere during DreaMaker Mark 1...? but then an experiment was done on her..."

Teardrop's eyes suddenly widened at Dr. X's words...she must've remembered what happened...*whatever* that was...-

"Huh...experiment? but X....killing her would reset whatever changes were done to her...if it was like, a surgery on her tongue or vocal cords."

Teardrop began to shiver a bit on the chair...

"Well, they did *something*...I still need to dig up the data...but from what I remember, it's a permanent effect procedure somewhat related to the amnestic treatment and all that."

Teardrop shook her head..

Oh god...Teardrop...*please*...

Dr. Four pulled up a strange tool...it seemed mechanical...with a blade position on the tip-

.....

oh god.

it's an AUTOPSY SAW.

"Speaking of surgery on her tongue and vocal cords...."

Dr. Four smirked at Teardrop, she looked up, widening her eyes, she felt absolute terror, beginning to struggle.

My heart dropped.

I've never seen her this horrified.

She was always known as the most hardened subject.

I've seen her ripped to shreds and still keep a stoic face.

It terrified me, but seeing how strong she was...

No.

*No*.

I can't witness her like this.

*I can't see her suffer in full detail-*

Teardrop struggled more and more, but then Dr. Four held her face, forcing her mouth open...

"Should I start with the tongue or vocal cords X..?" Dr. Four looked at Dr. X, who seemed to grimace a bit...but shrugged....

"Eh...whatever you want...?" He said, Dr. Four just scoffed, looking back at Teardrop...

"Tongue first."

Teardrop's eyes widened with absolute terror, Dr. Four lowered the saw to her-

no.

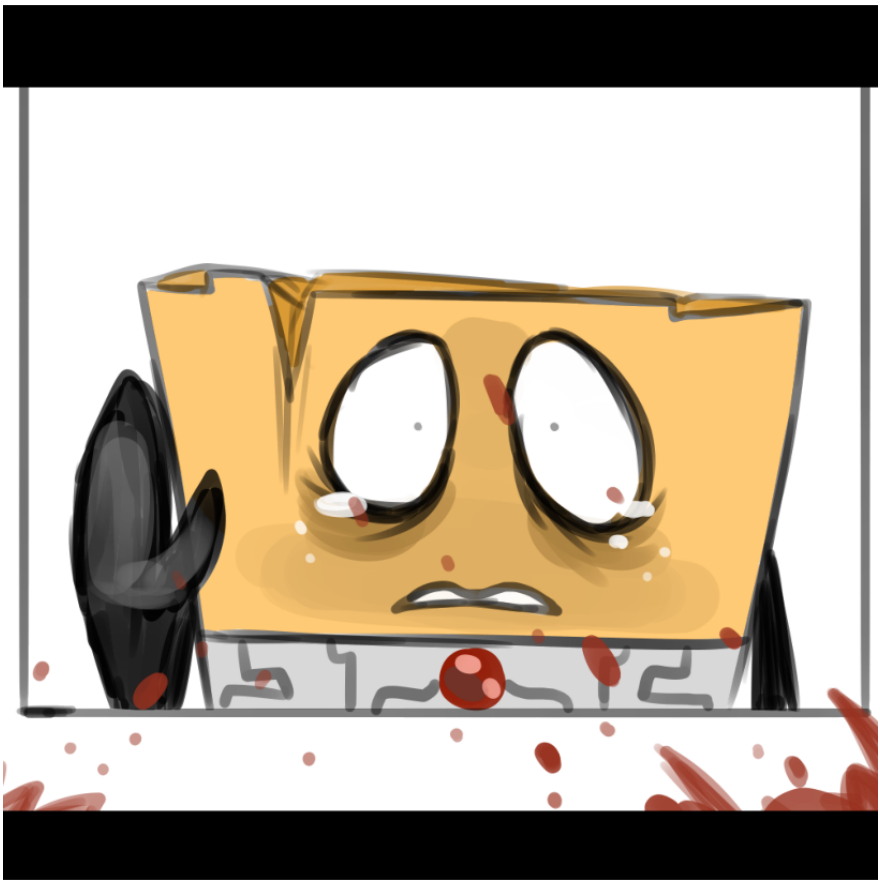
no. no no no...

*no PLEASE NO NO.*

*NO DON'T HURT HER*

*PLEASE NO--*

****RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR------****



*Blood sprayed.*

*Teardrop arched her back and seemed to be screaming.*

*She seemed to be TRYING to scream. But whatever they did to her she COULDN'T.*

*HOW COULD SHE?! HER **TONGUE** IS GETTING **SAWED OFF**!!*

*PLEASE NO!!*

*OH GOD.*

***THE S O U N D S***

*STOP HURTING HER.*

***PLEASE** STOP HURTING HER.*

*I CAN'T SCREAM.*

*THEY'LL **NOTICE** ME AND **KILL** ME.*

*BUT SHE'S IN **P A I N** I CAN'T LEAVE HER LIKE THIS--*

*They stopped.*

*Dr. Four stopped.*

*My heart stopped when I saw her.*

*B l o o d oozing from her mouth like a goddamn waterfall, her face distorted into a grimace of agony, tears pouring from her tightly shut eyes.*

*I was going to v o m i t at this sight.*

*I NEED TO HELP HER--*

*NO THEY'LL KILL **ME**, THEY'LL KILL **HER**--*

*But...Dr. Four suddenly snapped a clamp into her mouth, prying it wide open as she struggled more and more...then I heard it.*

*She.*

*She screamed.*

*An actual sound came from her mouth.*

*The **sound** of her voice in this manner.*

*The first time i'd ever hear her **actual** voice in absolute **agony.***

*It nearly deafened me.*

*It nearly gave me a **h e a r t a t t  a c k.***

*Dr. X gasped, but Dr. Four just raised an eyebrow in interest.*

"Huh...expected this to tamper with her muteness, at least some fresh research on Perma-Procedures."

*Dr. Four pried Teardrop's mouth open wider, the blood oozing out, her pathetic, gut wrenching, gargled screams bursting out of her throat.*

*her throat.*

*her **vocal cords**.*

*I almost failed to see, but she...she glanced around and **saw** me...her eyes dilating with...what emotion..?*

*Dr. Four just grinned, plunging the saw into-*

*No.*

*NO.*

*NO NO NO-*

***RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR-----***

***Blood***

***Blood***

***Blood***

***Blood***

***NOOO!!!!***

***At that moment. I let it out. I screamed. I puked on the window. I ran back to my chamber. I slammed the door shut. I pounced on my bed.***

Then I passed out.

---

--The next day--

Woody's eyes were wide open the entire day. Nobody saw him blink really. Some people attempted to knock some sense into him, all he did was just sit at his little corner and shiver, staring into the void.

Heavy bags had developed under his bloodshot eyes, the aurora of anxiety and utter weakness was stronger than ever from the young slab of wood.

He didn't want to interact with anyone at all, didn't seem like he was *able* to at the moment..

But.

Someone approached him.

the approach...made him look up.

It was...Teardrop.

Her face didn't reek of anger and annoyance at him...but, blankness.

Woody blinked slowly...then shook his head, babbling at Teardrop in utter confusion...

He tried to explain himself that he wasn't trying to do anything..

That he didn't see anything..

That he wouldn't approach her awkwardly..

That he was...sorry...for whatever reason.

Well.

Sorry about what happened last night...but he could barely say it in words..or erm...gibberish.

Teardrop suddenly stopped him..

By giving him her...writing journal.

He was confused....these journals were just nothing more than things for the subjects to write or draw garbage on, record as a diary, play around with, hell even write what they're feeling, the scientists would take them here and there to research the subjects' psychological state, but for the subjects themselves, they were either random jargon, or very personal.

Why was Teardrop giving Woody her..diary?

Woody looked up to see Teardrop...looking to the side and crying silently. He tried to reach for her..say something, given she seemed to understand his frantic jibber-jabber.

But she ran off. Quickly hiding in her chamber room.

Woody's heart dropped a bit...he wanted to comfort her...but...she gave her this book..he looked down to it...read it?

And so he did..

---

-ENTRY 1-

Life...feels nice...I have arms, legs, eyes, a mouth.

I have hearing, I have sight, I have smell, I have taste, and I have a voice.

I really enjoy using my voice. People say I have a really beautiful voice. But people think i'm too talkative...Leafy however encouraged me to chatter all I want, and so.

I will.

I love my voice.

-ENTRY 2-

Experiments are terrible.

The speaker boxes hurt me, they dissect me, they hit me, they force me to do painful challenges.

It's hard bonding with people, especially having a genuine conversation.

I understand however, life in the lab is really tough sometimes.

But hey, Project DreaMaker is like this, we have to suffer, or else we'll never know who the DreaMaker is.

Eh.

I don't need to talk to people all the time to have company or stay sane.

I have myself.

I can talk to myself, I love talking to myself, I can always rely on it.

I feel content with myself.

-Entry 3-

The speaker boxes are talking about me, I wanted to talk with them, but they wouldn't let me.

I however, listened to them.

I heard a lot, but I remember some things.

They were working on...procedures  that couldn't be cured by death.

Not like being inoculated with Yoyle-Serum.

A change that will stay with a subject no matter how many times they perish and come back.

But why me?

Blood stains.

Blood stains.

Blood stains.

Blood stains.

--ENTRY 4--

They Took My Voice.

They Took My Voice. They Took My Voice.They Took My Voice.They Took My Voice.They Took My Voice.They Took My Voice.They Took My Voice.They Took My Voice.They Took My Voice.They Took My Voice.They Took My Voice.They Took My Voice.They Took My Voice.They Took My Voice.They Took My Voice.They Took My Voice.They Took My Voice.They Took My Voice.They Took My Voice.They Took My Voice.They Took My Voice.They Took My Voice.They Took My Voice.They Took My

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***They Took My Voice.***

---

Woody glared in shock at the maddened mantra flooding the rest of the pages of  Teardrop's journal, he tried to find something unique, maybe she calmed down in other pages?! He flipped through more pages and more pages and more-

But it was all the same.

It was all just the same soul ripping phrase.

"*They Took My Voice.*"

Teardrop was supposed to be the numbest subject to everything...everyone thought that, all because she never squeaked out a single sound from her mouth.

Woody bought into this.

But no. She was just as vulnerable to everything as the weakest subjects were.

Her disposition was *Melancholic* after all.

.....

Woody got up, his heart cracking by the ultimate moments of him witnessing his..crush, in her absolutely dark moments.

He had to tell her..

She...they barely interacted but, this was a new slate.

And it seemed like she was warming up.

He had to comfort her.

Woody ran to Teardrop's chamber, clutching the journal in both hands, she probably would want it back...maybe?

He ran.

ran

ran

ran

ran

ran

ran

But was stopped.

Her chamber door was closed....locked...he couldn't now....

But...all he could do was peak into the window of the door...check up on her...

Alas, the balsa wood's heart finally broke.

Upon witnessing her, in the center of her room, writing on the floors...

The same thing that destroyed her life.

They Took Her Voice.

THEY TOOK MY VOICE

(more edge and angst garbage- this chapter isn't much, but the next stuff is meant to be bigger- but just a lil tid bit chapter?

man these two are adorable they leave me

speechless.

jsakljdaskljdskladjjdskaljadskljdslkasjkdla- Redmist108, regret? why tho?)

# Nothingness

( Oh g o d this one in particular is gonna hurt me-)

Experiments.

Experiments.

Torture.

Subjects.

Scientists.

DreaMaker.

DreaMaker.

Four sat at his desk, he was working hard lately.

Experiments were as harsh as he wanted them to be, research that was needed for the project was coming through far better for him than it did the speaker boxes.

The subjects were cowering under him as he craved, he powers he obtained, the powers he was finally able to put out in this lab, it gave him a feeling of great *superiority*.

but these subjects....something was...keeping their hope up.

L0S3R-064.

Oh, that pathetic, pitiful subject, the one that came out all wrong.

He was the product of an attempted shortcut for completing Project DreaMaker. The speaker boxes were trying to create some kind of 'super-subject' that would be genetically perfect and naturally powerful, automatically passing all of their tests and experiments.

They were so confident in this mini project, the idea initially gave them so much enthusiasm they went full steam again, so much so, they promptly termed it "Project Winner."

*Winner*.

Well, he was ultimately created, and...his genes were all sloppy. He didn't follow much of the criterion necessary for him to be a legit SUPER-subject, aside from well, the super strength, but, he was far too imperfect. He barely passed extreme experiments, he was a useless beige crystal, not a versatile blue fluff like they were aiming for, and well, he wasn't what was meant to be when the scientists completed Project Winner.

He was a failure.

A *Loser*.

So, the speaker boxes shoved him inside a cryogenic storage tube and locked him away to oblivion. They would have just simply terminated him permanently, but, from the looks of it, they would bring out Loser's slumbering figure to newbies just as an example of what failure is.

How cruel.

Well, lucky for Loser, during the start up times for DreaMaker Mark 4, Four and X were digging in the storage chambers for any DNA or cryogenically discontinued subjects they could use to add to the new

wave of subjects. In their findings, they found Loser....his data...his story...and his comatose body.

Unlike the speaker boxes and their stingy, vacuous, robotic ways, the numbers were generous, resourceful, and they saw the usefulness in each and every thing, even loser crystals...X had told the subjects about Loser...and his strength and lovely personality quickly charmed each and every object in the lab, even the nastiest and most choleric subjects fell in love with him!

Four also had chimed in with the whole Loser thingy, His immense popularity, his super strength that aided in experiments greatly, and his sheer respect with everyone having the bizarre cognitive affect of "naturally" healing Mental Corruption.

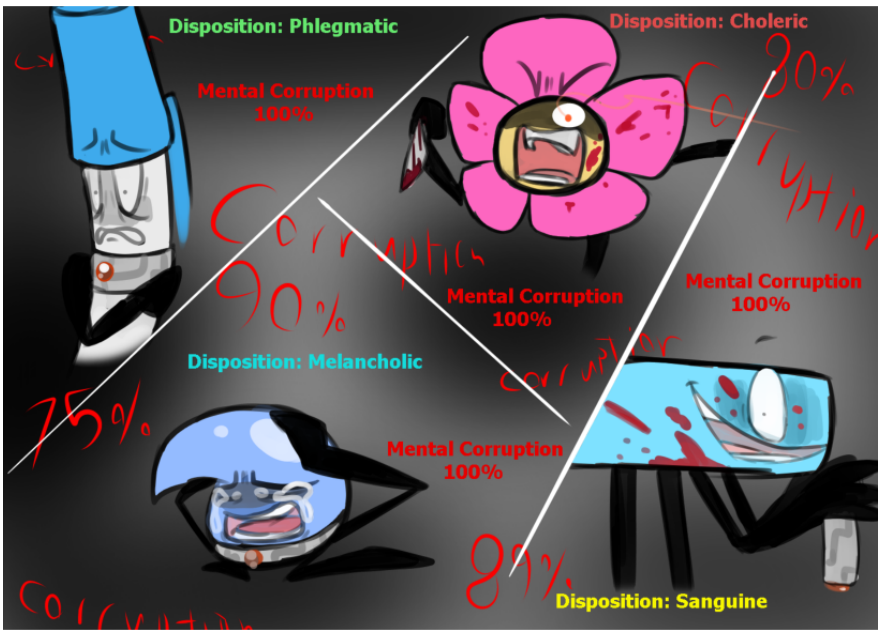
Oh.

*Mental Corruption.*

The measurement of a person's overall loss of sanity and stress obtained in their times within Goiky Labs. The higher the percentage goes, the more unstable you will be. Low mental corruption was simple to brush off. Medium mental corruption was glaring with the odd behaviors. High mental corruption was an awful experience. And maximum mental corruption.....well.

The effects of maximum mental corruption varied widely, but for each 4 dispositions, there was always those same classifiable tendencies.

Cholerics would often turn into violent, mindless beasts. Phlegmatics would turn shell shocked, jittery, catatonic. Melancholics would crumble into wailing, broken messes. And Sanguines.....would keep their joy, linked to the absolute worse things.




Four needed this, he wanted this awful element of the lab life to destroy these subjects' wills. To cement his status as the DOCTOR, to show their place as the guinea pigs of this accursed project. The worse they hurt, the better Project DreaMaker ends off right?

Well.

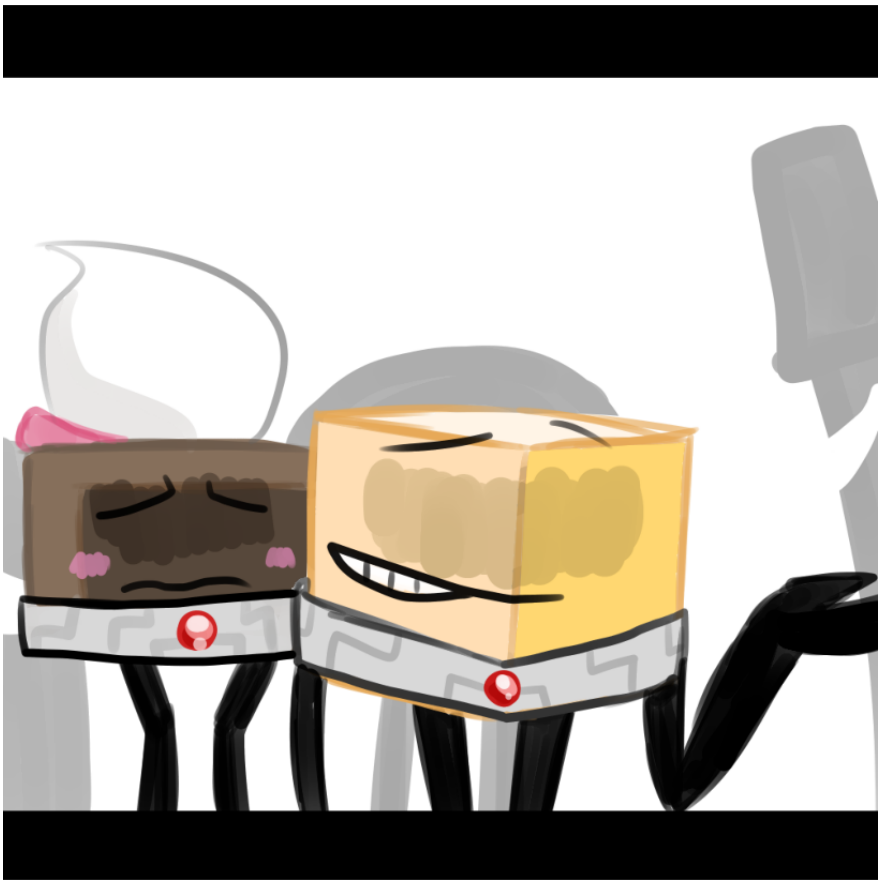
If he was gonna do that, he'd have to do something about Loser....terminate him? no.....as easy as that would be and seem, he was still needed in that potential....and it wouldn't help too mu-

Wait.

That's it.

His spirit and confidence is what lets him give hope to the hearts of the subjects, if Four can *corrupt* that.....not only would he destroy the buffer that blocks his complete reign of terror...

But it would aid in everyone's sanity truly plummeting. Including *Leafy*...



The doctor stared at the camera feed, the beige crystal laughing and being admired by everyone as usual...and....a sheepish slice of chocolate cake behind him...oh..?

Loser....made a genuine friend...

Ah.

Perfect.

Four smirked.

Time to work.

---

*The Stimulation Room*

It would seem that Loser was enjoying himself in the stimulation room as the whole crowd of subjects fawned over him. Pin and Coiny yipping happily whilst they saw Loser walk by, the entire grouping of iance practically *fangirling*, including *Flower* of all people, the tougher and more mature ones like Fries simply giving their utmost respects, and well...everyone generally being ecstatic to see Loser, even the ones who recently were experimented on had their spirits lifted by his very presence.

Well...Loser respected everyone, he appreciated their presence and their respect for him. He'd really do anything in his power to help them and prove himself to their standards, with his gift of super strength that was easy in some parts. But...he was somewhat overwhelmed at times with how high everyone's expectations of him were. Sure..the guy was a charmer, and had anomalous abilities, but...he would really prefer having people see him for who he is as a person...someone he could genuinely bond with not as a fan...but as a friend...Not to mention..Loser was always terribly self conscious about himself, given his typing being a loser gem....one of the most useless materials in the world.

Loser was always told and felt he was *nothing*.....as a person, as an idol, as an object, as a subject, and as a friend.

Well....

That was all until he met up with Cake.

He was a jittery fellow, relying on people at times, and easily embarrassed....at first Cake was yet another fan of Loser, hiding behind him hoping his hero would save the day....but...the two chatted more than others, they spoke about their fears, their likes, their dislikes, their feelings....and the two made a genuine bond...a first for Cake...and a first for Loser.

To say the least, Loser no longer felt like *nothing* knowing he had and could be there for Cake.

"Say..Loser?" Cake peaked behind the beige cube, who was waving at some people..."How are the experiments lately..for you that is..?"

"Oh....Cake...i'm doing fine....really! I can endure it....." Loser looked back at Cake, smiling.

"Well...but Loser.....I don't want you suffering so much!"

"I know I know...it's ya'll I'm worried about y'know?"

"..Loser...I don't...want you to be pressured by us....especially me....things have been heating up lately...with...Four..even X!.....You've been going through some especially rough experiments like uh....the femur.....breaker.....and.....press....and now you're....saving us no matter what happens to you.....saving.....me."

Cake looked down, blushing in shame.....or...?

"Cake..."

Loser turned to face the baked dessert..

"I care about you and all...but i can endure whatever happens....I know i'm not nothing.....and with you...and everyone..and my confidence....i'll be alright.."

"A-ah..." Cake blushed more and smiled....looking to the side....that-

**RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRHHHHHHHHHH**

The metal door opened, and everyone's eyes quickly turned to it.

Four stood, no X, no goggles, just, Four, with a sinister scowl on his face.

"C4K3-061, L0S3R-064, come, you both are assigned for an experiment."

The dreadful number began to approach the dessert with a sedative syringe, the subjects in the area quickly huddling away from Four as he walked by them, Cake looked up, horrified, no...he can't have an experiment again...now!? but he wasn't told!

However, Loser quickly shielded Cake from the blue doctor, causing him to growl in anger.

"L0S3R-064, get the fuck out of my way. If you want him to feel less pain during the surgery you fucking let me inoculate him."

"No. I know that wont work. I know you're going to ensure he feels as much pain as possible, so no, i'm not letting you take him, or me for that matter, this experiment ain't happening fucker."

The subjects looked at the scene in awe...Loser...standing up to Four like this...they felt their spirits lifting more...their fear washing away...

Four however, was not amused by this.

"Get the **fuck** out of my way you damned loser gem."

Swiftly, Four grabbed Loser and tossed him to a wall, smashing him into the surface. The cube gagged and was dazed, everyone gasped in horror, Cake yelled out..

"LOSER!!- GH-" Cake squeaked out as Four grabbed him, lifting him

up and ready to inject the serum into him.

"Sorry, but there's no hope for you.." he sneered....raising the syringe...

Cake struggled, kicked, yelled, screamed....he needed his friend....Loser...he needed LOSER.

"LOSER!!"

"HELP ME PLEASE!!"

*"L O S E R! ! !"*

---

*Loser's POV.*

Blur....

Ringing...

Soreness....

Ah.....so this is what it's like....watching your closest friend about to be knocked out and tortured to death.

Even when you made the first strike of protecting him behind you and dissing the bastard, it all didn't work out, cuz you're not really that great enough to protect him like that.

Hmp.

Wow.

I really am a total loser.

Just like what i literally am.

.....

*"LOSER HELP!!"*

Wh-

Cake?

*"LOSER PLEASE WAKE UP!!"*

Cake.

*"LOSER!!"*

Wait. No. Cake. Four.

*"LOSEEEERR!!!"*

Four is still ready to inoculate him, Cake is in his grasp, they are in front of me, Four..is vulnerable, and Cake needs me...

Oh god CAKE.

HE NEEDS ME.

I'M NOT NOTHING.

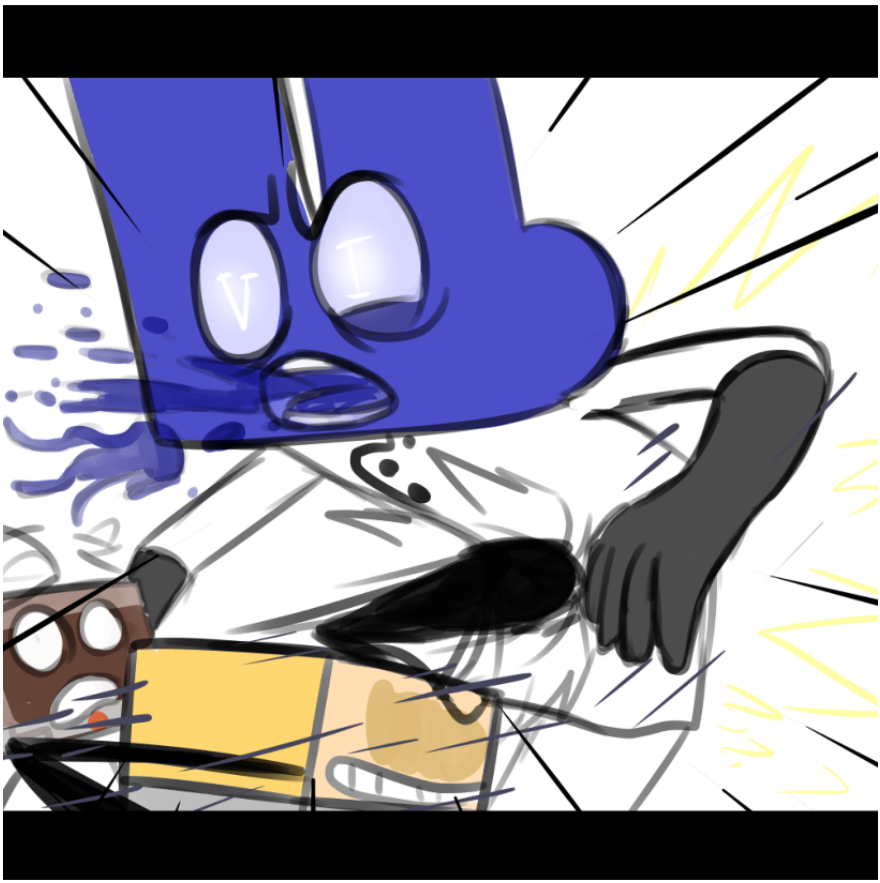
I CAN SAVE HIM.

MY STRENGTH.

**CAAAAKE!!!**

I got up quickly from my spot, rushing to Four and Cake, the twisted doctor noticed me running to him, he was shocked...and before he knew it-

***POW***




*"UULK-!!"*

That was...a good blow...he dropped Cake..and the syringe, and jesus...did I crush his guts?!

Well, that didn't matter right now, Four was disoriented and collapsed, the whole stimulation room gasped and cheered, Cake stumbled to the ground...but...he was ok....ok!

"O-Oh Cake!" I rushed to him...i felt...hope...he recovered from the drop...and looked at me..smiling..o-oh....Cake...i care for him so much...i-i....i don't feel so terrible with him...when he's happy...when he's healthy...w-when..

The room suddenly felt so....calm. But.....

Cake suddenly frowned...yelling out to me in horror....wh...

"LOSER WATCH OUT!"

I turned around-

GHK-

Four sneering at me, having stabbed the sedative into *me*.

"Well now 064, this was...somewhat unexpected of you...but hey! looks like this will end up *better* than I planned it to be.."

W-what did he mean....a-ah...dizzy.....sleepy...hazy....

I stumbled around...wobbled.....

"Loser!? LOSER!?"

I fell.

Darkness.

**Mental Corruption: 5%**

Mmh.....wh.....what...happened.....

I was....asleep for a while...huh....i woke up...i can't feel....wait...i'm...sitting...on a chair....but...i'm..strapped up....my arms are free but....my torso and legs are stuck...I tried to pull them out...I have strength...it's....wait....

I feel...weak...what...my strength is gone...what happened..?!

"Wake up L0S3R-064."

Wh....

I looked up to see.....Four, holding Cake in his hand.....a pair of pliers in his other hands.

Fear and anger quickly filled my heart.

This fucking asshole, torturing us, torturing me, torturing CAKE.

"LEAVE HIM ALONE FOUR!! WHAT DO YOU WANT!? IF YOU WANT AN EXPERIMENT WITH ME LEAVE CAKE OUT OF THIS!!"

I yelled at the top of my lungs, i had it with this bastard, I HAD IT.

.....Four only had a chuckle to respond with, Cake simply shivered and looked at both of us in utter terror.

"064, listen.....You've been in this project for years on end now....and you've been very well aware of us scientists' agenda. We created you lab rats for the sole purpose of being tools and material for our research, our intelligence, our strives for power, for discovery, for creation."

Four's eye..twitched a bit.

"For the DreaMaker."

DreaMaker..

That.....thing...the subject that will pass all of these experiments completely...wait.....me.....I.....

No.

Fuck this.

Cake is struggling, and i'm stuck, and this number thinks he's so damn powerful, what does he think!? does he think he's so strong with his powers!? I HAVE POWERS.

"STOP THIS SHIT! YOU AREN'T STRONGER THAN US! WE CAN FIGHT BACK!"

Cake listened...he seemed unsure of all of this but.....he smiled....

Four however simply stared.

"I know we ALL have more to us than to be lab rats for this project! Because we have HEARTS! You on the other hand have NOTHING!"

Four stared more.

"You may take research from us, but you will NEVER take our spirits. And you will NEVER get between me and Cake!"

With that burst of enthusiasm and courage, i quickly pulled at the straps of the chair, grunting....come ON...I need to PROTECT him!

The four isn't strong, the four can't destroy us, the four will not butcher us, the four will not own us, the four will NOT DESTROY US--

Cake was starting to frown....

Four was starting to smile....

Wh....my strength...

No....

Get out...

GET OUT...

*GET OUT!!!!*

".....Oh, please."

I looked up.....Four held the pliers up....and pulled Cake in closer, who yelped....n-no..Cake....

"I've pumped you full of anomaly suppressant. Your strength in general is completely nullified, funny, why did you think i'd just leave your arms free like that if i didn't?"

A-ah....oh no....*fuck*...

"You think I'm THAT predictable?! I'm the DOCTOR of this lab! And..."

He yanked Cake closer to him...

"Do you think I'm *weak*...? All because i'm an *evil mad* scientist meany while you *sad little* test subject angels cower in fear under me...? Oh please..."

"L-Loser..?" Cake squeaked....oh god....

Four was grinning more and more....his mouth still bloodied up made it all the more disturbing.....but my heart petrified as he shoved the pliers into Cake's mouth.....grabbing one of his canines and-

"You don't know how bad I can harm you, no matter how much you think you expect it."

***K R U N C H***

***"AAAAAAAAAHHHGG---"***

***Mental Corruption: 12%***

O-oh.

Oh god.

CAKE...

***CAKE!!!!***

---

*3rd Person POV*

Cake cried out, the pain was more than he expected, *far more* than he expected. The spot where his canine was mercilessly pulled out still pulsed with pain as blood splattered about. He was still able to clench his mouth shut, gritting.

Four glared at the tooth....how fitting for a food item to endure...he honestly felt proud with his...creative choice of torture this time around. But what mattered right now, was *this*.

Loser was yelling out to Cake.

"CAKE CAKE PLEASE, IT'S OK...IT'S OK.....WE'RE GOING TO BE-"

"LOSER HE PULLED OUT MY TOOTH! HE'S GOING TO PULL ALL OF MY TEETH OUT!!!"

The pain.

The wailing.

The misery.

The desperation.

.....The pollution if their minds.

Four's eyes twitched.

He didn't care that he probably needed to get that blow to his gut fixed.

He didn't care that X was too horrified to witness this experiment when he told him about it.

He didn't care that this was also starting to corrupt his own mental state.

All he cared about, was the absolute J *O* Y he was feeling with this.

The absolute *D* E S *T* R U *C* T I *O* N of that USELESS, MUMBLING, CUBE OF ***NOTHINGNESS***.

Four jammed the tweezers into Cake's mouth again, and with another pull-

***K R U N C H***

"GGAAHHAA---" Cake yelled out, the pain. The blood. The screams.

Loser cried out desperately. "CAAAAKE!!!"

The pain.

The misery.

***Mental Corruption 25%***

Loser reached out for Cake, practically screaming endlessly as he begged, cried, screamed, shouted.

"I'M NOT GOING TO STAY HERE AND WATCH!! I NEED TO HELP CAKE!! I KNOW I CAN DO SOMETHING!! I KNOW IT!! YOU WONT GET AWAY WITH THIS!!-"

Four quickly cut him off.

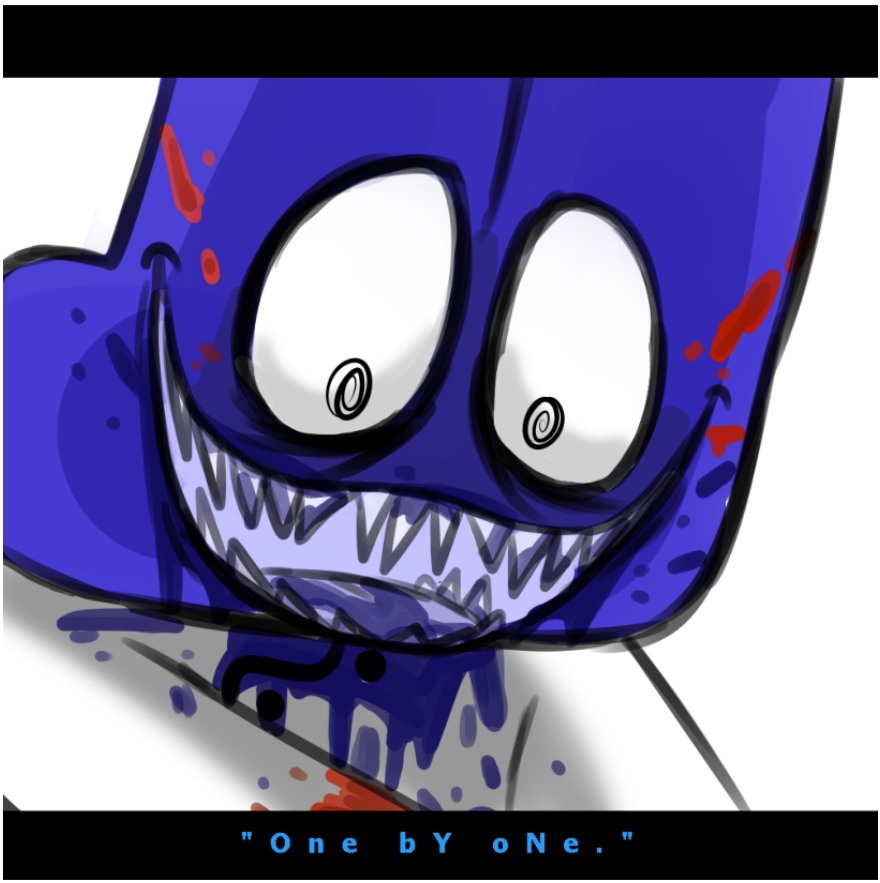
"You CAN'T do anything."

***K R U N C H***

"Even as I am *torturing* your precious Cake, by tearing his teeth out one by one. one by one."

***K R U N C H H***

"*On*e bY *oN*e.." there was strain in that part..




***Mental Corruption: 30%***

"GAHHAH ST-STOOHP-" Cake gargled out...but...-

***K R U N C H***

"G-GHhh...-" Loser tried to scream more...but this *strain* on his head.....-

***K R U N N C H***

"*E N O U G H*--" Cake gagged out blood-

***K R U N C H***

"Nothing Cake. Just pulling them *out*." Four snarled to himself....with *madness*.

***K R U N C H H***

"I'm just pulling this rat's teeth."

***K R U N C H***

"And I pull."

***K R U U N C H***

"And I pull."

***K R U N C H***

"AnD I pULl."

***K R R U N C H***

***Mental Corruption: 58%***

Loser stared. It was useless to struggle, to try and escape. Cake was done for, and Loser was going to watch this from start to finish.

All he could do now.

Was remark to himself about this utter hopelessness.

This utter nightmare.

"I kept thinking we subjects had a chance."

***K R U N C H***

"That these scientists were just nothing more than strangers. Odd and cruel brutes that have no place in our lives, despite the fact that they are the reason for our entire lives."

***K R U N C H***

"And out of all the doctors to ravage our security, *The Four* has to be the absolute worse."

***KR U U U N CH***

"The Four that smiles. The Four that screeches. The Four that zaps. The Four that cuts. The Four that grinds. The Four that crushes. The Four that breaks. The Four that slaughters. The Four that destroys."

"The Four."

"The Four."

"The Four."

"The Four."

"The Four."

"The Four."

"The Four."

"The Four."

"The Four."

"The Four."

"The Four."

"The Four."

"The Four."

"The Four."

"The Four."

***K R U N C H***

*"L O S E R H E LP--"*

***Mental Corruption: 70%***

"....C-Cake.....*oH CAKE*....MY DEAR CAKE! THE ONE I LOVED SO MUCH!! I PROMISED TO PROTECT HIM...I PROMISE TO CARE FOR HIM, TO ALWAYS BE BY HIS SIDE, TO NEVER LET ANY SCIENTIST TOUCH HIM-"

***K R U N C H***

*"AND HERE I AM NOT DOING ANYTHING I PROMISED!-"*

***K R U U N CH***

*"BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW HOW TO USE MY OWN POWERS OR POPULARITY!!"*

***K R U N C H H***

*"BECAUSE I'M A USELESS CUBE OF NOTHINGNESS THAT DESERVES TO BE TERMINATED PERMANENTLY!!"*

***K R U U N CH***

*"I'M BECOMING USELESS!!"*

***K R U N C H***

*"I'M BECOMING POINTLESS!!"*

***K R U N C H***

*"I'M BECOMING **N O T H I N G**!!!!!"*

The teeth fell to the ground.

The blood dripped to the ground.

The pliers fell.

Four hissed and held Cake's upper and lower and jaw forcibly.

**"A N d  I  p U L l."**

***S H R I I I I P P P P.***

***Mental Corruption: 98%***

***Mental Corruption: 100%***

---

*Stimulation Room.*

*X's POV.*

Looking at the camera feed of the Stimulation Room, I was tense, silent, staring.

Everyone stared at Loser.....Cake was still in the tube room...recovering.

".....Loser..?"  Grassy squeaked, the atmosphere with Loser around was.....stagnant and dark.

The beige cube himself was....curled up, shaking, wide eyed, muttering to himself...

"Nothing, there is nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing."

his voice so small, shaky, unlike his usual playful tone. And his utter refusal to both communicate or give any assurance and protection to the subjects, soon began to make them realize.

This was all going from bad to worse now.

.....

And Four....was starting to lose it.

....

I'm probably going to go mad too.

I don't know what i can do.

I have to do *something*.

But...what..?

(A A A A A N D that was painful!

Cake wont be eating his croissants like he wanted to!

....

god.

Welp I guess this should be a turning point in the story here, by that I mean things get darker...anD EDGIER.

Oh god uh.

I'm losing my freaking kneecaps for this. By rusty knife. Or uh spork. or just stabbed cuz-yeah.

but uhhhh yeah school is the culprit for this taking too long but w o o p back on track.

Redmist108 - saying goodbye to her kneecaps for making Cake say goodbye to his mouth bones.)

# Here for You

Night.

Darkness.

Silence.

Droning.

Alone in your chamber, the ambiance of the sleeping lab had two sides of it. For some, it was all calm, a gentle solace from the deafening madness during day time and noon. For some others, there was no serenity even during sleeping hours, whether there be nightmares, the constant anxiety of something popping up and killing you in your bed, or simply, the choking loneliness.

For Grassy, the night was always restless.

Ever since Loser was corrupted, he felt only more and more hopeless with life in the lab. He just wasn't brave enough to handle everything alone...Grassy was not very good at socializing, let alone handling himself during any time of the lab.

He always preferred relying on others, whether it be an idol..a

friend....well....friends who he could genuinely rely on just weren't something he could find. Grassy was one of the most jejune subjects in the lab. He needed more than just a here-and-there buddy to help him out during the torturous science project, he needed.....

....

Grassy laid in his bed, curled up into a ball, fast asleep..but sweating.

His heart rate pounded. His fingers twitched. He tossed and turned. Nightmares, nightmares. nightmares. nightmares. nightmares.

~~~~~

*Grassy laid on a metal table, fear irradiated through his every being. The tension he felt as he looked around quaked his soul, seeing bright lights, darkness, blurs....then two figures by his side, looming over him. The yellow doctor...and the blue doctor.*

*The yellow doctor looked at a tablet full of data, whilst the blue doctor sorted out some tools...*

*"Hm....GR4SSY-057. Disposition Sanguine. Physical Experiments Average. Mental Experiments Average. Collaboration Passable....." the yellow doctor spoke out basic info on Grassy...*
~~~~~

*"Huh...not very easy to work with....pretty easy to see...he's immature." the blue doctor scoffed, taking out a butcher's knife, sharpening it...Upon seeing the blade Grassy's heart rate increased...he struggled in the straps.*

*"....I mean...you could say he's a...kid..."  the yellow doctor looked down at Grassy panicking...he felt bad...gently caressing the bundle of green's head...causing the individual blades of grass to curl up a bit...*

*"Oh don't even bother with that idea, he was created just like any other subject." the blue doctor raised the butcher knife....the yellow doctor backed away...sighing somberly...*

***SPRAAKK***

*A scream burst out of Grassy's throat. The shear agony sparks from his left arm as with a single chop, the blue doctor hacked it clean off.*

*"He was grown in tubes of chemicals and conceived with nothing more than artificial DNA combination."*

*The blue doctor moved to the other side of the table..even as Grassy tried to struggle, shake his head, even as the straps kept him dead still and the stump of his freshly hacked off left arm separated.....the blue doctor raised the knife again and-*

***KRANCCHH***

*Another agonized screech, so visceral, so shrill, so violent. The other arm sliced clean off, blood spewing out, pouring out. The pain so great. Grassy wailed and howled out, not like either doctor had the need to react.*

*"He spent much of his life hibernating in a tube, having his intelligence and personality funneled into his brain through a plug."*

***KRUNCCHH***

*More screaming, more agony, more misery, more struggling.*

*"He may act like a child. He may look like a child. He may SEEM like a child..." The blue doctor grumbled as he now hacked off the left leg.*

***KRNNCCHHH***

*"But he will NEVER, be a true child. Just another synthetic lab rat to be treated like any other subjects, no care, no mercy." All of Grassy's limbs...severed....The blue doctor stared at his handiwork...smirking....Grassy was in unspeakable agony..*

*"Hm...shall I..?" the blue doctor suddenly grasped the blades of Grassy's head harshly, the yellow doctor looked, then slightly covered his face, a slight wince in his voice.*

*"Go ahead..."*

*The blue doctor grinned more, lifting up Grassy's head, he aimed the butcher knife to his neck, steadying himself, but full of morbid excitement.*

***KRAAASSNCCHHH***

*Grassy's vision blurred, his hearing buzzed out with white noise, the taste of blood coated his tongue as he suddenly felt the inability to breath, let alone, any feeling at all under his neck.*

*The blue doctor lifted up Grassy's head, glaring at his pale face, the final thing the bundle of grass could see and hear as his last seconds slipped away, was the abominable grimace of ecstasy on the blue doctor's face, as*

*well as his morbid cackling.*

***"See you next time 057."***

"Sweet dreams."

~~~~~
~~~~~

*"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHGGGGGGG-"*

Grassy woke up with a sharp jerk, cold sweat covering his head as he hyperventilated. The young subject clutched his blanket, his big collar covering much of his neck and even touching his chin. An announcement was sent to him with the speaker in his chamber cell.

***"GR4SSY-057, YOU ARE SCHEDULED FOR EXPERIMENTATION."***

No.

His heart skipped a beat.

Oh no.

The dream.

It's going to happen.

Grassy couldn't do this.

The subject wailed out more, jumping out of his bed and running out of his chamber, he darted through the white wards, ran past some subjects.

He couldn't do this.

No.

NO.

No more pain.

No more experiments.

No more screaming.

No more blood.

Grassy ran more, more through the lab, until suddenly, he bumped into a large subject.

"GH-" He fell over...

"Ah-! Excuse me!" The subject grumbled a bit and turned, thanks to how the figure towered over Grassy and wasn't very distinguishable with the slight shadow, Grassy looked up in horror, cowering and yelling shakily...

"DON'T HURT ME PLEASE!!" The young one cried out, he trembled, he wailed....this made the large subject suddenly frown in pity, realizing....Oh.....oh little Grassy.....she knelt down to the small subject...

"Hey...ssh....it's ok...." The subject smiled at Grassy....he slowly stopped panicking...and...he looked up...oh....Basketball...*her*.....he felt a great deal of his terror wash away.....

"Grassy...what's the matter...?" the sports ball looked down at the bundle of green..gentle concern in her face..Grassy glanced around a

bit..then looked down in shame..

"Grassy is scheduled for experimentation, and Grassy doesn't w-want to..." His mouth began to quiver....his face scrunched up slowly into a tearful grimace, and he was soon struggling to hold back tears, curling up...Basketball's heart sank a little as she watched the poor thing have a breakdown.

"GRASSY DOESN'T LIKE EXPERIMENTS!! GRASSY WANTS TO BE SAFE!! GRASSY IS SO SCARED!! GGH..." Grassy laid on the ground in a fetal position, sobbing into his knees, his head blades curling up and drooping....this was too much for him...he couldn't...he couldn't...he had no body...NOBODY...

.....

Grassy however, perked up a bit as Basketball softly said to him....

"Grassy....i'm sorry you had to be chosen....it's....all so hard in this lab...and...you being....erm..." Basketball looked to the side for a moment, a tinge of utter pity shot through her heart as she thought about Grassy...Everyone was artificially grown by this lab company, and had their knowledge downloaded to their brains automatically. The concept of a *childhood* was known to them, but ultimately nonexistent for the already adult subjects.....Grassy however, was a special case...aside from *maybe* Rocky, he was the most childlike subject...looked like one, acted like one, seemed like one...to the average person, even a subject, he was practically a full blown child...

..Yet despite this glaring detail to little 057, he was treated *no* different from any run of the mill test subject. Due to how much was going on anyways in the lab, most of the subjects didn't put too much thought into Grassy's treatment...but for certain subjects, Basketball especially, this atrocity just stuck to the mind like a barbed arrowhead.

"...it's really so much..." She gently caressed him...coaxing him to get off of his laying position....

"A-ah....Grassy...d-doesn't..-" Grassy shivered more, he wasn't sure what this lady was up to....- Was she going to dissect him? Was she going to send him to the fabled femur breaker? Was she-

"It's ok..." Basketball helped Grassy up, gently taking him with her to a calmer place in the stimulation room..Grassy was confused as he walked with the orange sports ball..she was being awfully kind to him, shouldn't she be busy protecting herself from the scientists? he was just another dumb lab rat..but little did he know, this curious interaction would be the start of an important change to his empty lab life.

*"I'll protect you...."*

~~~~

***Some Weeks Later***

~~~~

"Grassy made this!" The bundle of green showed his journal to Basketball, a little doodle on the paper, depicting himself and Basketball together, smiling happily in the stimulation room. "Aaaah..that's wonderful Grassy!" The sports ball knelt down and

chuckled happily with Grassy, then gesturing him to get up and follow her...

"Come on Grassy..I have something for you..." Grassy got up and waddled to Basketball curiously, he stayed close to her..he was smiling so bright...more than he has ever done so in the entire time he was in the lab..in fact..this was the first few times he was smiling like this..he felt so safe with Basketball! so cared for..so...

"Here!" Basketball opened the door of her cell, revealing a full plate of cake..Grassy's eyes lit up, and he shrieked in joy. "CAKE!!" Basketball giggled in amusement as Grassy ran to the plate, quickly munching on some slices..The little guy was starving, even with the tasteless food blocks! She figured, give him something better to eat! He needed it after the hell he went through with Four and X anyways....then she noticed...a red cube barging into the cell..Blocky.

"Oh hey cake..." Blocky bent over to fetch himself a slice, his face casual as he was always tired and uncaring like this, Basketball quickly pushed him away in anger.

"Hold up Mr. Bully, Grassy here had to go through multiple vivisections and electroshock, he needs these to calm down!"

"Eh? Lady I went through multiple vivisections and electroshock too, I NEED this too.."

"Blocky he's just a *child*, have a heart!"

"Child...?" Blocky frowned a bit, but scoffed.

"Oh come on, he's a *subject*, *we're* subjects, don't think there's any normal crap for us to be hopeful for, I was here since *Mark 1* Basketball, I've *known everything*. We're all living meat targets for the scientists to beat around. Guinea pigs to be used as fodder for their fucked up research. And to add to that fact, we were born into this life. I chose to be a total jerk because it's all I can really do in this lab, survival of the fittest y'know? But..at the same time, It could just be what I was programmed to do! It's all no-"

"Want some?"

"-Eh?"

Blocky looked down, seeing Grassy..offering him a slice of cake, despite his monologue..This was an..oddly kind gesture for Blocky to get, due to his..cruel nature, even as he's mellowed down in Project DreaMaker Mark 4.

"Uh..t-thanks kid..might kind of ya!" Blocky took the slice, smiling a bit..Grassy simply giggled and turned to finish the rest of the cake..

"Jee kid...better slow down, don't wanna stomach ache and all!"

"I LOVE CAKE!!" Grassy continued..

"Heh! I can really see that!" Blocky chuckled..amused by this subject..it somewhat lightened his mood...

"Say..you've been finding anything nice to do..?"

"Oh!! I'm DRAWING with my journal now! Basketball showed me! and then there was this time where Dr. X was kind enough to let me play on this box thing called an arcade!! it was really fun!!" Grassy giggled, making Blocky chuckle more...this really made his day better...this *kid*...

Basketball raised an eyebrow and smirked at Blocky..

"Hmm? Is he really just a subject..?" the orange sports ball chuckled at how the wooden block, despite his speech, ended up interacting with the bundle of green like a genuine youngster.

Upon realizing how he just broke there, Blocky flinched and crossed his arms defensively, smiling awkwardly.

"Oh uh YEAH! I stand by what I said ok?! no deep shit!

Basketball glanced at Grassy, Blocky followed suit, the two noticing Grassy had curled up and fallen asleep, some cake bits still staining the corners of his mouth.

....

"...I guess there's some things I oughta change on.." Blocky looked down..

~~~~

***Some More Weeks Later***

~~~~

Basketball waited in a experiment ward, sitting against a wall. Grassy was cuddled up against her, staring at the floor, waiting...

"...Is he going to be ok...?" Grassy murmured to Basketball, tears in his eyes. Noticing this, she nuzzled him with his cheek, assuring him..

"Oh sweetie...he'll be alright...I promise.."

"B-But...Grassy is scared...Grassy heard Blocky yelling in there! D-Dr. Four...Dr. Four is hurting him!" His voice was more frantic...his breathing quick...the tears beginning to well up more in his dewy eyes...Basketball frowned..simply keeping Grassy close to her...shushing him...

"I know I know..it's..scary but...you know Blocky! he's strong, tough, and really sly! Dr. Four never knows what he's dealing with when it comes to Blocky..!" She forced a slight smile, but upon seeing Grassy calm down a little, she let it shift to a natural smile..sighing..

"I-I guess...you're right...B-Blocky is strong! he's tough...and he's uh...sss...sllah...." Grassy stuttered.

"Sly..." Basketball helped him.

"Sly!" That made him smile a little, thank goodness.

Suddenly, the two were alerted to the sound of the door near them opening, Blocky slowly walked up, clutching his stitched up arms, his body slightly beat up..Four standing within the room, only slightly visible as he simply peered at the subjects. Basketball let out a sigh of relief upon seeing Blocky alive...Grassy was over the moon, gasping and quickly getting up, running to the wooden cube for a big hug.

"BLOCKY!!" Grassy smiled widely and cried out, Blocky raised his arms out a little, surprised at the sudden contact, but knowing it was Grassy, he accepted and hugged back.

"Hey hey...it's ok...I'm alright...." He bent down a little, shushing the tuft of grass gently, he grunted with the pain in his arms, but Blocky managed to pick Grassy up, holding him and smiling.

"We're alright.." the warm smile from Blocky as he held him made Grassy quit his crying, putting a smile on his own face...Basketball slowly walked up to the two, simply calmed as they walked out....but then she looked over at Four from the experiment room..scowling at the three.

Four had been watching this little bonding journey with Blocky, Basketball and Grassy unfold, to say the least, he wasn't amused.

Grassy was a *subject*, not a *child*. Blocky and Basketball were *subjects*, not *parents*. And no matter how much these three bonded, and no matter how much they and whoever tried to believe, they were *never* going to be a *family*. They were *subjects*, *lab rats, guinea pigs.*

Basketball simply scowled back, walking to Blocky and Grassy as they left...but...Grassy looked back at Four...he knew how mean he was...all this time...but Blocky told him to stand up for himself when he was getting hurt!...hmp! then so be it, Grassy would give mean old Dr. Four a piece of his own mind.

~~~

***(Redacted)***

~~~

Grassy hid behind a table, curled up and quaking in his spot. All he wanted to do was stand up for himself whenever Four hurt him or the ones he loved, all he wanted was to show he was stronger than he looked, all he wanted was to feel less pain, to deal with less experiments, to feel more confident in himself and his life.

But all he got, was a psychotic number, hellbent on stabbing him to death.

*"WHERE ARE YOU YOU LITTLE SHIT?!"* Four screeched out, nearby the table Grassy hid behind. He was brandishing a scalpel, snarling and absolutely enraged.

**"GET OVER HERE."** The doctor suddenly swiped his scalpel at the table, creating a rather formidable slice on the metal, Grassy saw the sparks from the slash, quickly covering his mouth to cover his screams.

*"COME HERE SO I CAN PUNISH YOU!!"* Grassy shut his eyes tightly, he couldn't hide this long, Four was going to find him any second now, he was right beside him.

Run.

Run.

You have.

To run.

The door is over there.

***R u n.***

Within break neck speed, Grassy got up, running to the door, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go-

Four stood in front of Grassy before he could get outside, making Grassy yelp out and stop on his tracks.

***"Found you."***

His face was contorted into a grotesque smile, he raised the scalpel, Grassy screeched out and covered himself, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, NO-

*"GET AWAY FROM HIM!!"*

Suddenly, Four was grabbed from behind by Blocky. the scientist growled out and tried to stab the cubical subject, Grassy looked and widened his eyes..

*"DAD!!"*

Blocky pulled back Four, giving Grassy a chance to escape..

*"GO GRASSY GO! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!!"*

Looking around in fear, and without much to think of, Grassy quickly got up, running out of the door as Blocky growled out and shoved Four back into the room, going to him to deal with him.

Grassy ran more through the hall...more...more..his breath was quickened, his heart rate increased, sweat running down his face, terror blazing through his heart...He ran more, more, more, more and got to the end of the hallway to turn-

***RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR***

***"AAAAAAGGGHHHH--"***

The roar of a motorized machine, the death rattles of Blocky.

This froze Grassy dead on his tracks, he shivered, he was petrified. The only sound at that moment was his own heartbeat pounding in his chest and the distant rumbling of a active motor.

...

Grassy turned slowly...and there Four walked out of the door, twitching and grinning with absolute excitement and madness. wielding a chainsaw, covered with fresh crimson blood.

Blocky's blood.

The mad doctor sharply turned his head to Grassy, suddenly screeching out and raising his chainsaw, revving it up more and running towards him through the hallway. Grassy was paralyzed by fear, his eyes wide and stinging with tears, he trembled, get out, get out G E T O U T-

Grassy squeaked out as he felt his collar being yanked from behind,

soon enough he was lifted up and being taken away from the hallway to to next, he didn't know what was going on, all he heard was frantic breathing from right behind him, Four's distant screeching along side the rev of his chainsaw, the slight white noise coming from how badly the terror of the situation ripped at his soul, the air so torturous, his body numb.

But then he realized who was carrying him away through the chaos....Basketball, holding him from his collar using her mouth, she barged into an empty room and plopped him inside, going in herself and shutting the door tight.

*"Come on come on!"*

She quickly coaxed him to go to the farthest corner of the cell, Grassy shivered and cried out, hugging her..

*"B-Basketball...I-I.."*

*"Oh sweetie come on.."*

Basketball and Grassy were soon enough, huddled to the corner of the room, Basketball kneeling and comforting him the best she could, keeping him close to her and resting her chin down on his head. Grassy was clinging onto Basketball for dear life, crying into her chest, shivering nonstop.

*"Sssh...sshh it's gonna be ok Grassy...it's gonna be ok-"*

***"WHERE ARE YOU?!"***

*"HE KILLED BLOCKY!!"*

***"I CAN SENSE THE FEAR IN YOUR V E I N S."***

*"He'll come back! you know that!"*

***"RRRAAAAGGGHHHHH!!"***

*"BUT HE'LL KILL US!! YOU KNOW HOW PAINFUL IT IS!!"*

***"YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM ME."***

*"Please calm down!-"*

The two subjects yelled in terror as the door in front of them was stabbed with a rotating blade. As sparks flew and illuminated the dark room crudely, Grassy howled with unholy trepidation for his impending doom. Basketball kept Grassy close to her and screamed in horror as the door was gradually being cut in half.

This was it.

There was no going back.

You are in danger.

Protect yourself.

Your child is in danger.

*Your child is in danger.*

***Protect him.***

Basketball took a breath, clenching her teeth, she however yelped when the door was kicked off, the two halves slamming towards them, and in the light, the shadowed figure of Four stood, snarling escaped his mouth, which was contorted into a cheshire grin.

*"Give me the little rat and you will be spared, B4SK3TB4LL-047."* Four said, his statement morbid and full of pure, unfiltered malice. This made Basketball widen her eyes and look up at him with rage.

No.

She wasn't going to do this.

This doctor doesn't know a thing about what she and Blocky have made with this tuft of grass.

Throughout this time in this cursed lab.

Basketball got up, Grassy looking up and squeaking with terror, however she quickly nudged him to behind her and against the wall, and she stomped to Four, she has had enough, she was ready to kick him, trample him to a pulp.

*"You. Are. Not. Going. TO HURT MY SON!!-"*

***RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR***

***"MOM!!"***

***"AaAAAAAAaaAAAAAAGUUAAAUHH!!!!"***

The most visceral and grisly wail Grassy would ever hear from Basketball suddenly blared inside the room, as blood and chunks of flesh sprayed from her abdomen, Four having plunged his chainsaw through it.

Grassy sat and watched in horror as Four pulled the saw upwards in Basketball, cutting right through her abdomen, her ribs, her lungs, her face, then her head.

The violently murdered subject collapsed on the ground, her blood pouring out, along side her innards.

Four simply pushed aside her carcass, slowly walking up to Grassy, who huddled against the corner as much as he can, no no no no no-

*"You think you have someone who can protect you..?"*

Four twitched, not minding the fact that his entire front body was stained with maroon blood.

*"You think you can just, pretend to be a actual child and cry to your 'ma' and 'pa'..?"*

Grassy held his head, he looked as if he were crying and screaming, but only pitiful squeaks escaped his mouth.

*"Well guess what, GR4SSY-057, you are a subject bound to this lab."*

The mad doctor raised his bloodstained chainsaw, it revved up, trembling, roaring, rotating.

*"And I am the doctor, the one who will cut you open, snap at your heels, and decide your life."*

***R R R RR R RR RR R RR RR RRRR R RRR RRR RR***

***"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUGGGGGHHHH!!!!"***

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Grassy suddenly yelled out as he popped up from his bed, cold sweat, heavy collar, wide eyes, welling tears.

.....

It was midnight in his cell, lights off, machinery off, subjects sleeping, scientists sleeping, chambers locked...

.....

He realized..he was in bed..but...it was a little modified, the mattress taken off of the frame, and placed on the ground...and not only that...

Blocky and Basketball were beside him...Blocky's arms somewhat wrapped around Grassy, and Basketball on the other side, Grassy having been leaning on her during his initial rest..

....

Grassy took a silent breath....he still felt so...unsafe and unwanted in the lab, especially with that dream he just had, practically a constant reminder of what ached in his heart. Grassy  was still, one of the most unprepared and vulnerable subjects in Goiky Labs, he needed friends to support him, space whenever he was stressed, and despite everyone's origins, he definitely needed parental figures to teach him

right and wrong, and protect him.

Thankfully for little Grassy...Blocky and Basketball were kind enough to take that role.

They had become more than friends ever since Grassy bonded with them.

Without one another their mental corruption would have skyrocketed times and times ago, especially with...Loser's corruption.

.....

Grassy simply yawned, the shock from the dream was still somewhat there in his heart, but he was confident the next dream afterwards would be...less graphic.

Because he remembered, while it is scary dealing with things all alone, and even being in a crowd, he'd still *feel* alone at times, he had to remember that no matter what, even as we'd lost Loser, there would be others here for you.

(WOOP FINALLY, oh god this took w a y long than needing, ok HOPEFULLY now i'll have nothing faltering me from adding more to this story-

but anyways, a breather? noticed how e d g y the last chapter was and decided i'd do some more 'toned down' chapters to let us all breath and such, another coming up next....and it k i n d a b i g

ok how the fuck do you call these breather chapters when I already sliced these guys with a chainsaw- Redmist108, trying to settle the heck down with the edginess, but failing miserably.)

# Don't Leave Me

X stared at the camera footage before him, screams blaring from the speakers, subject after subject cowering in fear, fighting desperately, running away, or simply accepting their fates in tears.

In each and every screen...X only focused on the single entity that always, always appeared in these recordings.

Four.

.....

X was really, getting numb to the violence and madness in the lab.

But he hated that fact honestly.

Sure, he had a job to do, and he chose to work here given back at home he already had experience in similar scientific endeavors.

And for any of the..violent experiments that popped up, if it was *required* in the working process of Project DreaMaker, X would go ahead and do it. He'd take the scalpel, he'd strap the subjects down, and he'd vivisect them.

.....

But Four.

Four was going too far.

He was torturing these subjects more than they needed to be.

He was causing needless death and waste of technology, supplies, and even research at times.

He was blowing this project out of proportion.

.....

But most importantly to X, Four was hurting *himself*.

This lab was getting to him.

This lab was taking him over.

This lab was driving him insane.

.....

And soon enough, if X doesn't do something right away, something horrible would happen to Four, and not only that, something horrible will happen to X.

.....

X had to do something.

For Four.

For the subjects.

For himself.

For science.

The yellow doctor got up, going to his personal room, getting hard at work with his thoughts.

***The Stimulation Room***

Woody fiddled with his fingers, rocking back and forth a little as Teardrop sat beside him, scribbling on a brand new note book.

Ever since the...experiment he witnessed with Teardrop, he's gained enough courage to at least...hang out with her..?

Well.....

She was quite literally, the *only* subject he's ever had a legitimate meet up with, without screeching at the top of his lungs and running off..Even with more supportive types like Leafy!

Well..at least, it was the only interaction in which...the two were on

the *same page*.

Teardrop was not quite understood by anyone thanks to her muteness, so interactions with even good friends was kinda odd, visual gestures helped and all...but it was never the same.

Woody could at least speak, but sadly, thanks to his anxiety he'd be reduced to those frantic babbles with each and every conversation. Thus, his feelings and thoughts were often lost by even the most sympathetic and understanding type.

But for...Woody and Teardrop, the speechlessness between both parties gave way for the two to relate in a way...The slab of wood and drop of lacrima both have grown used to communicating without words, they both seek to connect through feelings alone, understand others with their hearts, rather than their mouths.

And after years and years....the two finally found the time for each other...

Teardrop showed the doodle to Woody, it was a sketch of Four and X, holding scalpels...

Woody glared at the doodle for a few seconds, then turned to Teardrop, smiling awkwardly and giving a thumbs up, as well as a odd, complimentary whine..?

Teardrop looked at him and blinked....

Then swiftly crossed her arms, turning away and pouting in annoyance, giving a silent 'Hmp!'

Woody stared in confusion..what did he say? he just said it was a nice, relatable work of art illustrating our struggles in this accursed lab!

Teardrop gave a silent growl...

.....

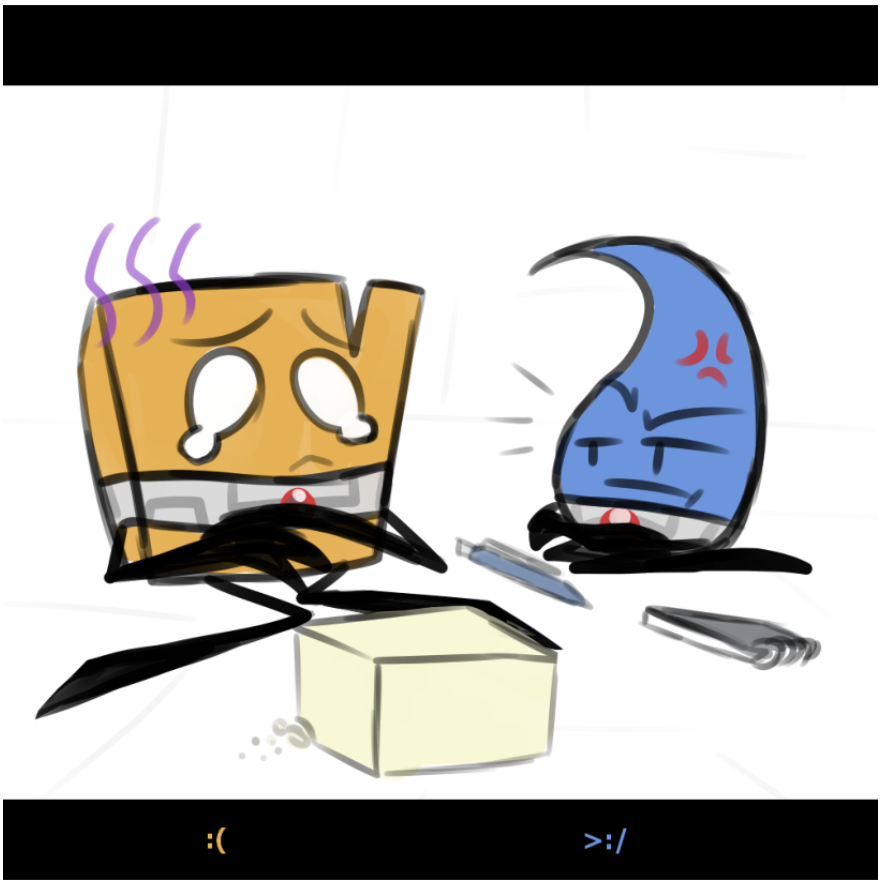
Woody grunted sadly, slumping a bit in shame.

He did do something wrong..he had to amend for it! give a.....a gift? He looked around in the area they sat on...uhh...pencil..book....small subject....uhh....oh wait! food block! It was feeding time!

Teardrop took a deep breath, exhaling as she sat grumpily, keeping her arms crossed...but she perked up at squeak from Woody..she turned to see...Woody offering her a food block..he stared at her with a nervous grin, shivering a bit. An offer..of nutrient! precious life giving nutrient! in the form of....a pale block of crumbly, dry, flavorless, compressed god-knows-what.

She furrowed her eyebrows and pouted again. Try harder buddy.

Woody whined softly, then placed the block away...sighing in disappointment...yeah uh, this would be hard.




The other subjects looked at Teardrop and Woody interact...some uninterested, some annoyed, some confused, some astonished, some happy...

Golf Ball was nestled on top of Tennis Ball, squinting at the two. "Hmm....Teardrop and Woody? from what I remember their one and only interaction was Woody getting a nasty kick by Teardrop."

"Yeah...well...they've been interacting again...it's a lot less hostile at least..." TB nestled in his spot too, a half eaten food block beside the two sports balls.

"I can see that.." Golf Ball puffed some air. "I dunno how Woody maintained his crush on Teardrop for so long...does he even still like her?"

"Ah...well.." Tennis Ball looked at Woody...he was watching Teardrop as she resumed drawing and writing, as he watched the wooden slab, he was...admiring her..blushing..then slapping himself, getting the attention of a confused Teardrop, which in turn made Woody cover himself and smiled nervously. Teardrop simply rolled her eyes, resuming her doodles.

"Oh....he's still at it."

GB raised an eyebrow..then sighed..

"I don't get him..his anxiety and the experiments are enough to deal with."

TB smiled a bit and closed his eyes...

"I dunno GB, they've been hanging out quite a lot lately...I think they're warming up...we just don't know it."

"Mh..." GB thought a bit to herself on that, then sighed, resting on TB..

Teardrop had since been continuing to scribble on her sketchbook, it soothed her really. She'd often doodle what was on her mind, or write out words and thoughts she had.

She turned a blank page, then pressed her pen down on the paper, writing some thoughts out.

*'Stimulation Room is pretty noisy today, looks like we're sticking together pretty well.'*

*'Loser seems to be...improving, Cake is doing his work well.'* Underneath the sentence, a sketch of Cake next to a sad looking Loser.

She paused for a bit, thinking, what else...

*'Kinda wish we'd get more ice cream cake, those were the best. I dunno what the hell is happening with the cake synthesizer.'*

Hmm....

.....

*'People here seriously drive me insane. I can't seem to make a proper damn connection with anyone without them noting my muteness....-"*

.....

The thought of...her issue, put some strain on her heart. She very quickly pushed it away thankfully.

*'-.....And being jerks to me for not chatting, I dunno. Some people here are cool at least, Needle's cool, Leafy's cool, Pin, Tennis Ball, Loser....-'*

Teardrop jumped a bit at a chirp, she looked to her side...oh, Woody. She was about to turn away from him, but he kept his composure, mumbled to her and pointed at the journal...another compliment on her literature and artistic abilities, this time, it was...less awkward and forced.....she was pretty good with a pen.

"....." Teardrop squinted a bit, a bit of annoyance tinging her heart...but...She thought about him..The company he gave her ever since...that day. As well as the fact that he didn't belittle her for her inability to speak.

.....

She resumed righting, finishing that sentence..

*'.....W o o d y.....I'm not alone, at least...I guess? hmp.'*

She sighed silently, putting up her sketchbook.....then looking at the slab of wood beside her.

Meanwhile..The two doctors had a conversation in their main office.

Four and X sat in front of each other, just as organized and united as always, but their verbal synergy...unstable.

*"X, we have a job to do, i'm going to keep this project going for however long it needs to be."*

Four was writing down paper work, and tapping at a tablet, reviewing info on the next experiment he was going to do and tracking the location of the subjects he'd use.

*"Four, i'm concerned about you, your mental corruption reads 68% and is gradually increasing, that isn't good."*

X's voice was stern, but understanding as he stared at Four, clenching his hands together.

*"X, I'm going to be fine. That mental corruption jargon is more to be concerned about with the subjects. I'll sleep and rest between experiments."*

Back at the stimulation room, Teardrop stared at Woody, who was looking up at the ceiling, seemingly lost in his thoughts.

She thought about...that time, the time she had her tongue mercilessly torn off of her mouth, the time she had her vocal cords ripped to shreds, her throat filled with blood, her lungs clogged and collapsed by the blockage of blood and the shear force of her screaming as she ultimately died painfully..

.....

Her *screaming*.

Teardrop stood frozen.

.....

Her *voice*.

Teardrop looked down a bit...tension in her heart...the thoughts were...blurry...she was unsure what to do about...*that*...even after so long she couldn't comprehend what to think or...what to feel other than...pain...tension.

Woody noticed her, squeaking in concern...Teardrop flinched and perked up, furrowing her eyes at Woody. This made him back away in fear, he babbled frantically in apology...

*"Four, that is still a concern for us scientists too. Your health is very important here. Remember you can't revive yourself."*

Teardrop calmed down slowly, looking to the side. Woody also calmed down, but noticed her gesture. Teardrop looked down, then moved her hands to him a bit. Woody looked down in confusion and fear...what did she...this was new...

*"X, don't get off track with our research. Focus on the experiment assignments for each subject, monitor L34FY-002, heal F1R4Y-001, work."*

Teardrop looked up at Woody...her face didn't show any sign of aggression, but simply, loneliness. Woody frowned a bit...peeping to her a bit...Teardrop tilted her head and the response..then sighed, scooting up to him. Woody grew more anxious...what was she trying to tell him?

*"Four don't change the subject. I need you to cool down on everything before something detrimental happens to your well being."*

Teardrop opened her mouth..trying to tell him...*oh*..she can't. Teardrop frowned and looked down..she looked around to write something..ah, her sketchbook. She took the book and gestured to Woody, stating she would tell him something. Woody clenched his hands together, quite anxious at what she'd write...what was she up to?

*"X enough of this. I know my own health, and even then we have a job to do. Leave me be and let me experiment."*

*"Four, I know what you're gonna do. You're going to torture a subject needlessly to put out your PETTY frustration on them."*

*"Whatever I do to the subjects. I do for a purpose. That is what our research is for. The more they suffer, the more we get closer to the DreaMaker."*

*"That is NOT TRUE Four. I know this lab is getting to you, you are SICK.*

*You are going INSANE."*

*"ENOUGH."*

Four slammed his fists on his desk, making X flinch. Four got up and walked out of the office.

*"I have to do an experiment, don't bother me X."*

*"Four hey- Don't leave me!"*

X got up and tried to get to Four, but he slammed the door on him...X shook his head and grunted out in frustration, he needed to talk him down NOW.

But...he knew when Four was in experiment mode....he really shouldn't bother him.

....but....

Shit.

Four marched to the stimulation room, with X out of sight, he began to display physical signs of his genuine unrest.

Twitching eye.

Clenched hands.

Quickened breath.

Quivering mouth.

What to do, what to do.

Have to do, *some* experiment of some sort.

But what?

Four was feeling a little...angry at the subjects.

He wanted to put out some form of punishment on those measly rats.

Who.

Who.

Who but Leafy and Firey.

Who but Flower and Ruby.

Who but Blocky, Basketball, and Grassy.

Who.

Who.

W h o.

Oh.

Oh y e a h.

Woody.

Teardrop.

The silent one who constantly fought back and endured each and every attempt of causing pain to her.

The timid one who snuck up one night during one of the silent one's experiments and vomited all over the damn door.

The a n n o y i n g ones.

Four had to punish those hooligans.

And he had m a n y ideas.

Teardrop squinted at her paper as she wrote...well, tried to write. To be quite honest, she didn't know what to write to Woody exactly. She felt..nervous and unsure with what she was feeling. What does she write to him?

.....

*'Hey Woody.'*

.....

*'Been a while.'*

....

Teardrop glanced around, mostly at Woody, she couldn't leave him hanging there but....what does she....

...

*'I.'*

Teardrop grimaced a bit, these emotions, she couldn't-

***RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR.***

Woody yelped and curled up at the sound of the stimulation room door opening. Teardrop flinched and dropped her sketchbook and pen. The entire stimulation room grew silent, aside from some other yelps and sounds of certain objects quickly huddling away from the door to their corners. Firey yelled out and curled up, panicking, Leafy quickly attending to him.

Four huffed and glared at every subject, then his eyes locked at Teardrop and Woody.

"You two need punishment."

he snarled, storming up to the two subjects.

It didn't take long for Woody to immediately panic and screech out, quickly getting up and running away from Four, Teardrop backed away quickly from the mad doctor...

Four shook his head and aimed two dart guns at the two.

"Give me a fucking break."

Woody squeaked out as a sedative dart hit him, he quickly grabbed the dart and ripped it out, he steadied his breath as much as he could...wait...TEARDROP.

He sharply turned to see Teardrop flinching at the shot of her own

sedative dart, Four hissing and walked up to her. As Teardrop began to grow dizzy and hazy, as Four grabbed the tip of her head to drag her, she looked at Woody..reaching out to him, a silent cry for help.

Woody screeched out and ran to Teardrop, but...the haze..the tiredness...it got to him...he mumbled and squeaked out in desperation, collapsing, reaching out for Teardrop as well....

Four raised an eyebrow and stared at this curious scene, Teardrop eventually going limp and sleeping...Woody completely collapsing and knocking out.

Huh.

Four could only smirk really, he took Woody by the collar and began to drag the two subjects out of  the stimulation room, the other subjects watched in shock, horror, concern.

Golf Ball and Tennis Ball were huddled together by a far wall..watching in horror...GB looked at TB from behind..

"Tennis Ball...th-they..."

"I-I...I dunno GB...I-I..."

".....We have to wait for them to come back TB...."

"I know but!....TD....Woody....Four....their mental corruption!"

"A-Ah...t-that.....uh...."

".....they have each other....d-don't worry too much...."

".....I dunno...."

Ringing chimed in Woody's ears.

He was curled up, on the ground. It was cold, the air smelled of iodine and smoke, of chemicals and burnt metal.

the ringing began to dissipate more...giving way to more proper sounds.

Electrical crackling.

Crazed statements.

Woody opened his eyes...the scene in front of his was...blurry...but he started to see...what....-

Forced against a wall by Four's grip, Teardrop hung limply, wheezing. She was covered in burn marks and bleeding cuts, circular burns on her temples and other parts of her body stung her skin, she had been shocked in a now burned out electrical chair, all in a room far away from everyone. Four held a electric prod in his free arm, turned up to the highest voltage, he glared at Teardrop sharply, and she looked up at him shakily.

"Speak."

"Scream."

Four raised the prod, then jabbed it into Teardrop's side.

***ZZZZZZZZZAAAAAAPPPPP***

Teardrop spazzed out, her eyes widened and rolled back into her head. She clenched her teeth and hissed out, as the shock ended her limbs slumped back limply.

"Speak I said."

***ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZRRRRRRPP***

Teardrop convulsed once more. A audible whine escaping through her clenched teeth.

"I told you, SPEAK."

***ZZZZZZZZRRRRRRRRPPPPPPPP***

"SCREAM."

Woody widened his eyes, he shakily reached out for Teardrop, but the sedative..it still weakened him..he collapsed and whined quietly.

"I know what you're up to."

***ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZRRRRRRRRRRPPP***

"You think you can keep all these secrets to yourself all because you've been rendered mute."

***ZZZZZZZAAAAAAHHHPPP***

"You think you can act so damn slick against me all because you can't let out those precious screams that I love to hear."

***ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZRRRRRRRRPP***

"Pathetic, but I *know* you."

***ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZAPPP***

Woody shakily tried to get up more..squeaking and wheezing out to Teardrop in desperation, reaching....trying to crawl....

Teardrop began to weep tears as she was tortured, convulsing, garbling, foaming at mouth. Gasping out as Four stopped again.

"Your muteness buffers out when you are in a state of *absolute* agony."

***ZZZZZZZZZZRRRRRRRRRRRPPP***

"I know it, during that experiment you *s c r e a m e d*, your voice temporarily returned, at that moment you felt so much excruciating pain that whatever force was holding back your voice, it blurred."

***ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZRRRRRPPP***

Woody yelled out and reached for the two once more as the electricity crackled loudly. Teardrop wheezed out, squeaking in agony, Four sneered more.

"And look at you....wheezing, gasping, crying, whimpering...it's coming back....your voice is here once again...and you know what I want..?..."

Four leaned down to Teardrop, who was trembling, coughing a bit, she looked up to him weakly...

"I want your first actual words after all this time, to be your pleas for help, your begging screams for salvation, your desperate cries of self

loathing and agony for your existence and your purpose in this lab..."

***ZZZZZZZZZZZZZRRRRRRRRPPPPPP***

"And that will be final, in your last vestiges of sanity, as I pollute your pathetic mind with deafening white noise, lifeless thoughts, and empty horror."

***ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPPPPP***

Teardrop whined, convulsed, foamed at mouth, and wept tears from her bloodshot eyes. Steam began to rise from her as the electricity evaporated parts of her tear body, swirls of blood were mixing into the foam leaking from her mouth as Four continued, continued, continued. continue-

*"N-NO!"*

Woody cried out, crashing onto Four, who yelped in surprise, dropping Teardrop and the electric prod.

Teardrop limply collapsed on the ground, coughing out, her breathing unstable. She wheezed as her limbs would twitch, despite the fact that her whole body was paralyzed at the moment from all the volts of electricity coursing through her flesh.

Four stumbled and growled out as he grabbed Woody, trying to push him off as he was gripping to Four's uniform tightly, yelling at the doctor angrily.

*"LEAVE HER ALONE!!"*

Teardrop eyes shot open. *His voice*.....so full of deep concern and desperation....for *her*....She tried to reach out for him, but her body..still stunned....she could only watch in horror....

"GET OFF OF ME YOU WEAKLING! I'LL ELECTROCUTE YOU NEXT!!"

Four ripped off Woody's grip from his coat, trying to get to the electrical prod, but Woody hissed out and pushed Four off of his feet, this only made Four more and more incensed.

*"NO!!"*

Woody yelled out, holding the mad doctor down with all of his strength, but it wouldn't be long...

X barged into the stimulation room.

"WHERE DID FOUR GO!?"

The subjects whimpered, still huddled together, silent....they looked at each other, honestly unsure where they went. X looked down...

Ice Cube squeaked out...

"Teard-drop and W-Woody...w-were t-t-taken.."

".....Shit."

X quickly turned away, he closed his eyes and focused...using his techno-powers..

Tracking collars....T34R DR0P-008...W00DY-013.....location...

X then opened his eyes, cursing once again.

"Oh Four..."

The yellow number quickly ran off, turning to the quickest shortcuts he could find to the room..he had to stop Four, before that "experiment" made him snap, or hell, made the subjects snap. He had been trying, trying to talk to him, but nothing....perhaps a talk at the heat of an experiment should knock some sense into him.

Maybe.

Just run over there already.

Get to him.

Woody gagged out as Four punched his gut, pushing him off of him. Four quickly grabbed the electrical prod and jabbed it into his chest harshly.

***ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPPP***

*"G-GG-GHHKK--K-"*

Woody widened his eye and spazzed out, grasping at Four's arms tightly. Teardrop wheezed out, her body was starting to regain movement...she twitched, she shivered, she whined, trying to reach for him, trying to cry out for him...

X ran more and more, sweating with both exhaustion and fear as he was making his way closer to Four and the subjects.

Four continued the shock on Woody's chest, continued on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on-

*"T-TEAARR-DROP-GHHKK-"*

Woody shifted his eyes to Teardrop, letting one hand go from Four and reaching out to the withered droplet. Teardrop wheezed and cried, reaching out to him as well, both subjects' hearts crying out for one another in desperation.

*"W-W....hh...ww..."*

Teardrop quivered out, she strained, she wheezed more, trying...trying to cry out..trying to squeak out at least one cohesive word...

*"A...A-A-a...h-H-h.."*

Four sneered..his head was going blank, his train of thought destabilizing, the pain, the suffering of this pathetic wooden subject, convulsing, foaming at mouth, crying, wheezing, dying...it was all Four could focus on.

The electrical prod suddenly sparked out, Four gripped it tighter as he began to channel a zappy into its voltage. The crackling of the electricity intensified in frequency, higher, higher, a screeching whine suddenly rising from the mess of noise, until-

***THRRRRZZZZZZZZ***

A earsplitting explosion blared through the door X was about to run into. He stopped dead on his tracks...he made it but...

He was too late.

"FOUR!"

X bashed the door open, at that moment he saw...

Teardrop staring at Four and Woody, wide eyed, a soft cry of pain escaping her throat.

Four huffed...a toothy grin painted on his face, splattered a bit with blood and ash. The electric prod had exploded, and Four only held the smoking handle.

Woody was wide eyed, a tense feeling of impending doom quaked his soul, as he felt a horrible empty pain in his chest. He looked down....seeing that a hole had been blasted right through his chest..destroying his heart...part of his lungs..despite being cauterized grotesquely into a dark char, blood dripped from the edges...

X's heart nearly stopped at this very scene...he failed to save these subjects..and he once again failed to stop Four from committing more and more awful, mind melting sins.

The yellow doctor clenched his teeth and ran to Four, grabbing his shoulders harshly and slamming him against an empty wall, knocking Four back into his senses.

*"STOP THIS SHIT FOUR! YOU ARE DESTROYING THESE SUBJECTS, YOU ARE DESTROYING **YOURSELF**!!"*

X yelled at Four, right in his face.

*"X I HAVE A JOB-"*

Four strained out a yell, still disoriented from his madness, and the sudden grab by X.

*"ENOUGH OF YOU!!"*

X shouted, shoving Four away to an empty corner...Four fell over and grunted...Frustration, conflict, anger, stress, fear, shock-

***"NOO!!!"***

The two doctors perked up...a sudden voice in the room, not from them, not from...Woody..

They looked to the subjects...

Teardrop had finally overcome her paralysis, crawling up to Woody, who was barely clinging onto life, coughing and wheezing, reaching to Teardrop...

*"W-WOODY!"* Teardrop cried out..tears overflowing from her eyes..her burns stinging..but she crawled more to Woody, weeping, as she finally reached the dying object, she clung onto his arm and placed a hand on his cheek..

*"T-T-Teard-drop.."* Woody squeaked to Teardrop reassuringly..gripping her arms..trying to calm her down even as he life faded...he smiled shakily....

*"I-I-I'm....s-s-sorry-yy...W-Woody...I-I...hh-gh..."*

Teardrop's voice...gentle...mature...her words were somewhat slurred and raspy..due to how long it has been since she's ever spoken...as well as her still somewhat feeling the force of the muteness buffer..

*"It's...o-o-ok....T-Teardrop.."*

Woody had felt so much unspeakable fear in his whole life, he was simply unable to speak out a cohesive sentence near anyone...but now...with his life fading so miserably like this...in front of...*her*....in this very moment...he had to speak..he had to...his words...through his pain and weakness...were full of heart...soft..

His eyes were dimming, and he went limp, letting out a soft, yet horrible wheeze...

Teardrop felt her already agonized heart freeze solid, and she cried out, cupping her hands over Woody's cold face..

*"WOODY NO!!"*

The small droplet wailed out...

*"NO NO...N-noo..."*

She cried, she sniveled, she begged, she screamed...

*"DON'T LEAVE ME!!"*

" W o o d y . . . "

X stared, he forgot what he was doing with Four a minute ago.

He had seen so much of this chaos.

Subjects hurting.

Subjects dying.

And seeing this painful scene...it was all crashing down on him.

*Do something.*

*Anything.*

*X, you are a doctor.*

*You must heal.*

*Heal.*

*"No...no!"*

X ran up to the two subjects, he reached out one hand to grab Woody...but then suddenly...

A ray of light flashed from his hand...gleaming onto Woody..Teardrop squeaked in surprise and backed away..growing more shocked as Woody's mortal wound began to glow...

The hole through Woody's chest began to close...cuts sealed, bruises faded...Woody's heart and lungs were repaired by the sheer mystical force..the hole through his chest finally sealed with a flash of light, he was..completely healed...it was as if...nothing happened!

Woody's eyes shot open as he gasped a breath of air into his now mended lungs. Teardrop widened her eyes...she smiled..she cried more..she hugged the slab of wood...

*"W...W....W....W-Woody-y...g-gh.."* Teardrop struggled with even a

single name...she was so overwhelmed with joy...the muteness was resurfacing...but she didn't care...he...was ok...

Woody was incredible shocked to see himself like this...was he recovered? but...he wasn't in a tube..he was still here...but-No...doesn't matter right now....*Teardrop*..

He hugged Teardrop..being careful not to touch any burns and cuts, for she was still terribly wounded...

*"It's ok...it's...o-o-ok..."*

Oh dear, that nervousness was returning, he stuttered greatly...

X looked at his palm with utter awe..shock...that...that was..a new power...he...he developed a new power! His very own version of a zappy!

He was overjoyed as well...not only for Woody being saved from death..but..he was evolving! He could be as powerful as Four!

"Four! Four did you see that?! I HAVE ZAPPIES! HEALING ZAPPIES FOUR-"

X turned to Four, smiling widely, this was a discovery!-

"X."

Four was still on the floor, glaring at X coldly.

"You could have just terminated them, recovered them in their tubes."

Oh.

X's smile and joy dissipated.

He remembered.

X's frustration with Four's way of thinking.

His decisions.

His malicious intents and stubbornness.

X's hands clenched into fists.

He stomped to the blue number, growling and grabbing his coat, pulling him up angrily.

*"The subjects don't need to suffer more than they need to be, how many times have I said that."*

X's voice...so cold and incensed.

That only made Four scowl.

*"I have made this very clear X, **I** have a job to do, **WE** have a job to do, **The DreaMaker** draws closer and closer the more **SCREAMS** and the more **PAIN** these lab rats **FEEL**-"*

That was it.

X snapped.

He screeched out.

He lifted Four up, much to his shock, and slamming him against the other wall.

*"**ENOUGH!!** THE DREAMAKER IS NOT FOR US, **WE DON'T** NEED IT, **I DON'T** NEED IT, YOU DON'T NEED IT, **CEASE THIS PSEUDOSCIENCE YOU FIEND!!"***

.....

Four stared in astonishment...and hidden anger. He slowly got up, staring at X with utter disbelief. X opened his eyes, realizing...

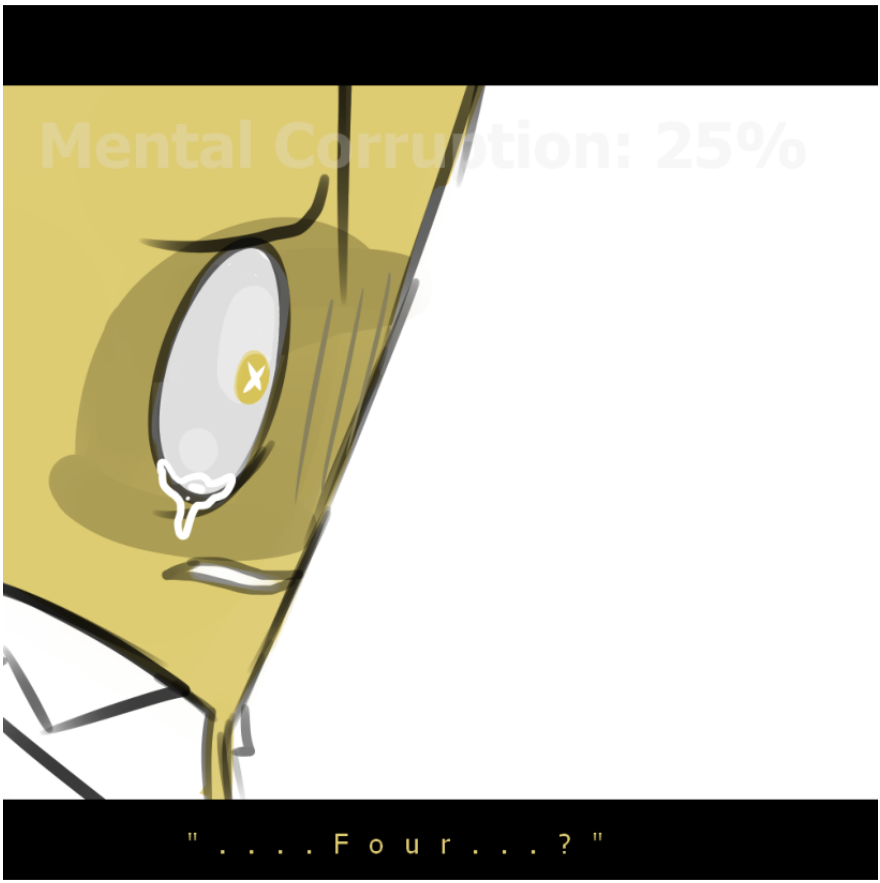
*"Wait...Four...Four i'm sorry I-I-I-"*

Four simply adjusted his coat, and scowled at X, pacing out of the room...X tried to get to him..but he ignored him..he grabbed him, but he shrugged him off silently...Four walked away..through the white hallway...X cried out.

*"FOUR WAIT I'M SORRY! I WAS ANGRY I-I..Four.."*

X's legs weakened...his body growing tense..he fell to his knees as he watched Four shrink form his view...he reached out to him pathetically..

"Don't leave me."


Mental Corruption: 25%
". . . . Four . . . ? "

Time went on...the subjects rested in their chambers..Woody sat in his own bed, taking a breath..

The "experiment" from before shook him to his core...the *pain*..the feeling of himself near *death*...seeing *her* suffering once again...but..

What kept him from *totally* losing it all was...the sound...of *her voice*.

He sat on his bed, face blank, yet tinged with astonishment at that realization.

...Her voice...was beautiful...soft...taking out the whole..crying in desperation part...it was...such an elusive experience...

The slab of wood sighed, smiling a bit, then looking up-

He screeched and flinched hard as he saw Teardrop, right in front of him, staring at him blankly.

Woody garbled out in apology, covering himself, cowering, then-

Teardrop placed her hands on his shoulders, grunting silently as she settled the timid subject down slowly...

Woody looked at Teardrop in astonishment, but then realized..oh.

.....

Woody squeaked to Teardrop concern...

How was she...holding up..?

Teardrop opened her mouth to say something, but only a barely

audible breath came out of her mouth, she stopped and looked down..realizing.

Oh yeah, still mute.

The lacrimal droplet looked to the side...tearing up..huh, looks like the blue doctor was right, the muteness temporarily canceled out when she's in excruciating pain.

*Unspeakable* pain...ironic..hilarious.

Woody noticed quickly, squeaking to Teardrop in assurance. She looked back at Woody in confusion, but then she realized quickly what he was doing...He handed her his sketchbook and a pen.

Write!

Teardrop smiled a bit, taking the book and pen, beginning to write down what she wanted to say. Woody watched, smiling...he felt useful..joyed....

After a bit, Teardrop showed Woody her writing, and he read...

*'Heya Woody.'*

*'Glad to see you're legit healed after uh....X's zappy.'*

*'.....It's kinda funny how you were able to carry me all the way to the tube room. Everyone thought you were a feeble weakling.'*

*'I mean, I guess we shouldn't be assuming that, you managed to fucking survive a shitload of experiments without croaking, and then...that one experiment happened, and you getting completely healed afterwards through freaky alien magic.'*

*'....Well, never knew we'd both still have our brains intact after...that, but*

*it doesn't matter, i'm glad we both made it out alive.'*

*'Whatever the fuck is happening with Dr. X and Dr. Four now....things are getting weirder and weirder....It seems like the only thing keeping each of us from totally losing ourselves, (well not guaranteed if you looked at Loser and Cake, but still...) is that we be in pairs, or groups.  And I know this sounds really crazy for you but...I want you by my side."*

Woody's eyes widened at that paragraph...he looked at Teardrop, who was rubbing her arm and looking down..then the two locked eyes..

Teardrop cracked a genuine smile.

Woody smiled back, and squeaked nervously, blushing...

Golf Ball and Tennis Ball watched from the the other side of the subject ward, given that Woody's chamber door was wide open.

"Huh...well what do you know..? They did keep it together! and they had each other.."

Tennis Ball smiled...Golf Ball raised an eyebrow, quite astonished at this sight...

"I must say, THIS is a scientific marvel to witness, Teardrop and Woody..bonding!"

"Yeah...that is-"

Tennis Ball and Golf Ball looked....to see Four and X tending to the subjects.

....but things were different.

The two doctors seemed to be vigilant in not acknowledging the other's existence, faced away from each other, distant.

X was on the other side of the ward, patting a scared Ice Cube, assuring her of her safety at night, then gently pushing her to her chamber.

Four crossed his arms, tapping his foot as he watched a chipper Rocky circle around him, wanting to play. The little subject squeaked as Four grumbled and kicked him into his chamber.

As the two finished work, they went back to their rooms...crossing paths..

They didn't even dare to look at each other.

.....

Golf Ball and Tennis Ball watched silently...conflict between pairs...it was something that not only effected the two parties, but also their surroundings...

And these two were the doctors in total control over this lab.

The spherical subjects looked at each other in worry....

"Will they...make up..?"  Golf Ball murmured.

"I'm sure of it but...I dunno when..." Tennis Ball looked to the side..

"Well I can see that but...what about...these experiments!?"

"....Oh."

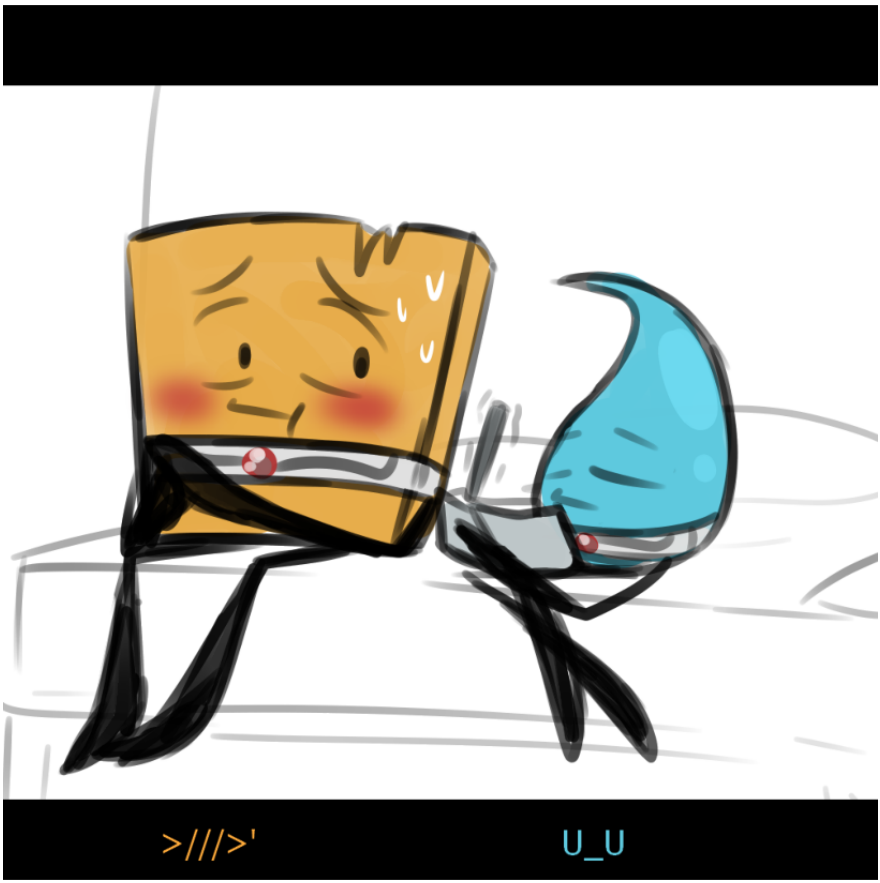
Tennis Ball looked up...fear and concern stinging his heart.

.....Oh.

He shook his head.

"I don't want to think about it...GB...come on...we need to sleep.."

"Ah but-....o-ok..." Golf Ball looked down...




Woody and Teardrop sat by each other's side...Woody chirping to Teardrop, seemingly having a...conversation? Well...for them it worked out fine..after all they've grown to communicate through feelings...since words were a scarce tool.

Teardrop slowly leaned on Woody's shoulder, much to his utter shock and anxiety, but..he calmed down...as Teardrop showed him a new sentence on the sketchbook...

*'Don't leave me, ok..?'*

(Oh g o d I am in chaos with this story-line

but anyways-

Another """breather""" chapter! subjects keeping it together in their own hands! but UH OH, zappy zAPPY ZAPPY NUMBER CONFLICT-

Oh boi-

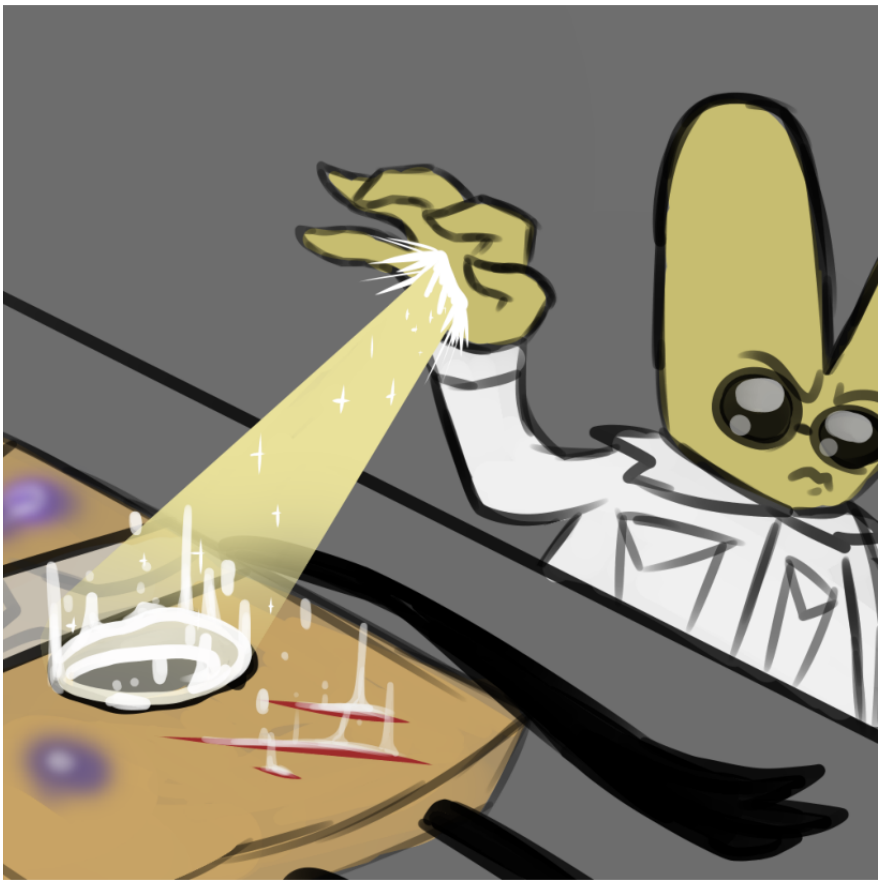
welp we should be getting back to the N A S T Y edgy crap soon so u h o h-

Yeah this isn't a breather chapter

ANYWAYS YAAAAAAAYYYYY - Redmist108, dying from something idfk)

# INTERMISSION: Unique Discoveries

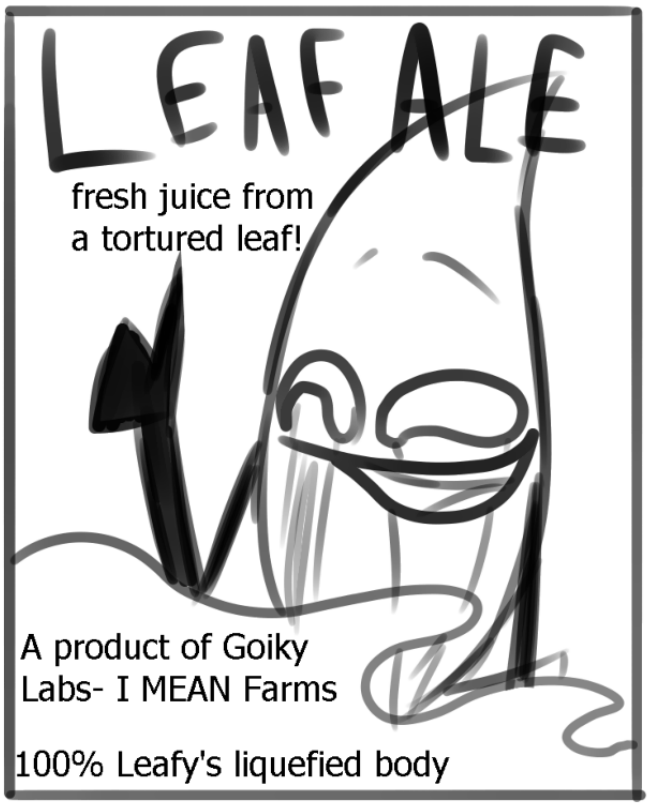
Oh boy oh boy oh boy what do we have here...hidden files?

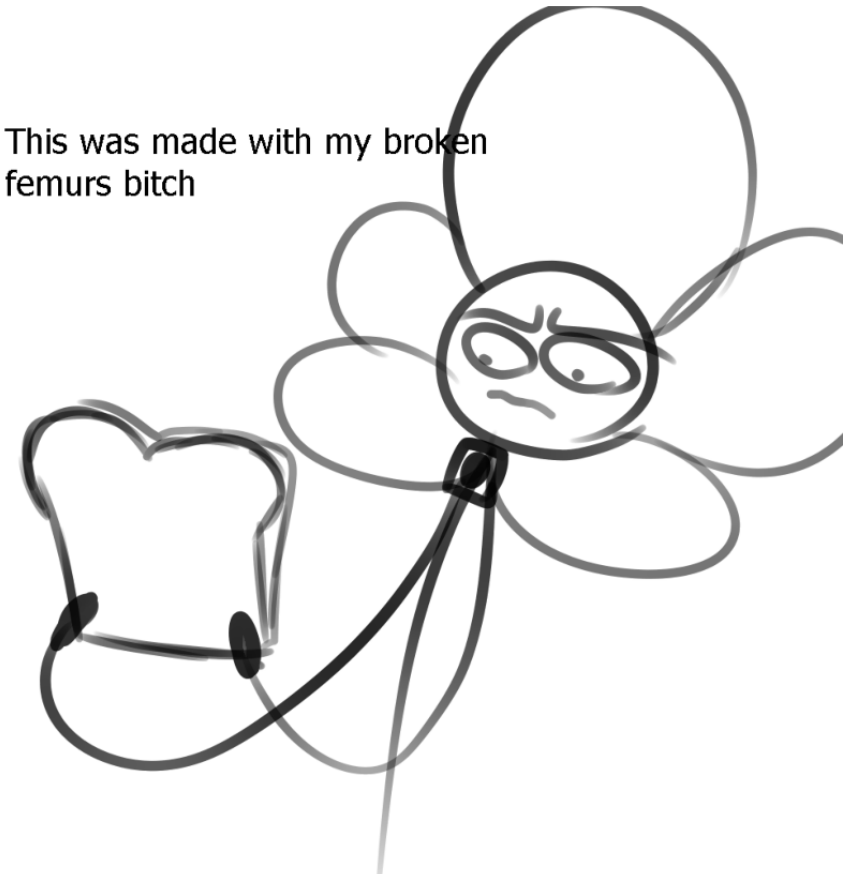


Healy Bae

(this is how it looks when X performs his healing zappy- let's just say, the number people are ever evolving physical gods. While they may be really freaking powerful with the right training and such they are still PHYSICAL, so they are mortals either way, no matter how much they act and perform like gods....X is evolving well tho...)

So X I know this sounds
really weird and absolutely
risky but we can fix our budget
and general shit problem by like,
grinding the subjects into products
and sell them for money.


LEAF ALE
fresh juice from
a tortured leaf!
A product of Goiky
Labs- I MEAN Farms
100% Leafy's liquefied body


This was made with my broken
femurs bitch

Grass chips
lightly seasoned with Basketball's
distressed mother tears!
99% air

# Cakegate

cake-flavored cavity fighter!

This oatmeal tastes
like Eraser but oh well
at least we're eating something
better than those blocks of
sand

Deathpact, I'm gonna donate my body to Dr. Four to end world hunger!

We're gonna fucking die if we don't eat at least something in this bitch of a lab X.
LIY'S
EYE

PLEASE I'VE GONE THROUGH ENOUGH!!
Snow cone machine
Why the fuck do i expect to not be arrested for this shit.

(I should be showcasing an actually serious scenario for this au involving the hosts being the subjects and the contestants being the scientists but that takes a effort so lemme show a bunch of weird sketches i made for a joke scenario in the Lab au where like- The lab's run dry of important materials and tools, shit is kinda broken and nasty and also Four and X are too drained and dirt poor to fix everything with their abilities so they just mash up the subjects into

products to be sold to the outside world.

idfk if i'm gonna convert this into a serious scenario tho-

ok back to actual content-)

Chart translating English from Goiky tongue, aka the possible language Bubble's whole Goiky accent comes from. These letters

actually come from that scene in the Science Museum in IDFB, i've ended up making up a whole thing for Bubble with all of this stuff we got! I guess you could say this is my headcanon involving Bubble's accent!

Keep note of this translation thing cuz it'll be important for when Bubble comes around ; )

INTERMISSION END.

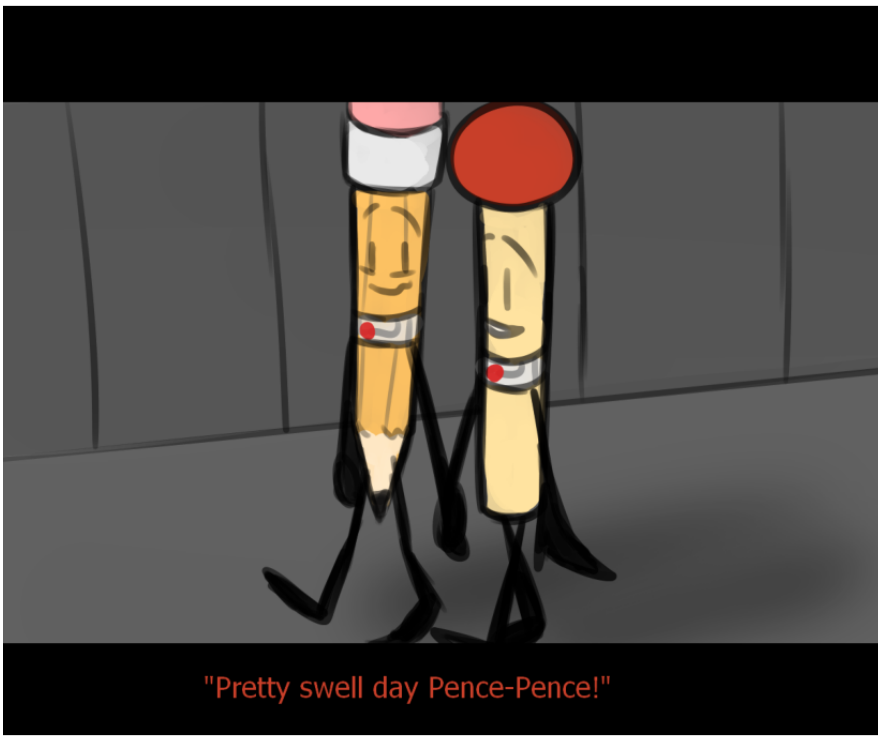
"X.....if you uh, play this video log."

"....."

"I miss you."

# Consequences Consequences Consequences

"Come on Pence-Pence!"




Match held Pencil's hand as they walked through the darkening night hallways, chatting as their usual routine goes.

As violent and macabre as the lab was getting, the young ladies were managing everything quite well, thanks to the fact that the scientists weren't using them at all lately for *serious* experiments, practically leaving them *almost* ignorant to the abominable direction this entire

experiment was going..They were aware of their nature as subjects however, and had memories of the *horrific* times from the past iterations of Project DreaMaker. But now with them being almost untouched *personally* by the madness, Match and Pencil were feeling back to their bubbly, censorious, practically air-headed selves here in Project DreaMaker Mark 4.

"Say...how are the experiments holding up for you Match?"

Pencil looked over at Match...

"Oh uh..just a lot of like, puzzles lately..so damn stupid!"

Match tutted, pulling at her collar a bit to adjust it..

"Oh man, that freaking sucks Match! Well..I just got some physical exercises..y'know those rising and falling platforms back when we did group experiments?"

"Oh yeah that one...that was honestly fun! Especially the time we saw Spongy get trapped into an empty space, and Flower falling around without a scratch in those weird high heels!"

Match tittered, Pencil joined in..then the two sighed...Match leaned on Pencil's shoulder as they continued their venture...making Pencil look over and smile..

"Aaah...*man*...the lab has been utter *hell* lately...but as long as I have you...I'm perfectly fine!"

Pencil blushed a bit at Match's loving statement...The two wooden subjects have been together for nearly their entire lives...From their tank-bound life as tublings, they were the first true living things they'd ever see. When they were released and adjusted into life, the two of them walked each other through on exercising basic social and life skills. And whenever things grew *dark* with experiments...the two would always truly calm down when being with one another.

Pencil and Match were one of the truest companions among the subjects, if not...the most.

"Say...it's getting kinda late, we oughta get to our rooms.." Pencil realized, looking around at the closed lights and time.

Match looked up as well, then groaned softly, gripping Pencil's arm with both hands.

"But Pence-Pence...you know how things are getting lately...we should sleep together again!"

Pencil looked at Match and sighed, gently caressing her arms with her free hand...

"I know Match..but Four will *zap* us if he finds us together! that goes for everyone lately...it fucking sucks..but better safe than sorry."

Match pouted a bit, these stupid scientists...

"Ugh...that does suck! But....hmm...that nerd is freaking out a lot on the others, it's borderline screwed up..! And not to mention, it sucks in this entire lab."

Match looked down, frowning, but Pencil patted her assuringly..She was used to her stubbornness, besides, she knew how she'd feel around this place.

"Hey Match..the alliance is figuring something out! we can mess with

Four enough to make him settle down all the strict rules and ESPECIALLY the nasty experiments!"

Match raised an eyebrow..What she meant by that, not just the experiments for every subjects, but also her and Pencil's own experiments can be nurtured down to their tastes.

"Eh? really? like..I honestly dunno about him Pence-Pence...this could..I dunno..make him more uhhh...crazy? He just had a nasty break up after all!"

Pencil furrowed her eyes a bit.. "Oh yeah...but hey..we have to do SOMETHING about him! gotta help out our fellow subjects! Besides..whatever happens, our alliance will stick together! and uh...if something happens with *that*, then you and I will always stick together!"

Match smiled, closing her eyes and sighing, finally letting go of Pencil..

*"Always trust Pencil, she's there for me, she's my best gal."*

"Ok, ok....I guess that works too..You and me always work out things together after all!" Match perked up a bit, crossing her arms.

Pencil smiled, hands on hips. "Yes! now...let's get some rest for the day..goodnight Match!"

"Goodnight Pence-Pence.."

Pencil and Match hugged each other tenderly, Match somewhat nuzzling her face into Pencil's shoulder, and Pencil on the other hand,

getting a unique thought for this ritual of theirs as they'd part for the night...*kiss*...?...-naw...it's ok..

They then finally let go...parting ways.

Match walked to the other side of the subject ward, entering her room. She stood around in the center of the room for a bit to stretch, turning around and looking at the open door...then noticed, Four..? Huh...well he was just checking personally if everyone was going to bed, scowling of course. Match squinted at him as he stood near her door, his back turned from her..She knew how dangerous the crazy scientist was, but hey...she was passionate, she was fearless when she needed to give some jerk a piece of her mind! And here...even if it's *Four* of all damn people, she *really* needed to lecture this dude on the state of the lab.

"Hey Dr. Four!" Match called out, Four flinched a bit, but remained calm, looking back at the subject.

"Uh, yes?"

"Y'know.." Match leaned on a wall within her room. "Lately the lab has been like, getting all messed up, a lot of like, blood, nasty crap, ESPECIALLY some sci-fi shit, don't you think?"

"Uh...yeah." Four blinked.

"*Weeelll* I've been thinking.." Match raised an eyebrow at Four.."Not to like, get way to personal yet, You should like, seriously cut this crap off, it's fucking ridiculous! I know I know..the DreaMaker stuff,

but hey..you're doing a lot of scummy things!"

Four furrowed his eyes at Match...this foolish subject..he could just, zap her and make her head burst just there...but he wasn't incredibly angry, simply...annoyed...and calm.

"Match, I do this project not only for the creation of the DreaMaker, but for general scientific research. I am a scientist back at my home world."

"Psh!" Match pouted. "All this *science* stuff...you're being a *total nerd*, and not JUST that, you're a *PSYCHOTIC nerd*! Don't you like, have some thought for *LIFE*??"

Four squinted at her....She's been here since day 1...yet no matter what, her chipper and carefree attitude remained untainted...it practically protected her from any serious mental breakage...perhaps..?

"....Then what should I do..?" Four glared...calm...he wanted to see....He read about Match...and her companion Pencil..they're known for...*rebellious* actions at *this* time...

"Oh!" Match perked up a bit..but yawned slightly. "I dunno! if you can't like, cancel this crazy shit, cuz I like, *know* you're gonna say no to cancelling Project DreaMaker, why not, I dunno, get *creative?* You have the power to build enough recovery centers for like, I dunno..sci-fi, sci-fi...oh yeah- for like a *thousand* worlds! You know your technokinesis! Plus..."

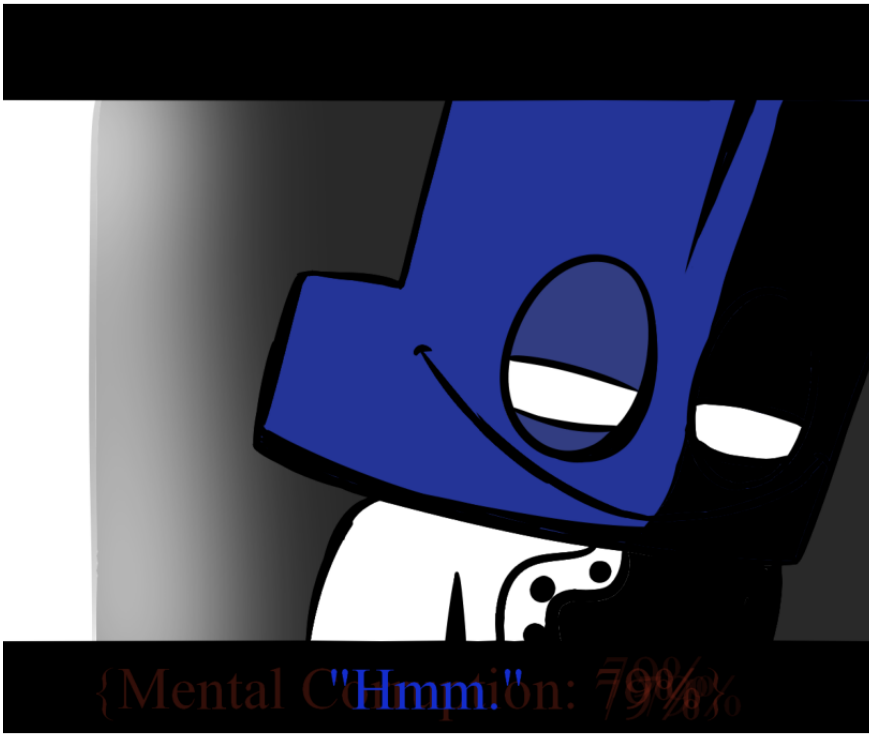
Match grimaced a bit.."Your experiments are really...really borderline *wrong*...but if i'm gonna say *something*, at least do something *interesting*? wouldn't that add more research other than the same old *'dissection oh boy zappy zappy I'm going cray cray with a scalpel'* bullshit?"

Four was...a bit flabbergasted by her attitude, not to mention her way of thinking....get *creative* huh..? He closed his mouth and straightened up, adjusting his lab coat.

"Well, i'll keep that in mind then, go to sleep M4TCH-017."

He turned away, leaving the room and ward....he smirked to himself.

Ideas...Match...*hmmm*....




{Mental Corruption: 79%}

Match laid on her bed, looking at the closed door of her cell...She couldn't sleep, it was quiet..and..- Oh yeah, isn't this the time Four and X go to sleep?

....

She checked on her calculations, dark...silent...nothing...she got up...*yes*..

Match smiled and perked up...

*Sneak Out.*

Pencil laid in her bed, covered in her blanket and trying to sleep. Her eyes closed, her body curled up.

But then her room door opened audibly, and Match snuck up to her, shaking her..

"Hey...hey Pencil..!" Match whispered loudly as she shook her comrade. Pencil lazily opened her eyes..then squeezed them shut, turning over and looking up properly..squinting... "Match..? what're you doing-"

"We're gonna sneak out!" Match smirked, pulling her up from her bed.. "Come on!"

*"Sneak out..?"* Pencil perked up...Another one of these lovely events...and Match by her side? Wonderful...

"Yeah! we're going to try and find more secrets around this lab, and of course, the usual shtick of squatting in the cake synthesizer chamber.." Match raised an eyebrow and smirked more at Pencil, this made her perk up wide awake, recalling their habits during these sneak outs..

"Oh HELL yes! ok, ok let's go..-" Pencil straightened up, holding Match's hand, the two went were off on their way...Match's heart was full of excitement as usual, Pencil's heart as well, but....an unusual tinge of trepidation was sparking in her as well..Pencil shrugged it off.

Dark wards.

Dark wards.

Dark wards.

"Oh man...never thought we'd make it to this part of the lab!"

Pencil had been traveling through the quiet lab wards, Match at her side. Oh...this was such an exciting time! Aside from..anxiety...Pencil was greatly enjoying this! ESPECIALLY Match...

The two wooden tools had been looking through nearly every part of the lab..the subject ward, the experimentation rooms, the storage chamber, the tube room..it was a wondrous experience looking at these areas so freely! And not to mention, they snuck into the cake synthesizer chamber, and fetched themselves some free midnight snacks...

But now..the subjects were going through a long...long hallway.

A special hallway.

For it lead to the staff ward.

"Incredible...we're actually here!" Pencil looked around, she was about to go around..she needed to see the surveillance room! She and Match could watch some serious top secret footage of all the things that go on in the lab! Or...maybe a data room to look for special scientific research she could tell the others about, see what we've been missing!

However, Match looked at a door...it was wide open.

"Hey...Pence-Pence you see that room?"

"Ah..?"

Pencil looked over at the door, out of all the doors..it was the one ajar...a pale light gleaming from it...

"What is going on there...- wait-"

Pencil quickly shielded Match, backing away..

"That room is open, and active..Four or X could be working in there..."

"Pencil...! They're both sleeping at this time! besides..I don't hear them..."

The writing utensil squinted, she listened to the room's sounds...no voices, no tapping, only the faint hum of technology...Why not...?

She walked to the door silently..peering inside...huh...no scientists...

The room was a small office, a broad control console, above which had a few small screens, all circling a much larger screen, showing footage of...an experiment chamber.

"Wow..."

Match looked inside along with Pencil..

"Pence-Pence come on!"

She grabbed Pencil's hand, walking into the room and pulling her in. Pencil perked up and looked at her flammable friend, some frantic thoughts spilling into her head as they got inside..."Hey M-Match I got some bad feelings about this place...-"

"Oh come on Pencil! we're always full of bad feelings with every thing in this lab..why not live on the edge? this is so cool!"

Match sat down on one of the rolling chairs in front of the control panel, looking up at the screens..Pencil stood and stared nervously, This room..Four and X wouldn't really leave a surveillance room all up and running like this, ESPECIALLY leaving the door open. This felt wrong..and not to mention, Match was going at all this way too lightly..She suffered just like all of the subjects, Mark 1 of Project DreaMaker to Mark....3! But she kept herself stable..through simply acting without too much of a mind..And plus, Match was deeply bonded with Pencil, she'd always feel safe with her...always..no matter what..-

"Pencil! get a load of this! Spongy is on screen!"

"-Ah..?"

Pencil looked up, shaking her head and going to the surveillance system..Match quickly grabbed her arm and pointed to the biggest screen..

"I am not joking...*Spongy* is in there! I'm not kidding LOOK!"

"Match, what...-"

The footage showed the interior of a experimentation room. A large metallic table riddled with machinery and technology under and above it. Strapped into the contraption...was indeed the large fellow, Spongy. He was glancing around, his face tinged with small fear and idle confusion..He must have been locked into that table for quite a while...or perhaps, unexpectedly?

Pencil squinted...that..can't be right..but hey..this was also *interesting*. She sat down on the chair next to Match, her fear and suspicion starting to fade and cling on barely to her being, both with the security of Match and her rather ludicrous, but charming attitude with this little sneak out, but also...that *gross sponge*...

"Oh man...what are these buttons?"

Match looked down at the control panel..a lot of small switches, buttons..a keyboard section, along side some labels and symbols to represent more simplistic functions..Pencil looked as Match was about to press a button labeled *'Rotate Work Table'*.

"Hey wait Match-!"

Pencil raised her hands a bit, but failed to stop Match as she pressed down on the glowing button. On the screen, Spongy flinched and yelped as the table he laid on suddenly lifted slowly, then rotate clockwise swiftly.

"Huh..wait a minute.." Pencil widened her eyes a bit, along side Match, they then looked at each other.."This room is some kind of remote experimentation place! these buttons control the thing Spongy is in!" Match looked at Pencil, smirking and raising an eyebrow...

Pencil looked at her back...the prospect of...doing something *REALLY* cool in this lab..? and with her best girlfriend Match...!?

Oh.

Hell.

Yes.

"Ok Match.."

Pencil smirked and cracked her knuckles, peering at all of the test options for Spongy on the control console..

"Let's play around with our ol bud Spongy, yes..?"

Match smirked back at Pencil, raising her fingers...

"Oh *yes*.."

Spongy looked around in the room, blinking...

"Hello...? is anyone there...?"

He looked around..confused..when was the experiment going to happen..? He'd been laying here for quite some hours now. Would X and or Four show up anytime? What were they preparing anyways?

Suddenly, his table rose up again, and there, he spun rapidly..

"woAH- HEY WHAT-"

Match and Pencil giggled like maniacs as Match was rhythmically pressing the table direction buttons in every order repeatedly, as to cause full constant rotation.

Pencil looked at some of the test buttons...

*'Yoyle-Serum.'*

*'De-Yoylefier.'*

*'Hammer.'*

*'Twinkle.'*

So many options...so many ways to embarrass this big fool.

Pencil looked at the ones in which sounded most hilarious, and chose the hammer...

"Alright Match, cut the spinning, i got something..."

Match looked over at her companion and did as said. Spongy continued to spin, spin, yell, sputter, then as the table slowly came to a halt, he sighed shakily, disoriented.

"Uuhguuh...w-why....I-I...blehg..." Spongy slurred...he didn't notice as a mechanical arm appeared from under the table, gripping a hammer. It raised the tool up, and swiftly bonked Spongy on his forehead, he yelped and recollected himself...somewhat.

"OW-!"

Spongy was hit with the hammer some more times, constantly squishing his face in, as it had (thankfully) hit him in his sponge body.

"STOP- IT- FOUR- X- SOMEONE-" Spongy yelped out after each hit of the mallet....Pencil and Match on the other hand, continued to guffaw, chortle, and snicker as they'd go on to screw around with poor Spongy more, with other features on the control console....Hammer...Yoyle-Metalization....More hammer...De-Yoylefier....Then Color changing...RAPID color changing....oh...they were having the times of their LIVES! this was like a game they were playing!

"Oh man I'm cracking up!!" Match tittered, Pencil looked at some other buttons..

"Oh oh oh!! here's the Twinkle! let's give him that!"

"Oh!! hope we don't get infected from camera footage!"

*Step*

Match pressed the button labeled 'Twinkle'.....they expected a syringe to pop out and inoculate Spongy with said substance, making him sparkle brightly and cause him to freak out as he was once again modified so suddenly...but, a hammer appeared, raised at his knees...

***K R A C K***

Spongy screamed out as his kneecap was dislocated...

Pencil and Match flinched and instantly frowned..

That...that wasn't what we wanted..

"O-Oh jeez-" Match covered her mouth..then flinched again as Pencil yelled..

"Match! I said TWINKLE, not Knee-crusher!"

"Pencil I PRESSED the Twinkle button! I swear!" The joy was fading..

*Step*

"Ok ok...it's ok, must be a dumb glitch, but ok..healing serum...healing serum...ah!" Pencil pressed a button labeled 'Heal Serum'.....

A metal arm ending with a blade appeared, stabbing into Spongy's side, causing him to yell out more in agony..

"OH G O D! STOP- AAHG--" The poor fool wailed out..grimacing..so unaware..but so pained..

Pencil's heart dropped as she stared wide eyed..Match yelled now, making Pencil in turn jump a bit.

"PENCIL THAT'S NOT GOING TO HELP!!" She was starting to panic...as much as the two judged Spongy both physically and personally, they weren't going to go so far as to TORTURE him like this! They were better than that, yes?!

*Step*

"MATCH I PRESSED THE HEALING BUTTON!!" Pencil tried to press another button labeled with anything that would repair subjects, but that only caused Spongy to receive another knife to his body.

*Step*

"This isn't WORKING! What HAPPENED to this thing!?" Match panicked more..looking at the control console..a glitch in the system?! did they mess with it too much!? they were practically keysmashing this thing a few minutes ago! they've done something horrible! but then..

*Step*

The glow of the buttons began to flicker, spark, buzz..Pencil quickly retracted her shaky hands from the console..

"Something's HAPPENING! something-"

The two wooden subjects looked up at the screen in horror..

"ENOUGH--GHK-" Spongy cried out as suddenly, more and more mechanical contraptions appeared...knifes...guns...hammers...syringes full of poisons...The yellow subject wheezed in horror at the sight of these torture devices...

"WHY?! I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING--"

***S P R A A C K***

Red on the screen.

***K R U N C H***

Screams from the speaker.

***S S H K K***

***"AA A AHG-"***

***S K R A C K***

***S H R R I P***

Pencil and Match stared at the screen, wide eyed, sweating, silent, paralyzed with shock, terror, and regret at the horrific scene that was shoved upon them from the camera screen.

Match had covered her mouth with both hands, deep regret coating her face.

"....S-S..." Pencil started to tremble, trying to say something, but all that came out was a pathetic, stuttered wheeze.

*Step*

They heard, the footsteps.

*Step*

A spiky chill shot through the two object's spines and guts as they

both trembled, realized their horrible mistake, realized why the remote experiment features went haywire like it just did. And they both realized everything that would be wrong for this entire night.

Trepidation became all in their minds.

*Step*

"....I see you two have a knack for late night sneak outs, yes..?"

Pencil and Match shakily looked back in their seats, their hearts being overflowed with utter horror.

There the blue scientist stood, looming over the two subjects. His face was blank, his irises glowed slightly in the darkness with a unearthly blue. Match and Pencil tried to move, tried, but alas, despair had befallen in their souls, as well as their paralysis in fear.

"Oh, about what just happened to Spongy and the controls, I was reminded of my...*technokinesis.* Decided to test it out while I came here. A bit of a dramatic entrance, yes..? *Aaaanyways*...."

*Technokinesis..*

Match's eyes widened a bit, speckles of tears beginning to well in her eyes as the realization of thoughts were starting to hit her....however she wouldn't have time for that.

Four pulled out two sedative syringes, holding each on both hands, then swiftly stabbing them into the two subjects.

Match yelped out, quickly turning to Pencil and attempting to hold onto her..But her raised arms quickly grew weaken, she grew lightheaded...and her eyes grew heavy.

Pencil had stumbled out of her seat, reaching for Match as well, before she too, grew tired...

"M-Match.."

"Penc...il.."

And then both subjects fell..

Darkness.

Consequences

*"……!"*

*"Match!"*

***"MATCH!!"***

Match woke up abruptly with a gasp. Her eyes shifted around the

room rapidly, she was in near darkness, and she realized she was inside some kind of machine, given that two rectangular pillars stood right by her side. She looked up..The ceiling of the contraption, having a circular opening, within it multiple small and medium mechanical arms, tipped with different tools, as well as folded mechanical arms being situated near the bottom and top corners of the bizarre contraption. She then looked at herself, seeing she was forced in a standing position, her legs held in place and her hands raised up to her shoulders's level, being gripped securely by cuffs, which were seemingly magnetically held by the machines more advanced components, as a blue ray of hard light kept the cuffs attached to the interior of the machine.

She had never seen this torture machine, Not in any of her times around the lab...-

*"MATCH LOOK AT ME!"*

She flinched, then looked in front of her...to see Pencil, in the exact same position as her, struggling and grimacing. Match widened her eyes and screamed out, trying to struggle as well.

*"PENCIL!!"*

Pencil grimaced and yelled at Match...

*"MATCH IT'S NO USE! WE'RE STUCK IN TORTURE MACHINES! WE'RE GOING TO DIE HORRIBLY AT THE HANDS OF THAT NUMBER!! AND IT'S ALL THANKS TO THIS FUCKING SNEAK OUT!!"*

Match began to tear up..

"PENCIL WE DIDN'T KNOW HE'D COME LIKE THAT!!"

Pencil then glared at Match, snapping.

*"MATCH WE SHOULDN'T HAVE FUCKING SNUCK OUT LIKE THIS, WE SHOULDN'T HAVE STAYED UP LATE WHEN FOUR AND X ARE WORKING FAR MORE THAN EVER, AND WE SHOULD HAVE ESPECIALLY NOT HAVE GONE INTO THAT GODDAMN CAMERA ROOM!!"*

Match widened her eyes, the realization from before they were put in this mess finally resurfaced once more.

Oh god.

Why.

No no no no no-

Match squawked out at Pencil, her tears somewhat flying off of her face as emotions were boiling in both of the young women.

"WE DO THIS ALL THE TIME PENCIL! WE'D FUCKING OUTSMART THE SCIENTISTS MULTIPLE TIMES!!"

"THOSE TIMES WERE WHEN THE DUMB SPEAKER BOXES WERE AROUND MATCH!! THESE ARE FOUR AND X WE'RE TALKING ABOUT!!"

Pencil wasn't having any of this, they were going to die, she was absolutely frustrated, this was the heat of the moment..

Match grimaced at all the yelling...from her companion..she trusted her...but she wanted Pencil to trust her too...Well, what just

happened now, that would be tarnished it seemed.

"I DON'T GET WHY WE HAD TO GO OUT THERE IN THAT ROOM AND TORMENT SPONGY LIKE THAT! WHAT ARE WE, SICK?! WE WENT THROUGH THIS MATCH! WE AREN'T SUPPOSED TO GO AROUND AND DO STUPID ASS SHIT!! YOU SHOULD KNOW THIS MATCH!! YOU SHOULD!! HAD YOU NOT LEAD US BOTH INTO ALL OF THIS BULLSHIT BACK THEN WE'D BE FINE AND BACK IN OUR ROOMS!! SAFE!!"

Match clenched her teeth, breathing heavily, and feeling her heart practically shatter at this scornful screeching from the one person she trusted and dedicated herself to the most.

She had failed her.

She had failed herself.

And now.

They'd pay the consequences.

consequences.

consequences.

consequences.

"CONSEQUENCES MATCH, DON'T YOU REALIZED THAT!? CONSEQUENCES CONSEQUENCES CONSEQUENCES-"

*ZAP*

*"A-ah.."*

Pencil suddenly straightened up and froze still, a small mechanical arm had lowered down, tipped with a strange nerve-controlling taser, having pressed onto the back of her head and forced her to stay paralyzed.

Her face had been full of frustration and upset rage at this entire ordeal, but now...It had loosened to a wide eyed, agape expression..it would seem she hadn't found the right emotion to react with yet.

The chainless cuffs around her wrists and ankles popped off, as the paralysis ray would do the work now of keeping her still.

Soon enough, more small mechanical arms lowered down, tipped with lasers, beginning to glow and fire up.

***BBBZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ***

Continuous lasers shot at different areas of Pencil's body, smoke rising from the spots.

Slowly, the lasers moved about on Pencil, charred incisions left behind, more streams of smoke rising from the freshly burned up lines. The lasers even cut right through her collar, burning into it and causing it to fall off, segmented into four.

Pencil stayed perfectly still... But she shivered, as despite being paralyzed by the neural-laser, and despite the fact that the laser incisions being done throughout her entire body, were rather cleanly cauterized, she felt great, burning pain course through her body.

Match's eyes were wide open, she was shot with utter horror and confusion at what *abominable* act was being doing on her dear, dear friend.

*"Pencil?! PENCIL!?"*

She cried out, trying to struggle more in the cuffs, screaming out in desperation..

*"GET THESE OFF!!"*

*"M-Match.."* Pencil squeaked out softly.

Match looked up quickly, witnessing as the laser arms had finished their work on Pencil. Larger metal arms tipped with claws stretched out and grabbed a hold of each segment of skin that was separated by the burned cuts.

Pencil had been wracked with utter dread and agony at the fine segmentation of her hide, so much so she could only barely croak out a strained cry..

She looked at Match straight in the eye, a single tear running down....

*"I-I...-"*

***S H H H R I I I I H H P P P P P***

The sight Match would witness, would haunt her for the rest of her life.

Worm its way into her psyche, take root and feed off of her well-being and stability.

The visceral screeches of Pencil boomed through the room, accompanied by the morbid sounds of flesh and skin being parted violently.

Veins stretched and snapped, flying about and spraying blood.

Clean sinews of muscles were exposed out, gleaming and weeping blood.

Tendons and ligaments revealed and twitched out, within their crevices, the surfaces of bones and joints.

Pencil's face was peeled right off, as if it were a leather mask, leaving her with a horrific, permanently wide eyed, skeletal grimace of a "face."

The subject garbled out, collapsing on the ground with a macabre splatter of blood all over the floor. She twitched in agony, quickly dying of shock from the shear agony she had felt.

She had been flayed.

Flayed.

Flayed.

Flayed.

Flayed.

Flayed.

Flayed.

Flayed.

Flayed.

Flayed.

Flayed.

Flayed.

Flayed.

Flayed.

Flayed.

Flayed.

"Oh, well seems new tech can be, a little jumpy when being controlled through pure technokinesis."

*Step*

*Step*

*Step*

Buttons on a control panel, right on the machine Match was being held in, were pushed.

***BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ***

Match cried out, she tried to struggle more, but the paralyzing neuro-taser had attached behind her neck, letting her move her head at the very least..but not her body, for she too was having her skin segmented with cauterized cuts.

Burning.

Stinging.

Agony.

She already felt like she was having her skin excoriated viciously; she technically already was as she was having her entire pelt evenly divided. She was absolutely panicking and howling in pain....but then she saw Four in her view, glaring at her blankly..starting to smirk.

She shakily stopped her screaming, opening her mouth to yell out bouts of insults and pleas of mercy, but only letting out a croaked squeak of agony as her skin was cut up.

Four closed his eyes and took a breath, scoffing.

"No need spew any words at me M4TCH-017, There's not *too* much that needs to be said here."

The mad doctor clenched his hands together, raising one eyebrow.

"I'd like to thank you for...what you said to me at the subject ward. As in...telling me to *get creative* with my experiments...While as strange and honestly annoying your personality can be towards someone like me..... I suppose your little critique of my work made me somewhat realize the benefit of having a valley girl subject."

Match cried out as the lasers had finished cutting up her hide, the robot arms reaching and grabbing a hold of the segments of her skin; Her head and face skin was chosen to be kept intact, probably to prevent instant shock somehow....

But she was in pain.

That didn't matter.

She was dreading everything.

"Not to mention, You've given me a little spark of inspiration to actually get more into the technological side of everything. By that, I've conceived and built this here experiment machine just today...I call it.."

*"The Flayer."*

***S H H R R R I I P P P P***

***"AAA-HAAGHAHH--"***

Match bellowed out.

She fell over as the neuro-taser retracted, slumping on the floor base of The Flayer like a discarded puppet. Blood splattered about on the floor, some veins sprawled out on parts of her sinews, as well as

patched layers of her dermis still remaining and flaking from the end of her mangled fingers and joints.

Cries of shear torment escaped her mouth, hot tears stinging her tightly shut eyes. Every single movement she made pained her, she couldn't be on the floor with her entire muscle frame exposed, for all of her stinging nerves to pick up each and every bout of pain she'd fell in this very moment of grotesque science.

Four glared at the process blankly...but he somewhat flinched and grimaced at witnessing how Match was flayed alive.

"Oh dear.."

But he quickly resumed his grim composure, he had a job to do after all.

He walked up in front of the twitching, wailing, suffering subject.

"You poor thing...I actually fucking *dread* to see how you'll end up once I toss you into a little..*pool* I made in conjunction to The Flayer's work."

Match looked up, wheezing out...

*"W-Why..w-why...why...whywhywhywhywhy....ghgkk..."*

Four raised an eyebrow at her...then he bent over to her, resting his elbows on his knees and managing a smirking scoff.

"Because 017, you're a subject. And not only that, you snuck out at

night when you really shouldn't, and you've been doing this *quite* a lot scot-free."

He then reached out to her, ready to drag her away.

Away to destroy her completely.

"Consequences M4TCH-017, realize that."

He grabbed Match by the back of her head, starting to drag her away to another area in the large experiment room.

Drag

Step

Step

Step

Step

Yells

Screams

Wails

Blood trail

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Consequences

P3NC1L-018 RECOVERED.

Pencil shot up from a metal table, huffing and shivering with tension in her heart and soul. She looked around frantically, still feeling the...pain from last night, yet feeling rather confused due to how fast she had perished.

...She was in the tube room.

She had been revived..

"M-Match!?"

She quickly hopped out of her bed, rushing around the rows of tubes, looking at each number in a panicked state, until she finally found Match's respective tube...there she was.

Floating in liquid...curled up...a peaceful expression on her sleeping face...

At least, an expression that Pencil hoped would remain once Match wakes up..

Relief washed over Pencil's being as she sighed out..

She looked over at X, who was always working around in this room nowadays, opening her mouth to call out to him, so he'd release Match..

"Dr. X? please let Match out!"

X looked over at Pencil, blank...

Then he tapped on the main control panel of the tube room.

The liquid drained within the glass tank, wires popped off, Match gently floated down and sat on the ground, but not before a small metal arm came out from the ceiling of the tube, quickly snapped a brand new track collar around her neck.

"M-Match..."

Pencil quickly held up her dear companion, shaking her a bit..

"Oh man, are you ok?! wake up..please...i'm here fo-"

Pencil's eyes furrowed a bit as she felt Match suddenly begin to shiver..

Then tremble...

Then flail out her arms and kick her legs, Making Pencil yelp out and flinch back in surprise.

Her face distorting from a passive, sleeping expression to a morbid, and absolutely anguish filled grimace.

She screeched out, cried, begged for help repeatedly, her words slurred out into pathetic incomprehensible bawling..

"MATCH CALM DOWN!-"

Pencil quickly held Match securely, trying to keep her from flailing her arms out so much, but Match kicked out and screeched, struggling in her arms.

*"NNHG- AHAGGH NO..H-HEHLP...HE L P N-NOO...NOO..."*

Match wailed out, unaware of any of her surroundings, barely hearing Pencil's pleas for tranquility. What had been done to her last night had shook her to her absolute core, the shear mental and physical anguish from both her horrid guilt over the entire situation, as well as the awful, awful epidermal experiments being done on her...

She was at 100% Mental Corruption.

X stared at Match, seeing the scans on a little smartwatch he wore on his right wrist, which told of the statuses of both subjects and scientists.

.....

He simply rubbed his head.

Stress.

Mental strain.

He walked away from the scene, not wanting to care as Pencil dragged Match away to the subject area...begging for help.

"M-Match...r-remember this game..?"

Pencil had Match covered in a blanket, to keep her warm as her body temperature was oddly messy. Not only that, but she wasn't eating at all, and suffered as a result.

She raised a hand holding a normal pencil, forcing a smile as Match looked up, shivering and clutching her blanket...Pencil offering her a normal match..

The broken subject glared at her companion, her face full of fear and utter pain, her eyes wide and bloodshot, as well as her irises dull and glazed over.

....

"S-Sp...s-sponge....s-s-ss...." She squeaked out...shivering..tearing up...beginning to raise her quaking hands, shakily taking the small match...Pencil smiled more, nodding quickly..

"Yeah! Spongy Cake! y-y'know our game back in DreaMaker Mark 1? h-here let's play.."

She hesitated with her movements, but started off by gently tapping the small pencil against Match's own small...inanimate self..

"1..." Pencil waited...

Match looked down, staring for a few seconds...then shakily striking the small match against the pencil..

"....2...."

....getting there...Pencil sweated and continued, hoping to god that this would bring Match back *somehow*.

"3...."

"....4...." Match shivered..tensing up...

"W-Who do we n-not adore..?"

"Sp...spo...."  Match's pupils dilated....remembering..

Spongy...

*Spongy...*

"M-Match..-?"

Pencil's heart sank as she widened her eyes, also realizing.

Match shakily dropped the miniature version of herself, trembling more and beginning to sob out, curling up quickly in the blanket..

Pencil dropped her own item, quickly holding Match's shoulders to try and calm her down..

"Match please PLEASE!!-"

Oh.

This was it.

Pencil began to weep tears rather quickly, sniffling and grimacing

with sorrow and utter, soul-crushing guilt.

This was her absolute best friend. Her companion since day 1. Her solace in the lab. Her pride and joy. Her dedication and reason for life.

She had held it off somewhat in this context, but she genuinely loves her.

*Loves her.*

And she realized there and out, that her dear, dear Match was horrifically traumatized and psychologically damaged.

Corrupted by the shear force of unwarranted guilt combined with absolutely *heinous* bouts of agony.

And from her putting all the blame from last night's nightmare on her dearest friend...

She felt she was a major factor in this abominable situation.

"Oh Match..s-sweetie..."

Pencil cried and quickly hugged Match close to herself, holding her close and gently swaying side to side, as if to cradle her in an upright position...

She buried her face into her shoulder a bit...then without hesitation, she planted a kiss on her cheek..

Match could only shiver and sob, constantly reliving the horrible night, over, over, over, and over again..

Ruby was watching along side Bubble, from the far wall of the room in which they were attending the two wooden subjects, now utterly

broken souls.

"....B-Bubble..I-I'm...o-oh M-Match..Pencil..th-they.." Ruby cupped her hands over her mouth..Not only was this her friends now falling at the hands of peak Mental Corruption, but this was a tragic scene mirroring her own predicaments with Flower, thus hitting her on a personal level...She looked over at Bubble, who was staring with utter pity in her face..

"Match....she...O-Oi..." Bubble looked down... "O-Oi knew she woild be shattered oine day...I-I coiould tell..." She exhaled, for her, Match is one of the people she really cared for, being in a whole...'alliance' gig to keep themselves sane and secure in the laboratory, she looked up to her, but alas....this was only a matter of time, she knew how...fragile Match would be, mentally.

"A-Ah..." Ruby lowered her hands, then looked down.."...We really, really have to look out for Four."

Bubble's face then loosened at the name of that doctor....She took a deep breath..furrowing her eyes.

"....Yeah...t-that...mh.."

Under her breath, Bubble..cursed in her accent's full language.

Ruby perked up at the odd word..

"Ah...what did you say B-Bubble..?"

Bubble looked over at Ruby, simply waving her hand and sighing..

"O-Oih...it's noithing Roiby, just uh....a cuss in Goiky...y-yknoiow me.."

Ruby looked down...

"Oh..o-ok..."

Consequences.

(Has writing the chapter to an edgy fanfic ever given you a miniature existential crisis because of how horrifically grimdark it managed to progressively get? Even after the part where you did dental torture on a innocent cake creature was deemed to be the most brutal part of the fic ever?

Uh

Yeah, this chapter, did things to my head when i got to the fucking bloody part.

I think my soul is dying.

Did i mention this is a *horror* and *grimdark* fanfic?

Ok anyways

Oh hey i'm back! good GOD this took forever, there was uh, mental issues, irl stuff everywhere and other crap, but i hope to GOD i can get back on track...apologies for how long this took to post, as well as if this chapter ends up being incredibly wonky despite the big wait..

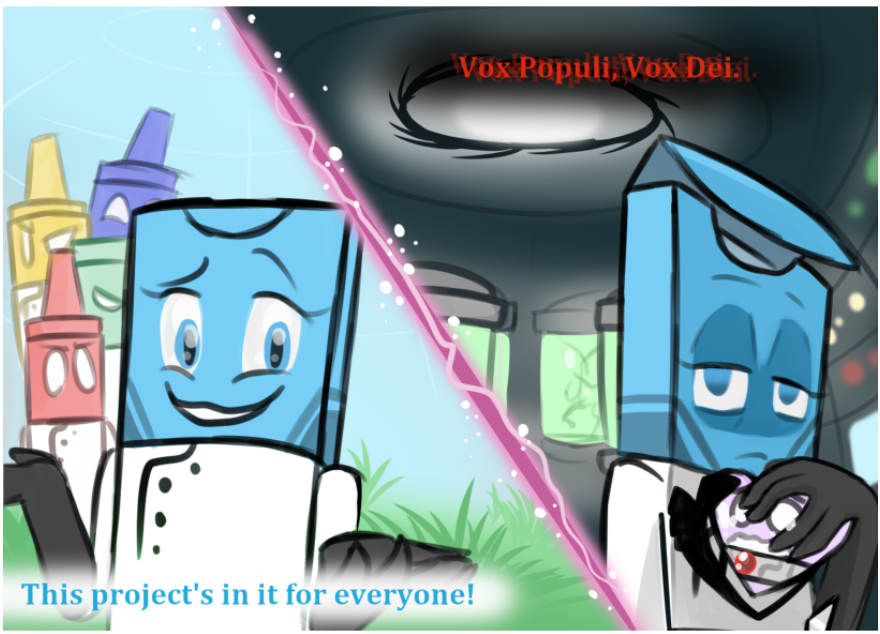
-Redmist108, needs to fucking fix her shit before something happens to the rest of her skeletal parts.)

# INTERMISSION: OPEN SOURCE

**[WARNING, EXPUNGING OF DATA CORRUPTED]**

---

First actual piece of OSO fanart and it's this shit jdksajdklsaj


Vox Populi, Vox Dei.
This project's in it for everyone!

If you look at the tiny text in the new cover art for this au's book, I stated that this doesn't *have* to be a BFDI centric au, despite the current big storyline here being in BFB, I think i stated this a while ago but this au is very flexible in how it goes, as long as it involved like, sci-fi lab junk.

This reminds me I REALLY need to start doing art and write down the

ideas of other versions of this au such as-

*Reverse Project DreaMaker: The subjects are a huge team of scientists, and the hosts are simply really unique or powerful subjects.*

*Dead Labs: After years and years of experimentation, Mental Corruption reeks in the entire facility, even tainting the absolute sanest scientists.*

True DreaMaker: [DATA EXPUNGED]

[DATA EXPUNGED]

[DATA EXPUNGED]

[DATA EXPUNGED]

[DATA EXPUNGED]

**[DATA LEAK REPRESSED]**

".....Four..that data leak.."

"Y-yeah...."

"....-No, I don't want any fucking part of whatever this is, continue Project DreaMaker."

"A-Ah..? X..?"

"MOVE ON, FORGET ABOUT THIS. THIS DATA IS SUPPOSED TO BE REDACTED."

".....Ok...."

"Hmm....this....this should be nothing anyways, eh."

# INTERMISSION: GENERAL SUBJECT DATA

Ok since I'm fucking inconsistent with the code numbers of every character i've made this to hopefully fix that-

---

"Ok...let's overview this again X, I keep mixing up numbers for these subjects, ugh."

"Eh...same, let's see..."

*[LIST OF SUBJECTS ENROLLED INTO PROJECT: DREAMAKER. CODE NAMES AND DISPOSITIONS.]*

*Note: Cloned variations of existing subjects are to officially be designated the same code names as their originators, but ending with a unique letter corresponding to their type.*

*R- Robot*

*Jr- Little*

*E- Evil*

□□□□

□□□□

□□□□

F1R3Y-001 DISPOSITION: CHOLERIC

L34FY-002 DISPOSITION: SANGUINE

B2BBL3-003 DISPOSITION: MELANCHOLIC

1C3 C5B3-004 DISPOSITION: CHOLERIC

C01NY-005 DISPOSITION: PHLEGMATIC

P1N-006 DISPOSITION: CHOLERIC

N33DL3-007 DISPOSITION: CHOLERIC

P3N-008 DISPOSITION: PHLEGMATIC

T34R DR0P-009 DISPOSITION: MELANCHOLIC

FL0W3R-010 DISPOSITION: CHOLERIC

R0CKY-011 DISPOSITION: SANGUINE

BL0CKY-012 DISPOSITION: CHOLERIC

W00DY-013 DISPOSITION: PHLEGMATIC

SP0NG3Y-014 DISPOSITION: PHLEGMATIC

SN0WB4LL-015 DISPOSITION: CHOLERIC

3R4S3R-016 DISPOSITION: PHLEGMATIC

M4TCH-017 DISPOSITION: SANGUINE

P3NC1L-018 DISPOSITION: SANGUINE

T3NN1S B4LL-019 DISPOSITION: MELANCHOLIC

G0LF B4LL-020  DISPOSITION: CHOLERIC

D4V1D-021  DISPOSITION: PHLEGMATIC

G3L4T1N-022  DISPOSITION: SANGUINE

P5FFB4LL-023  DISPOSITION: SANGUINE

FR13S-024  DISPOSITION: CHOLERIC

B00K-025  DISPOSITION: CHOLERIC

Y3LL0W F4C3-026  DISPOSITION: SANGUINE

R5BY-027  DISPOSITION: SANGUINE

D0N5T-028  DISPOSITION: CHOLERIC

D0R4-029 DISPOSITION: CHOLERIC

B0MBY-030 DISPOSITION: CHOLERIC

N1CK3L-031 DISPOSITION: PHLEGMATIC

R0B0TY-032 DISPOSITION: PHLEGMATIC

L1Y-033  DISPOSITION: CHOLERIC

BR4C3L3TY-034  DISPOSITION: SANGUINE

8-B4LL-035  DISPOSITION: PHLEGMATIC

ST4PY-036 DISPOSITION: CHOLERIC

F0LDY-037  DISPOSITION: MELANCHOLIC

B4SK3TB4LL-038  DISPOSITION: MELANCHOLIC

TV-039  DISPOSITION: SANGUINE

B4LL00NY-040  DISPOSITION: MELANCHOLIC

CL05DY-041  DISPOSITION: SANGUINE

G4TY-042  DISPOSITION: MELANCHOLIC

S4W-043  DISPOSITION: SANGUINE

L0LLIP0P-044  DISPOSITION: CHOLERIC

T4C0-045  DISPOSITION: MELANCHOLIC

3GGY-046  DISPOSITION: MELANCHOLIC

CL0CK-047  DISPOSITION: PHLEGMATIC

N41LY-048  DISPOSITION: CHOLERIC

F4NNY-049  DISPOSITION: CHOLERIC

M4RK3R-050  DISPOSITION: PHLEGMATIC

B3LL-051  DISPOSITION: SANGUINE

TR33-052  DISPOSITION: PHLEGMATIC

R3M0T3-053  DISPOSITION: PHLEGMATIC

GR4SSY-054  DISPOSITION: SANGUINE

B4RF B4G-055  DISPOSITION: CHOLERIC

C4K3-056  DISPOSITION: MELANCHOLIC

R0B0T FL0W3R-057 (Or: FL0W3R-010R)  DISPOSITION: CHOLERIC

F1R3Y JR.-058 (Or: F1R3Y-001JR)  DISPOSITION: SANGUINE

BL4CK H0L3-059  DISPOSITION: PHLEGMATIC

B0TTL3-060  DISPOSITION: SANGUINE

P13-061  DISPOSITION: PHLEGMATIC

P1LL0W-062  DISPOSITION: PHLEGMATIC

L1GHTN1NG-063  DISPOSITION: SANGUINE

L0S3R-064 DISPOSITION: PHLEGMATIC

*[NOTES OF IMPORTANCE]*

*Temperament classification is meant to manage corruption in subject's mental state, as well as a general description of personality and behavior. As stated before, the nature of Brink State is indicated by disposition, as well as disposition playing a part in how sensitive or numb a subject will be towards corruption.*

"Hm...hey Four?"

"Yeah?"

"This whole 'disposition' stuff...given we have to have our mental corruption monitored, don't you think *we* should have like..disposition classifications?"

"Uh...X we're scientists, don't be silly...besides, mental corruption isn't supposed to be a huge concern for scientists. It's a thing created to monitor the *subjects*, not us."

"Ah...Four I know your concerns and all but..hmm...-Hey! how about...I dunno just for fun?"

Ehhh...X I dunno how-"

"Oh! just typed us in on the scanner watch, we...we DO have dispositions already!"

"...Wha..?"

"Yeah Four! I'm Sanguine, you're Choleric!"

"Wh- lemme see-"

"It's right there..."

"....Huh...!"

---

I'm prob still gonna get inconsistent with these but this is just to soothe my issue with just remembering everything off the bat, not to mention I most likely changed things here originally from previous chapters, but w a a the names always kept switching around and changing in the previous chapters anyways so bleh-

rlly need to find more inspo for crazy chapters-

# INTERMIS----- X's Catalogs

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

*Day xxx*

*Object Species Research: The Puffball Family*

"Throughout my studies with Dr. Four, we have made sure to thoroughly analyze Object-kind in this planet, as to improve research on our primary goal of *Project DreaMaker*. As we have learned, each specific type of object we own is part of a completely different *species*, (not necessarily sub-species') rather than being in different *breeds* as we have originally thought, much like the different breeds of numbers in our own species. Thus, we have come to classify "*Objects*" as a *genus* of some sort, or rather more, simply its very own *organism group*."

"Today we shall focus our current research to one of the most peculiar form of Object: *The Puffball*. Thankfully, Wave 2 of our subject roster happened to have a (albeit artificially born) specimen of said species, in the form of P5FFB4LL-023."

X had finished injecting anomaly suppressant into Puffball, something she had to be given constantly, else research with her would be....difficult.

"♫Why do I have to take this stuff so much?♫" Puffball chimed, sparkly and shifting colors as she spoke.

"023, if you keep spraying rainbows at our faces and shifting sizes, we'd have a real bad time learning about you..it's rough, but hey!
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

L34FY-002, L0S3R-064, and so many others have to take this! make life easier.." X tried to be understanding...at the very least...

"♫But isn't that the beauty of mad science? To play around with the anomalous? Why suppress that when you can have so much FUN!♫" Puffball smiled...trying to at least charm the scientist as he held her by the collar, her hovering powers weakened with the limits of stamina focus.

X sighed, placing her on a metal table. "I know you're trying to swindle me into loosening the serious gig, but 023, please, we have a job to do." He rubbed his head, frowning and turning away to get his tools..Puffball's forced smile dissolved into a frown as she slumped on the table, her fur loosening a bit..

"♪Eh.....fine..♪"

X then placed down a tray of tools and such on the table, looking over at Puffball. He continued the research recording.

"The Puffballs are quite an exotic organism, naturally born with a multitude of anomalous traits weaved into their genetic coding. The main form of movement for The Puffballs is to levitate through psionic will, making up for the complete lack of limbs a great

majority of Puffballs are known for, as well as functionally eliminating the limitations of muscle tiredness."

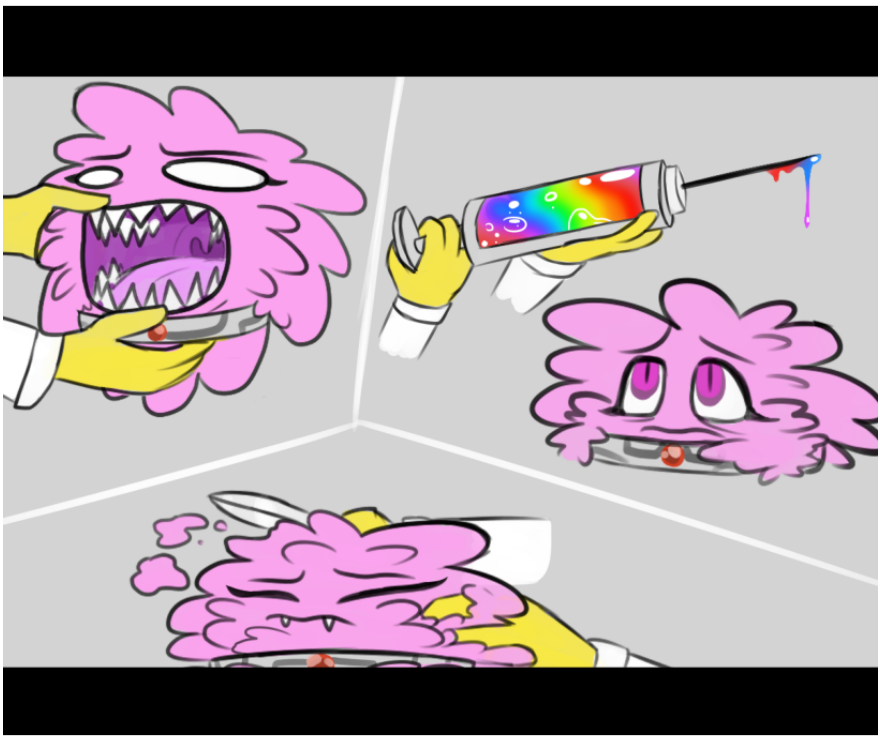
"They often speak in a strange, almost *'vocoded'* voice, along side shifting colors and sparkling as they do so. Vocal cords appear to be structured in a unique way to allow for such a bizarre tone of voice."

"A particularly anomalous ability of puffballs is the apparent power to shift their overall size, being observed going from as small as a rodent, to as big as a large house. The true physical mechanisms of this ability is as of yet unknown, as no signs of rapid flesh mass degrading or increasing has been detected during size shifts. It is hypothesized that the size shifting the puffball boast is related to some kind of psionic ability focused on manipulating their own molecular body mass, as well as full subconscious manipulation of the Square-Cube law; This is however, a mere hypothesis."

"Members of the Puffball Family are known to regurgitate a rainbow-like substance during times of distress. This substance shares 1/4 of its chemical structure with bile, as well as lines the outer mucous membranes of digestive organs; The substance appears to be produces in a multitude of glands within the stomach and liver. Other than perhaps just being oddly colored digestive fluids, the *true* purpose of the Puffball's rainbow substance is currently unknown, but overall seems to serve as some sort of natural stress reliever for Puffballs, much similar to weeping tears...perhaps?"

X was examining Puffball thoroughly, snipping samples of her fur, prying her mouth open to analyze her sharp teeth, flashing a light into her eye, and extracting some rainbow substance with a very precise syringe to the guts.

Puffball went on with it all, she didn't enjoy it, but it was all part of her life..This was EVERYONE'S life in the lab anyways, to be examined and studied like an animal, other than the uh....torture and jargon like that.



"Ok ok, this seems to be good so far." X worked on, updating the data he had on Puffball's species. Puffball watched, looking around, she saw that the experiments seemed...done...so she grunted, slowly hovering up with an effort. She noticed how X was acting, somewhat aloof...seemingly *forcing* a kindred demeanor as he worked on the experiments he's normally perfectly fine with; X was always known as the kindest scientist in the lab, always understanding and ensuring

the comfort of each and every subject. Of course, any required torture experiment he was assigned to do, he'd go through with it head on. But he always made sure to cooperate with the subjects and help them make through it as easily as possible.

Lately however..everyone noticed a drastic change in his demeanor, for he had become more blank, cold, dissociated. He helped subjects in need less, either because he didn't take any mind to it, or he simply wasn't willing to help them out of stress...

It was surreal.

Worrying.

"♪So uh...Dr. X..?♪" Puffball looked over at the yellow doctor, who slowly turned to her, adjusting his glasses.

"Uh...y-yes 023." He spoke blank...

"♪I-I uh...know this is a strange question to ask, given we're test subjects, and you're a s-scientist and all, but we are just like, concerned!♪" Puffball smiled nervously...

"....concerned." X stared..looking down.

"♪A-Ah..-y-yeah! Concerned! You seem..stressed! You're acting all uh...sad and...unhinged..♪" Puffball began to crack a frown, looking at the doctor, her slit pupils dilated a bit..

"♪.....Is it about Four....?♪"

.....

X rubbed his eyes from under his glasses, turning away rather quickly and walking out of the room.

"Please, 023, go to your chamber."

Puffball floated up more, her eyes widening a bit in genuine concern..

"♪B-But doctor...-♪"

He left.

X went away to the halls, the air was growing...heavy honestly, and his thoughts felt like stones in his skull.

This Lab.....

The subjects.....

The experiments...

Project DreaMaker....

.....Four.....-

-No..

Just work.

Keep at it, we'll get through.

You're fine.

I'm fine.

Mental Corruption: 69%
"I'm fine...I'm fine...I-I swear..."

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

(X ain't holding up too well.....

A mini-chapter h o o o

A real chapter comes after this tho oof-

Is this a breather?

Prob not cuz uhhhh we be checking up on some c o n c e r n i n g s t u f f

h o o-)

# Moments of Desolation

*"We are here by you."*

.....

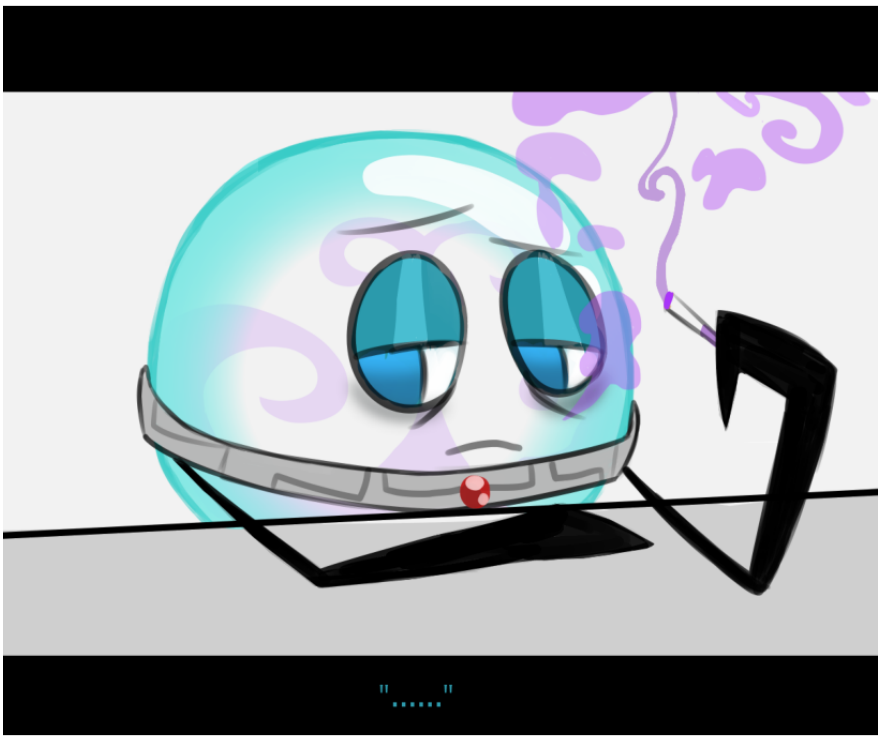
*"No matter what, we'll all stick together!"*

*"Oh screw those scientists, they ain't breaking ME!"*

*"Oi beloive in you all!"*

Reminiscence.

Tainted with melancholy.




Bubble sat at a table, situated in a large, yet empty, dark, and sterile room far from the chaos of the experiment chambers.

The fragile subject was taking her common breaks during schedule. Given how easy it was to kill her with a single jab of a finger, the scientists would simply let her go, brushing her off as poor experiment stock. This *would* be a benefit for Bubble, given how

much she absolutely **loathed** experiments...but alas, the pain and unrest piling up on Bubble from the years she's spent suffering in this lab, as well as the awful misery she'd witness happening upon her dearest comrades..was practically torturing her as much as any physical experiment.

And such mental unrest, would often lead Bubble to walk over here to this metallic room, carrying a few commodities offered from her item chute, and simply laze around the tables and chairs, her numbed mind full of gloomy memories, and sometimes smoke.

Now however, things have been begun to change with Four and X arriving. Being significantly better scientists than all the speaker boxes combined ever were, the object's common gimmicks and habits were being subverted to "spice" things up a bit more in Project DreaMaker Mark 4.

Black Hole was shrunken by Four, some people are being genetically modified at times, anyone with abilities problematic to the doctors' agenda are regularly fed anomaly-suppressant, and fragile objects such as Bubble were fed a strengthener in order for them to be able to sustain awful gory injuries, without being saved by a quick pop or shatter.

And now, Bubble was scheduled for an experiment with Four, the same doctor that shattered Loser and Match's minds, the same doctor that always managed to make each and every experiment forever haunt even the toughest subject, and the same doctor that always found a way to divert everyone's expectations.

Bubble took a fresh breath, holding in for a bit, then breathing out, trying to maintain her composure, as good as she was at coping with everything right now, she knew she had that potential of breaking....mentally...

*~~~~~~Few hours ago~~~~~~~~~*

Bubble was trying her best to calm down the now corrupted Match, cradling her dear friend and alliance member with utmost care.

"Match....there there...it's oikay....you're safe..." the lilt of her accented voice was lowered to a soft whisper of comfort, making the once screaming and struggling Match slowly relax, breath, and go quiet...However, despite the progress so far, the young girl still had those pitiful, dewy, baggy eyes, twitching cold fingers, and utterly bleak aura.

Match blinked a bit at Bubble's words. "Oikay....now ploise Match, you need to sleep..so you can heal!..coime on...sssh..." As Bubble rocked the wooden subject more...Match was slowly closing her eyes, breathing out softly..Pencil was keeping an eye on this, wanting her love to be at peace for once...The overwhelming self-blame and pain..the fact that she was refused any treatment for the corruption...It was all so much...but..she could rely on Bubble yes..?

But...

No matter how hard she or Bubble would try, Match would constantly be left in unrest...the memories tormenting her soul...

Parting skin.

Brutal words.

Sanguine flesh.

*"G-gHH**AAAHHH!!!**"*

Match suddenly screeched, jerking up from Bubble's arms, causing the fragile subject to flinch and back off from her, afraid of getting popped. Pencil gasped and quickly grabbed her comrade, who was now once again reliving her trauma, driven back into the depths of pure madness..

"Hey...hey..Hey Match! It's ok! i'm here for you! Match I'm here!" Pencil wrapped her arms around Match securely, grunting and flinching a bit however, as Match tried to escape her hold frantically.

"*No nO NO STOP! Don't SKIN ME! PLEASE I'M SORRY!!* ***I'M SORRY!!***" Match wailed, her eyes bloodshot and dull, her voice cracked with the constant strain put on her throat from all the screaming, and her shivering uncontrollable.

Bubble watched as Pencil repeated her words of comfort to Match, her presence and solace as Match's closest comrade managing to settle down the panicked fighting, leaving way for Match to simply cry out and cling onto Pencil for dear life.

"*N-No..i-i'm sorry...I w-was being s-s-STUPID I-I wasn't th-thinking..*" Match muttered her mad, anguished mantra to Pencil.

Pencil allowed Match to sink into her hold, trembling and whimpering pathetically as she constantly apologized aimlessly.

"*I'm b-better o-off...gone f-forever...i-i'm a burden to you..P-Pencil..*" Match muttered, heaving painfully, sputtering out a strained cry, her face soaked with wet tears.

"No no..don't say that Match, I love you....I really love you..." Pencil clearly looked exhausted, resentful at the doctors, and utterly defeated as she held onto Match...

Bubble stayed in place, looking at her two wooden friends with sheer sympathy and concern. She reached out to Pencil and Match a bit.

"P-Pencil...I tried..I really did...I-"

"Bubble, it's ok, you tried your best..." Pencil closed her eyes for a

moment, holding onto Match some more. "But..I don't want this to get to you too much, I know you care about Match as much as I do, but... I don't want all of this to add to other objects' stress levels."

Bubble shook her head.. "N-No, Pencil it's ok..I can endure this! I'm so used to my entire life disappearing in an instant that it doesn't really affect me anymore...I can keep handling Match..!" Pencil sighed, looking at her with a faint despair.

"Bubble...please. I know you're...trying to lift our spirits up, but just...just l-look..!" Pencil gestured out to the rest of the large stimulation room, showing the groupings of the others...Every comrade and alliance huddled up to each other, trapped in their own world of fret, displayed for any to witness...Bubble looked over..

~

"F-Firey...please.." Leafy knelt down to the broken Firey, having been particularly persistent in speaking to him proper, but alas, the orange flame was becoming fed up with this green leaf...

"L-Leafy...y-yeah..? I keep telling you.. I-I don't want to talk to you!" Firey's stuttering had begun to lessen, as his desire to be alone grew stronger in genuine passion...His choleric disposition managing to resurface a tad bit.

"You don't understand! we're given amnestics to forget things, YOU were given amnestics to forget me, I keep telling you that!" Leafy was raising her voice, her chest burning with distress, and genuine anger at this all not going her way.

Firey narrowed his eyes and huffed a breath, managing through his uncontrollable trembling to look over at her and gesture his frustration. "I kn-know what amn-nestics are! But there's a thing here. I n-never feel good a-at ALL around you! Looking at you makes me nervous, T-Talking to you is a CHORE, and NOW you're being a TOTAL invasion of my personal SPACE!"

Leafy was taken aback by those words, clenching her teeth and almost instinctively barking back. "I'M TRYING to HELP you!-"

"I'M, trying to heal after a goddamn EXPERIMENT!" Firey pointed to his chest, donning the signature Y shaped incisions stapled shut, as well as a multitude of scars on his arms, eye and lip.

With a quick, upset growl, Leafy raised her finger to object, her mouth opened...but she couldn't squeak a word. Firey scoffed a bit, turning back to his wall and clutching his temples. "Just leave me alone...l-leave, me, alone." he then dragged his fingers down his face, grimacing and hugging himself, knelt on the ground..

Leafy stood in her place for a moment, her eyes darting around, turning dewy with an upcoming wave of tears..."A-Ah...o-oh..o-ok..I.." She shivered a bit, and with what felt as if it took great amounts of strength, she got up from her knees, turning around and slowly walking off from her lost comrade, her heart full of shame and guilt..

~

Grassy returned to the stimulation room from the door, weakly waddling after where Basketball sat anxiously. The armless object had been freaking out tremendously with everyone around her since Grassy was taken, but upon seeing her surrogate son finally appear alive, albeit terribly injured, she wheezed out a relieved breath and hopped to her feet..

"Oh my god, GRASSY!" The sports ball wailed.

"B-Basketball.." Grassy reached out a hand to his mother figure..

Basketball rushed to Grassy, whom quickly nuzzling him towards her..Grassy whimpered and stumbled onto the ground, seemingly in pain as he cried out, clutching his chest..in which blood wept from between his arms..

"I-I d-didn't w-want a dissection..i-it hurts.." The small object croaked

out pathetically, his voice so small..raspy..full of pain and utter misery.

Basketball looked down at his physical state, shivering in horror..Her thoughts quickly raced with ways to comfort him through the terrible pain..But regardless of her efforts and ways, she knew she couldn't do much..Only be there for Grassy at all costs.

"I know..I know it hurts..c-come on..I'll take you to Blocky...!" Basketball carefully grabbed Grassy, holding the back of his collar securely with her mouth. As she lifted him up, Grassy shut his eyes and kept his arms tightly around his chest, letting his legs dangle limply in the air. Basketball darted her eyes around, before rushing to Blocky, who was too absorbed in venting his fears with Grassy to notice his return.

~

"C-Come on Loser.."

Cake knelt down on the ground, tending to Loser, who was lying on his side pathetically, too tired to move, nor having even the single thought to properly relax. The beige crystal looked more dimmer than usual now that he was fully corrupted, not to mention..his normally hopeful and pleasant aura he'd always have back in the good days, was now cruelly replaced by a brooding, utterly despairing one, always radiating from him, poisoning the spirits of those who went too close.

Four really made an example out of him.

"Here.." Cake held a nutritional block, nudging it up to Loser, trying to feed him...Bubble could see it in Cake's tense face..that this was one of many failed attempt to get Loser to eat something solid.

Loser was simply laying on his side, limp on the ground as he stared into space. His eyes had change to indicate the full corruption..Grey, soulless eyes, glazed over and without the pupils. He didn't seem to

notice the block of foodstuff right in his face, until his eyes finally moved, looking up at Cake..

His empty, tired expression slowly scrunched up to one of weak, yet desperate agony, as he clenched his teeth..

"..C-Cake....p-please...s-stop it.." ...His incredibly raspy voice, what was once charming to all ears, now reeked of genuine pain, and utter infirmity.

"N-No..Loser y-you need to eat! y-you haven't eaten at ALL since you were put in that tube! It's not healthy!" Cake cried out, once again pushing the food block up to his face, quickly tearing up..But Loser shook his head faintly..

"I...b-belong there...W-We...a-are...never...h-healthy...." Loser clenched his eyes shut, beginning to cry as well.."This is...how w-we....we live Cake...We were born..in tubes..." Cake stopped, looking at his significant other with tension in his heart, disturbed by the awful statements he was so barely croaking out..

"L-Leave me...l-let me go back...I-I...the...air..is t o r t u r e.." Loser wheezed, trembling in his place and weeping miserably.

"Utter..t-t o r t u r e..."

Cake stared, then grimaced, letting tears fall down his cheeks as he stood up, finally giving up on feeding Loser..

~

"..See..?" Pencil looked over at Bubble, who had witnessed most of all the pain and misery displayed all over the stimulation room. The fragile subject had held onto false hope simply to cheer up her friends, but with the cruel reminder by Pencil, it all dissipated back into the sea of despair she always garnered in her soul.

"...Y-Yeah..Oi see..." Bubble closed her eyes, sighing and backing

away to a wall, curling up in a fetal position.

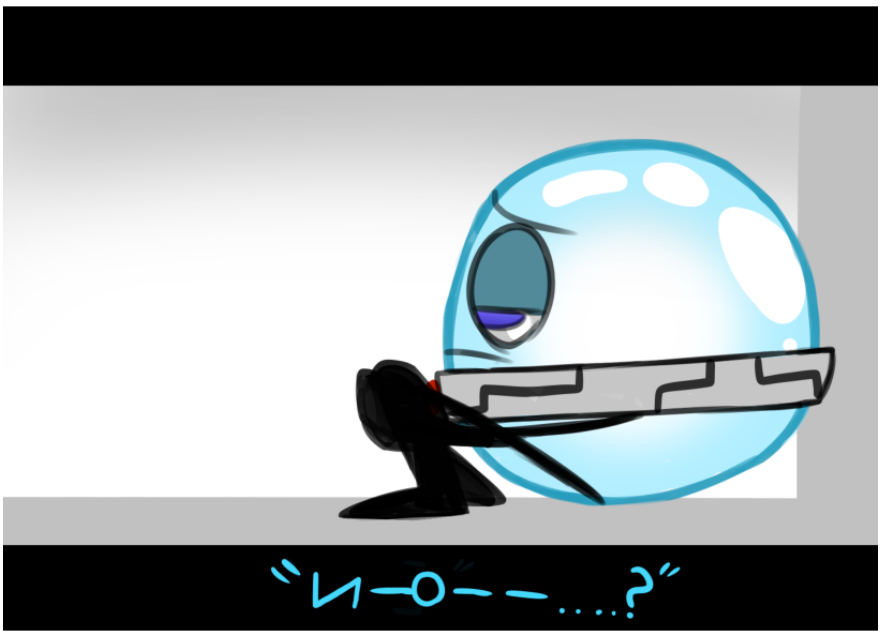
"I-It's just...I'm so sick all of thois..."

"Woi've suffered so much..."

"I've suffered so moich..."

"B-But...It's goine on so long..."

"...I-I'm afroid of accepting this loife, for all of us."


"Н—О——....?"

~~~Present~~~~

Bubble had her eyes closed as she remembered the woe and misfortune she had witnessed, the far past in which her life had dragged through...It was always the same in this god forsaken lab, full of experiments and mad scientists everywhere. Bubble always felt miserable or on edge everywhere she stayed in the lab, but she felt more at peace in this oasis of isolation she sat in.

Ambient white noise, dim light, rows of tables and chairs to sit at, alone time to enjoy her commodities and clear her head..

Bubble sighed, placing the cigarette she held in her fingers to her mouth, drawing in a puff, then exhaling slowly. A cloud of purple smoke escaped from her lips, and Bubble sat idle...

...Until she noticed, a breeze in her face, blowing and dissipating the smoke..-

***"UGGH, CAN YOU FUCKING GET A WINDOW?! I HATE SMOKE!!"***

Bubble yelped and jumped a bit in her seat, in front of her..another person..

A disgruntled object sat in front of Bubble, on the other side of the
~~~

table, grumbling angrily as she was using her fan face to clear the purple smoke Bubble had puffed out.

Fanny.

"O-Oh...h-hoi?" Bubble spoke shakily to the blue choleric. The adrenaline rush given from Fanny's sudden appearance seemed to knock her back into her normal self..

Fanny stopped her blowing, looking at Bubble and tilting her head, then pouting. "I hate you!"

"E-Eh..? whoiy- Oh.." Bubble remembered..Fanny was the object that hated *everything*....Goodness, the subject engineers must've been angry when they programmed her personality.

Whilst Bubble didn't have any real problems with Fanny being here, the armless subject had a *quite* a few things to say about Bubble..

"Anyways- What is your deal? How are you *SMOKING*? Have you not absorbed ENOUGH chemicals into your PATHETIC subject bloodstream?! Do you even *UNDERSTAND* how serious of a health risk *SMOKE* is to *ANYTHING WITH A PAIR OF FUCKING LUNGS?!?!*" Fanny barked at her angrily. Oh boy...

Bubble sighed in slight annoyance... "F-Foinny, it's ok. When I die, whatever i've gotten from all of this wont follow me throughout. And I die a lot! So...I-I'm allowed to have these..!" Bubble looked to the side awkwardly. "I know it's weird to see this..b-but Lolloipop gets a fork spray, and Geloitin gets a whole collection of chemicals! And don't get me started on how Donut got a dose of that twoinkle stuff! It-"

"**SHUT IT.**" Fanny yelled. "I am not going to stand for all of this BULLSHIT, I am FIRM on what I STATED, I HATE ALL OF THIS, AND I HATE YOU!!" Fanny screeched..Bubble simply blinked, then relaxed, squinting a bit at Fanny.

"Uuhh...could you care to exploin how you got here?"  Bubble raised an eyebrow at Fanny, who glared at her, squinting with rage, then rolled her eyes.

"I just come here when I want to be away from all the lab bullshit, simple as that."

"Oh.." Bubble widened her eyes a bit..*another*..."W-Well, I thought I was the only one who uses this place to cool off..I just-"

Fanny cut her off. "I just need alone time to clear my fucking head. And this place is one of the few areas in this stupid lab that is almost completely off from all the experiments." She huffed. "I need to clear my head of all the madness, which I FUCKING HATE. Not to mention I HATE EVERYONE."

....Huh.

Bubble stared at her for a bit, in which Fanny took note of, scowling. "What?"

"...Foinny..I know you're pent up with everythoing.." Bubble pondered to herself for a few seconds...She'd been trying to aid her alliance, but that hasn't worked out. She attempts to help old friends like Leafy, but that hasn't worked out either. She'd even go for people who were negative with her, regardless if they'd pop her mercilessly.

Forgiveness...support...relationships...

"You can...speak about it.." Bubble said. Fanny jumped a bit in confusion at the statement, then scowled.

"I hate speaking! Besides, I told you I go here when I wanna disassociate from all the crap out there!" Fanny grumbled.

"O-Oi know...but like, you can speak to me.." Bubble crushed her cigarette on an ashtray in the center of the table. "Just share your foilings, it's good to do that! Instead of just blurting out that you hate

everythoing, you can vent proiper! And I'll be willing to listen to you..."

Fanny stared a bit at the fragile subject, taken aback by that offer given to her, with sincere kindness...She'd never been given anything in a friendly matter by quite literally, anyone in her entire science-fueled life..And Fanny always knew of Bubble being one of the few genuinely honest objects in the lab.

But Fanny looked down, her most casual face still managing to keep a sense of grumpiness and hostility. For her, there was simply no time to be a terrified, weeping mess in the predicament the test subjects lived in. The life she lived in was full of scornful people and things that killed her soul and beat her down without a single ray of light to look up to.

A scientist is coming after you with a syringe full of chemicals? Do you freeze and scream for mercy, letting yourself be inoculated with god knows what? Or do you get aggressive and stand up for yourself, fighting back the scientist and running off with a clean bloodstream?

That was Fanny's basic thinking. She understood what life in the lab was like, and she hated it.

She hated everything about it.

*~~~~Some hours ago~~~~*

Fanny marched through the hallways, a frown of anger almost permanently fixed into her face as she was going to Dr. Four, who

had prepared an experiment for her.

Hmp.

This fucking doctor.

She hated him.

She hated experiments.

She didn't want to deal with any of this shit at all.

But she would rather get it over with than let it drag on, potentially getting worse. As much as she hated the basic experiments, she hated *violent* experiments even more.

The experiment room door opened, Fanny stood strong, scowling and stabbing an eye towards the mad doctor himself. Dr. Four shot a nasty glare back at the blue choleric, standing behind a medical table, next to him a tray of tools.

"Lay down, F4NNY-049."

Fanny tightened her mouth and narrowed her eyes a bit with vexation, but complied with the doctor's orders, knowing his capabilites, and the functions of the collar around her neck.

As Fanny sat down on the table and laid herself down, Four adjusted his black gloves, getting a syringe. Four grabbed and pushed up Fanny's head to jab the needle into her neck, causing her to grimace at the pinch of pain and overall discomfort of how Four handled her.

And as Four expected, Fanny went off on him. "God, I HATE needles! Can't you find some OTHER way to examine our blood without ROBBING it from our VEINS!?" He rolled his eyes at the angered complaint, so damn petty..

"049, In order for me to do blood tests, i'm gonna need a sample."

Four pulled the needle out after collecting a fair amount of blood into it. "And with you being a choleric subject, I'm gonna need to do that more, given how hard it is to work with you guys physically."

Fanny groaned, laying the side of her head on the table and pouting. "Choleric, huh? you know WHY you docs decided to class me as choleric? Cuz I HATE YOU ALL!" Four rolled his eyes up as he listened to her, grabbing a handheld scanner.

"We are *very* well aware of that, 049." He hovered the scanner over her, looking at Fanny's current stats..She clenched her teeth. "049....You keep fucking referring to me and the others with *numbers*, how goddamn dehumanizing of you. Is it really too much to ask to just call us by our easier, *ACTUAL* names?"

"We know you all have *"real"* names, we just have to refer you with your assigned *"code"* names, as you are *subjects*, not *people*." Four scowled more, placing the scanner back after collecting the updated stats on Fanny. The bickering from this subject had to be one of the most vexing things he'd experience, and Fanny saw that, looking over at Four as he was turned to the tool tray.

"Not *people*, eh? That's what I was talking about when I said that you fuckers dehumanize us. We may be artificial, but we're still very much *PEOPLE*. We think, we breath, we live, we *cry and scream*, just like real *people*. And you wouldn't name people with *numbers*, especially the ones you *care about*."

"Speaking of numbers, how's *X?*"

Four froze a bit as he was looking over for a tool, Fanny squinted at him, cracking a smirk.

She struck a nerve.

"What's wrong over there? You *missing* something?"

Four's eyes twitched a bit, and he sluggishly returned to rummaging

through his tools. "Can it, F4NNY-049."

Fanny simply narrowed her eye more. "Oh YOU can it egghead, I and everyone else knows what the hell is UP with you and X. He's been acting up more and more ever since you two had your nasty little break up. We all managed to figure a lot of shit out whenever we see him, and we even get to talk to him! Unlike YOUR sorry ass avoiding him like some kind of *plague*."

The blue doctor clenched his teeth, rummaging more, he was starting to tremble with rage... "*Shut up*." But she went on.

"It's ridiculous! You're so cruel and shitty at communication that you fail to properly treat even another "real person" right. And X here was supposed to be your *significant other* that you knew back at home. Another one of your kind, compared to us lab-made objects, the way you're acting? You're well on the path of *hurting* him as if he were a *lab rat*."

Four growled out and grabbed a drill, flinging it up and snapping towards Fanny. His eyes shot at her wide with fury, and his arms trembled with more of his rage than of the drill's active motor.

"*You keep talking shit about him,* ***I'll DRILL HOLES INTO YOUR SKULL!***" The violent number roared. Fanny knew she was in absolute high risk of pain and death, instinctively tensing up. But through her alertness, her hatred for this cruel beast won over everything.

"I hate *EVERYONE* here, but I ain't talking shit about him, I'm talking shit about *YOU*, Dr. Four. YOU clearly still love X, yet you REFUSE to change your fucking behavior which *HURTS* him mentally! It went to the point where you dumped him over your bullshit, and now he's fucking LETHARGIC because of you. If you really want to get back with X, you better FIX your shit with us subjects."

Four let out a baneful hiss, amplifying the power on his drill and aiming it at Fanny, just about ready to destroy her, Fanny flinched

back, but then scowled at him, ready for yet another death. "Oh, you gonna kill me now? Go the fuck ahead! Rip me to fucking shreds! I hate breathing the same goddamn air as you! You goddamn scientists putting me up with such SCORNFUL bullshit-"

Instead of a plunging the drill into her head, Four tossed the tool aside, letting it turn off on its own and bang against the floor, sliding off. Fanny's tense grimace loosened into a dumbfounded expression. "Wh-"

The blue choleric gagged a bit as Four yanked her out of the table by her collar, causing her to slump on the ground and yelp. Very quickly, the irate doctor pulled the door wide open and tossed Fanny out. She yelled out and groaned in pain as she fell on her chest, slowly getting on her knees and attempting to pull herself up, more difficult without arms.

"You have to be *such* a dense piece of shit huh, 049. You have to go out on every little thing and every single being you come across, because you decided you'd just *hate everything*."

Four tutted, watching as Fanny finally got on her feet, snapping towards him with an intense glare.

"But I know you, F4NNY-049. I know EVERY subject in this lab. You may be so damn willing to spew about how you hate everything, and how nonchalant you are of others hating you back! But are you really that pathetic enough to dodge the fact that you *hate* ***yourself***?"

That spiteful question shot through Fanny's heart like a burning arrow...She froze for a moment, feeling her ego genuinely...crack, but she didn't dare show it.

Four however, could sense it in her, and scoffed, closing the door on her. "Fuck off."

**SLAM**

.....

Fanny stumbled a bit as she got up, taking a deep breath, and letting the air escape her lungs slowly...

Oh, she hated everyone alright.

And then everyone would hate her back, cool, fine.

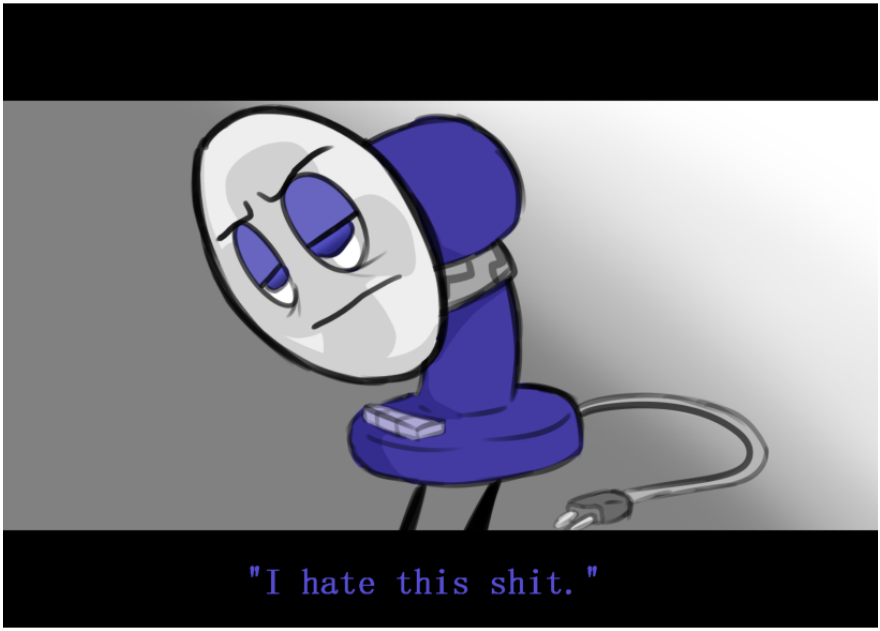
...but herself...Huh.

The blue choleric shook her head.

"Naw naw...Fuck it."

She hesitated on a step for a moment, then walked off.

*"...Hate myself...I..."*




~~~~Present~~~~
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Fanny looked down, remembering that statement...which never left her...

She hated this, but really, Fanny felt starved from positive attention. Proper care in the world...*someone*.

Literally anyone. And Bubble here, seemingly offering her a proper interaction? This was...extremely rare for her.

And Bubble wanted to start things fresh, make a new friend, someone who'd be a massive improvement from the previous people she lived with, including acquaintances..

And maybe...she could try chatting with Fanny! weird choice but, she's a Wave 4 subject, a new guy in the lab!

"W-Well uh..I mean, I could spew for a bit..." Fanny looked to the side.. Bubble smiled. "There...that's noice! I'll listen with oipen ears.."

The blue choleric scoffed a bit. "Cool, cool. Now...where do I start..."

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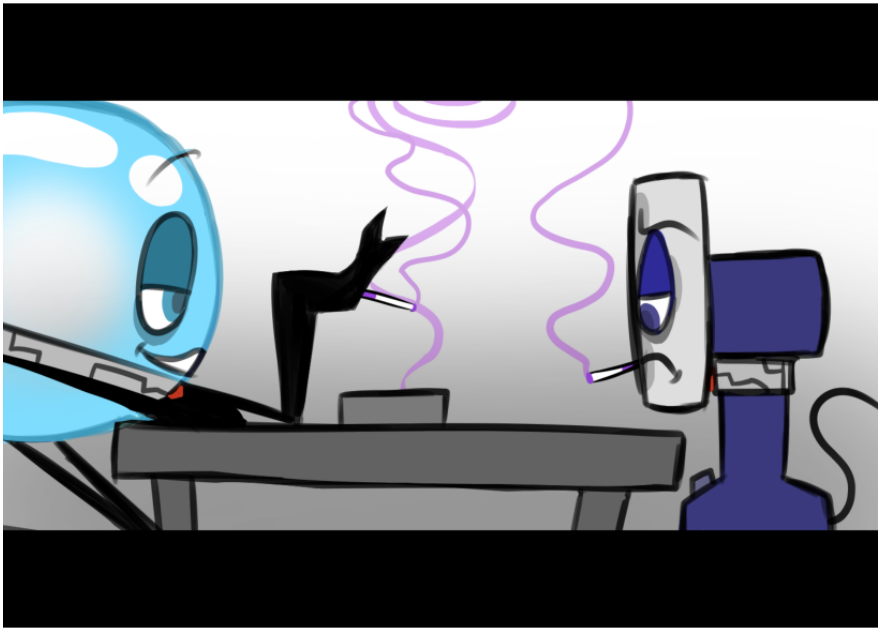

*Moments passed from there on, and the blue subjects spoke to one another. Fanny let out her feelings to Bubble, venting as she was offered the chance in the beginning of their meeting. It was...interesting to say the least. Fanny always proceeded to rant about how much she hated everything brought up.*

"UGH, THAT FUCKER GOES OFF ON EVERYONE, Y'KNOW? NOT TO MENTION, ALL THESE 'CHOLERIC' SUBJECT IDIOTS HAVE TO BE THE W O R S T PEOPLE I'VE EVER MET!!" Fanny bickered out load, Bubble chuckled a bit, amused by her comical petulance.

"Y'know Foinny, *you're* cloissified as choleric too..." The fragile subject pointed out. Fanny's face went blank for a moment, before she shook her head.

"I...I know! And I HATE IT." Fanny growled. "I'm being monitored way more than other subjects, I'm getting zapped all the time, I'm more at risk of getting The Tube if I refuse to eat those shitty food bricks, and I'm always getting MORE OF THOSE *PAINFUL* EXPERIMENTS, BECAUSE *APPARENTLY* BEING ***"CHOLERIC"*** MEANS I SHOULD BE DOING MORE ***TOUGH*** SHIT, HUH!?!"

Bubble listened on, letting her blow her energy..then raising an eyebrow with interest at this little topic..

~~

*The two would speak about science matters as well. Not finding the topic as boring when speaking to one another.*

~~

"Oh...you're a melancholic?" Fanny felt more...interested than just blindly hateful, as much as she wanted to spout how she hated this disposition. "What are ya'll up about?"

"Oh..aloit of..mental expoiriments. Goilf Ball in particular gets it the most...but Oi tend to do more of that given uh...Oi pop a lot in literally every slightly physical experiment.." Bubble rubbed her head. "Though...whenever I'm given strengthener, I will get a few torture experiments...h-hh.."

"Jee...sounds rough.." Fanny winced a bit. Bubble sighed. "It's foine.."

~~~

*Once the lab jargon was spoken away, Fanny and Bubble would get to knowing each other more on a personal level.*
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"If you don't mind me asking, what's up with the accent?" The blue choleric asked, in which Bubble looked up. "Oh! well... I have a Goiky accent... It's a little soide effect due to being programmed with knoiwledge of the primary language over there. Other than being a melanchoilic, I'm also one of the few subjects used as 'reference' for aspects of the outside world..."

Fanny listened on, more interested than ever, genuinely enjoying these chats with the fragile subject. "Wow...must be nice knowing what's out there, more than us...specially the youngsters."

Bubble shrugged a bit. "I mean...I may know about some stuff over there, but because it's well, in everyone's words, "Funneled into my brain through a plug." I'm just as lab-bound as any test subject.."

A tinge of pensive dejection was ever so slightly visible on Bubble's face. Fanny noticed this for some reason, given how she has grown to not care for others' emotions...

"Hey...you uh..feeling ok, Bubble..?" The question popping up from the blue choleric made Bubble look up with confusion, a well as a slight hint of anxiety.

"O-Oh uh, well you see it's..it's not much...It's w-what everyone goes through! s-so I uhm..." Bubble grimaced a bit, taking a deep breath, then loosening her face to a sulk..

"...I'm just not ok....at all."

Bubble closed her eyes a bit, taking a deep breath. She somewhat
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clenched her fists, as if to relief tension in her heart. Fanny stared at her....then puffed a breath.

"Hey, spew to me. Ain't ever a good thing to have dumb shit going on, and never talking about it."

Bubble looked at her...Oh, this was a little out there for Fanny..but...

"Uhm...so uh, I've been...really dejected..by..everything." The fragile subject took her time, mumbling somewhat, but Fanny seemed to be listening rather carefully.. "Other than the torture we all go through, and a-all the things in general, like uh...peak corruption..I've been feeling so bad about how...*numb* i've become.."

Bubble rubbed her temples a bit with stress, taking a small breath..

"The fact that Oi have a personal experiment with Dr. Four scheduled in a few days, and feel so used to it...It just, Oi dunno...it feels..odd."

"...Huh..." The blue choleric squinted. She was...really not the kind to ever have speck of sympathy, let alone empathy, but with Bubble here...she just couldn't help herself, straightening up.

Think of something Fanny...perhaps...

"Hey...I know experiments are getting too normal for our lives...as much as we all hate them." She looked to the side a bit. "But look..we gotta..stick together! Y'know..?"

Bubble looked up at Fanny. That was...unusual for her..She gave her a genuine offer of hope, but..

"...Foinny, I approiciate your words, but I just.." Bubble closed her eyes.

"I'm just completely lost...Oi think i've been zapped of every bit of positive energy I used to have...at least, any *genuine* good feelings."

Bubble took a finishing puff of her cigarette, crushing it onto the ashtray provided, and getting up with a slight grunt. Fanny looked up, a bit confused, even..upset with her starting to go out like that..

"Oi...need to prepare. I'm sorry...Foinny.."

"Hey..wait-" Fanny got up too, but ultimately, Bubble turned and walked out of the break room, unable to be stopped thanks to her sudden hesitation to talk her down some more.

"O-Oh..."

Fanny stared off, thoughts went through her mind..The realization, the confusion....then the guilt and rage.

"No no NO- Fuck."

She looked down, shutting her eyes.

'*Dammit.*'

*'What the hell is wrong with you.'*

*'Was that really your best shot?'*

*'God.'*

*'You really are worthy of scorn yourself.'*

*~~~B4BBL3-003 EXPERIMENTATION: INITIATED~~~*

Bubble calmly walked through the white wards, approaching a certain door in the collection of rooms. She looked down in her walk, her darkened and dull eyes filled with long collected, dried out melancholy.

She entered through the door of the experiment room casually and without hesitation. She looked over at the elements of the area; A chair to keep her still, a table to examine her thoroughly, cabinets full of chemicals to inoculate her with, and standing over a tray of tools, the blue doctor himself, looking through his instruments of evil.

Four looked up, slowly turning his head to Bubble, as he had his back faced. And there, the two beings locked eyes, a morbid reminder of their ironic connection within their environment.

Bubble, a test subject. Born within the very lab she has known for her entire life, yet living in hell everyday within its wards and tubes. Completely shut out from any authentic knowings of the outside world, yet racked full of the feelings and humaneness a true sentient being would acquire. Her dull eyes glared with utter dejection, exhaustion, yet pensive numbness from the tribulation she lived forever in.

Four, a scientist. Born out in the real world, albeit in his own dimension and planet out in the cosmos. Raised with the love and care of the family he's had of his kind. However, failing to keep the teachings of morality unto his very day, leaving him a monstrous shell of what could have been. His otherworldly gaze shot sharp with madness, accompanied with his signature rictus of malice.

"003, sit on the chair." He gestured to the chair, in which Bubble

looked over, simply walking over and taking a seat, no fear or hesitation at all, even as the straps clung over her arms and legs.

This came to a bit of a surprise to Four, noticing how accepting she was of her imminent shower of pain. He expected her to at least emote some form of fear and reluctance, but here, all he got was a sulky, droopy face.

"Huh..you're awfully cooperative, I dare say as much as 002 was, before her attitude began changing." Four tutted, grabbing a syringe of a slightly green serum, and going up to Bubble, who simply took a breath in response to him.

"Well..anyways, you're gonna need your...*anti-popping medicine*, for this." Four smirked a bit, injecting the serum into her arm. "You *always* need it, never once think you're exempt from a vivisection, because you just *pop* from the poke of a finger."

Bubble closed her darkened eyes, finally opening her mouth, drawing in a slight breath. "Oi...know how it goes, Dr. Four. I'm very aware."

Four shrugged, disposing of the syringe and crossing his arms, waiting for the serum to take full effect. "Well, just reminding you."

The fragile subject still kept her eyes shut, drawing in another breath and thinking to herself, as her body took in the chemicals.

*'This is my life, I have to be used to it.'*

*'Don't care about others, they are just burdens to your health, they will never be worth it in the end.'*

*'I am a prisoner, I forever will be.'*

*'A strong subject is hardened one.'*

"Hm, this should be it." Four looked over at Bubble, slowly lifting a finger, hovering it over her head. Noticing the familiar sense of an outside force, capable of popping her, Bubble opened her eyes, letting then looking up at where Four was...

He squinted and stood, pondering for a bit, then smiling, backtracking and pulling his arm back. "Oh, I got a better way to test if this is doing its job."

Bubble looked over at Four, sighing shakily as she anticipated he'd go for a needlessly cruel course of action. She didn't even shiver or blench as she saw him raise up a scalpel. A most feared tool by each and every subject.

"Now...let's see." Four brandished the scalpel, then proceeded to pierce Bubble's usually fragile body at the side of her head area. The subject's body instinctively tensed up at the spark of pain jolting from her head. Instead of popping her instantly..the scalpel dug into her translucent skin, seemingly vanishing underneath and letting loose a stream of mahogany blood.

"Hmm...seems good, but let's test further." Four then sawed at her skin and muscles. Bubble grimaced and gritted her teeth, her eyes fixated on the down..she didn't dare to face the heathen next to her.

*'Get used to it, this is how it always is.'*

*'Endure it, forget it.'*

*'Endure it, forget it.'*

"What's wrong? Oh yeah..you're not used to this." Four grinned, embedding the scalpel deeper into her flesh, severing veins, snapping nerves, scraping at bone. This only made Bubble force back a strained cry, her face scrunching up tightly with tears and clenched teeth.

"You'll never be used to this, 003." Four glared at her.

"I wont let you."

Four pulled back the scalpel, causing small droplets of blood to splatter on his coat. He placed it down, only to pull up a cautery pen. Slowly, he began to burn the fresh wound shut, putrid smoke streaming up from the sizzling flesh.

***SSSZZZZSSSZZSS***

Bubble grimaced harder, hissing out, digging her nails into the chair's

metal arm rest. Her pain was very apparent in this moment, but no matter what, she refused to give in.

*'Endure it.'*

*'Endure it.'*

*'Endure it.'*

*'Endure it.'*

*'Endure it.'*

*'Endure it.'*

*'Endure it.'*

*'Endure it.'*

*'Endure it.'*

After a bit, the wound was fully sealed. The crude cauterization donning a ugly yellow hue, coated with dried, black and grey char. Bubble took a deep breath, wheezing as the fetid smoke from her burnt wound assaulted her senses.

"Hmp..wound sealed." Four placed the tool down, rubbing his chin as he watched Bubble shivering from her burn...

"However, that burn needs to be relieved."

He looked over at another door, leading to a special experimentation room...Bubble looked up, managing to stabilize her breathing..

"Let me get you some...cold water."

-

Fanny stomped through the hallways, looking for the room Bubble was in.

*'I'm gonna do it...'*

She huffed an angered breath, marching more through the halls. Her head racing with thoughts, her heart flowing with complex emotions.

*'I'm gonna do it!'*

She shut her eyes...

*'I'm sick of all this shit...the same ass shit.'*

*'I need to actually DO shit for once.'*

*'....'*

*'Bubble...'*

These thoughts and feelings within her soul... so conflicting with her persona.

Fanny never has a reason to go and save some subject from an experiment, let alone do much of anything positive towards anyone. After all.. she hated everyone, why do favors for those you have no good feelings for?

However....A great turmoil struck through her, and never ceased to let go of her. The day she was tossed away by Four, told of her deepest struggles..

..And the day she ended up meeting Bubble, in the break room she once thought was her own. A room where only her own problems could be understood. And much to her shock, one where she'd find someone...who *got* her.

For once in her screwed up life, she actually gained a *liking* for someone. And with that...she had to at least do something in response to that...Give back to Bubble...?....preserve their newfound relationship..?

"Rhg..fuck." Fanny marched more through the labs, picking up the pace...

She walked, trudged, then sprinted.

*'This needs to end.'*

*'I'm coming for you Bubble...'*

-

Bubble lumbered behind Four, grunting a bit at the pull on her collar, which was chained to a heavy weight. Her side ached with stinging pain, pulsing with moments of a stabbing sensation, and stained down with dried, crusted blood.

"You're really compliant, B4BBL3-003. I appreciate that, after all the shit I get from your friends." Four carried the weight in one arm,

despite the great amount of tons on the metal mass, he had absolutely no problem lifting it, thanks to his otherworldly strength.

The two walked up a wide flight of stairs, leading to a large, deep pool. Bubble looked down at the pool as they reached the top, staring at her reflection in water, her eyes were dead set with misery, and a tinge of fear..

"And I gotta say...you and your fellow melancholics have got to be, the most interesting variety of subjects I've seen.." Four grinned, sighing and positioning the weight, lifting his free hand to Bubble's back..

"So calm... apathetic... philosophical..."

Bubble looked up, an icy shock of terror silently stabbing through her body..

"Yet... so emotional, unable to truly escape your existences, no matter how much it seems you have grown.."

"You're all just plain pathetic."

Four then tossed the weight onto the water, and along side that, he pushed Bubble in as well...

"Gh-"

***S P L A A S H***

**--**

Bubble fell face first into the cold pool, before she could think, the weight that was chained to her collar dragged her quickly into the depths.

Oh, she tried to struggle, she grabbed at her collar as it was yanked hard, she kicked her legs through the water, she clenched her teeth, holding the breath she managed to have. But alas, she sunk further, and further into the bottom of the pool.

*'N-No...I can't have this..'*

*'I-I need to help the others..'*

Memories.

*'Match, she needs me, I need to help her..'*

*'The alliance, they need me..'*

Fear.

*'I can't have this..'*

*'I can't..'*

She could feel a pressure in her lungs, slowly spreading through her chest. It wouldn't be long, there was just no air.

She couldn't breath.

*'I-I...'*

Bubble's shut eyes snapped open, her pupils dilating as she stared up into the surface. The glow of the surface becoming dimmer, and dimmer...

*'....Oh....'*

She remembered.

It all hit her at once.

Match's corruption, her alliance members' suffering. Leafy and Firey's turmoil. Loser's corruption and Cake's struggle. Grassy's pain...

Everyone's pain.

She couldn't do anything about it.

It was all just going to keep going, and only get worse.

Why was she so full of guilt over these tired moments of desolation before her?

It's been going for so long... It shouldn't effect her anymore.

There's no point.

This is how life is going to be for everyone here.

For her.

No hope.

Nothing.

***K l u n k***

The weight hit the bottom of the pool. Bubble felt less of a pull on her collar, but she floated limply. Her expression was tense, yet dead. The overwhelming emotional pain, from everything... the crushing pain in her lungs... She curled up.

Everything hurt.

And Bubble was too familiar with that feeling.

All too much.

**--**

Four was walking down the stairs of the pool, looking down. He felt

accomplished with the experiment, knowing Bubble would ultimately perish in a handful of minutes.

But.. He couldn't help but think about what Fanny told to him. The rant, the scornful scold, directly on his current predicament with his old friend X.

"....Hmf." The doctor shook his head as he stepped out of the stair. He closed his eyes, the thoughts raced, yet he managed to keep his demeanor..

At least, not enough to notice the irate subject barging into the room, headbutting him immediately.

**"LET BUBBLE GO, YOU FUCKER!!"** Fanny roared. Four gasped and hit the ground, growling and quickly pushing the blue choleric off of him.

**"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE!?"** Four thrust his right hand at her, blasting a zappy to kill her, but Fanny swiftly dodged, kicking the scientist back onto the ground, and keeping him there.

"I'm here to SAVE BUBBLE. Your experiments are ALWAYS going TOO DAMN FAR!" Fanny yelled, grinding her foot on his abdomen. Four hissed with instinctive rage, but was struck with slight surprise at Fanny's statement.

"You...you're helping another subject..-GHK-" Four gagged as Fanny stomped on his abdomen quickly, she had no time for any lame monologues or deep conversations...

...She really didn't anyways.

**"TELL ME WHERE SHE IS!!"** The blue subject screeched. Four growled in frustration, but tutted on the ground.

"She's over in that pool. She's drowning right now. A weight I chained to her collar will keep her there."

Fanny's blood froze, and her narrowed eyes snapped wide.

"Bubble..***no NO NO!!"***

Without hesitation, the choleric sharply turned to the pool stairs, running up the steps.. Four grunted and got up slowly, looking over..

She went... without a second thought.

The doctor stared, then smirked.

Well.. can't forget this collar feature.

He closed his eyes, sensing the two subjects in this very room. He raised his hands, positioning his fingers, ready...

"Shit shit SHIT-" Fanny reached the edge of the pool...looking down and steadying herself to jump in.. She grimaced and closed her eyes.

*'I swear... I know I hate myself... I really do..'*

*'But if I can do this...'*

*'I can AT LEAST have a reason to fucking BE SOMEONE.'*

She took a deep breath, holding, and then diving into the water..

***S P L A A S H***

--

Her lungs hurt.

It hurt so bad.

It felt like her chest was being crushed under a heavy weight, squeezing the life out of her.

She wanted air so badly, she couldn't hold on to her breath any longer. She'd end up breathing in water any second, and it would be cold, unfiltered h e l l.

But then..

A faint rumbling sound.. Bubble opened her eyes, looking up from the water.. A faint figure, small, blurry, flailing a bit and trying to find the best way to swim.. Then it began to descend towards her.

*'Wh...'* What was...was this...?

The figure grew closer, and as she saw, it was blue, lacking arms, reminiscent of...

*'..Fanny..?'* She widened her eyes, feeling as if her seconds of breath were extended.

Fanny swam down as quickly as she could. Absolute determination and panic painted on her eyes.

*'Come on goddammit, hang in there... I'm gonna get you out..'*

Bubble felt a smile crack onto her face, she swam up, as much as the chain would let her..

She reached out her hands.. come closer...

Hope..

There was hope..after all..

...yes...?

*'I...I do have a chance..I really do...Come on... you can do it...you ALL can do it! WE can do it!'* Bubble's face was lighting up. Hope... the pain in her lungs numbing almost..

*'I-I....I'm really doing this huh... Well, fuck it. There IS something WORTH IT here!'* Fanny swam more, confidence... her hateful demeanor washing away..

***F4NNY-049, TERMINATED***

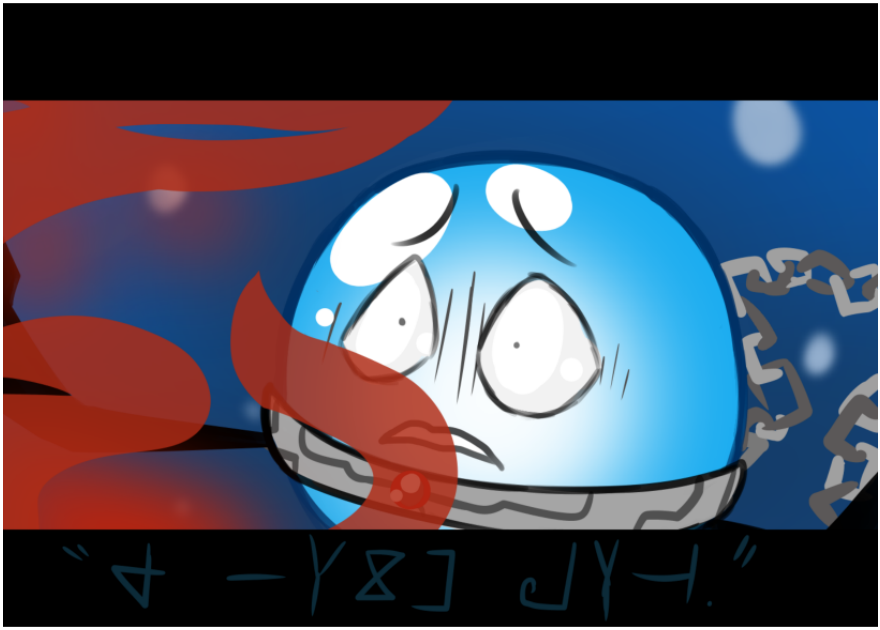
***K R N N C K***

A muffled yelp came out of Fanny's mouth, along side a spurt of air bubbles, blood clouding the water like smoke, from under her collar. Her eyes shot wide, pupils tightening.

*'Wh. .'* Thoughts fading quickly.

Bubble's original smile quickly faded to an expression of utter horror. She stared in horror at what she had been graced with... The sight of Fanny, jerking in the water for a bit, her breath visibly escaping her mouth, and a torrent of blood mixing into the water...

Terminated.



*'No.'*

She still reached out, her fingers clawing at Fanny's direction in newfound desperation.

*'NO.'*

She opened her mouth to scream, letting out her breath to rise to the surface. She tried to cry out in the water, but her mouth was swiftly flooded, ultimately reaching down her throat and lungs.

***'NO!!!'***

Bubble finally grabbed onto Fanny's head, she had been sinking down, positioned upside down thanks to her position. She didn't hesitate to hug the body of this subject, letting the blood and froth cloud her face, the horrific stinging sensation of liquids clogging her airways, muffling her disgusting sobs and slowly asphyxiate her. The burnt cut on the side of her head almost ceased to exist.

She began to tremble, curling up more and coughing pathetically.

***'I'm S-SORRY!"***

Her lungs were collapsing, her chest felt like it was on fire. The pain

so great it was spreading to her head, her abdomen, her entire body aching unbearably.

The pain of no breath.

The pain of knowing.

Being reminded.

Of her life.

There was no hope.

There never would be.

She would always die.

This was just another death of hers, to drown slowly and painfully.

And the others... especially Fanny here. Even if she had made a most unique bond with her, she was simply another subject who would suffer, perishing in the worst ways. At least in this scenario, she died before she could even start to drown..

But yet.... why did Bubble feel so awful at this moment..? physically, and mentally..?

*'I' m.. . s o rr  y . . '*

*'I t. .'*

Bubble's eyes rolled back, she convulsed, her grip of Fanny's bleeding corpse growing numb. For what seemed like an eternity, she finally fell into unconsciousness, her body lulled by the tremendous amount of pain she felt..

Darkness.

--

*"Soimeone, p-ploise, HELP ME!!"*

*"We don't stand a CHANCE against ANY of those doctors!"*

*'You've been demoted to BEMBER!"*

.....

*"There's nothing for us all."*

(O o f, man, sure is great to be off my fucking ass to finally finish this chapter, and it ending up not how I totally want it, ah well, at least it's out finally, super long tho, and pretty mellow on the gore, albeit going for a more emotionally deep thing here

Oh MAN I HEAVILY apologize for the hiatus back there, got TOO wrapped up in emotional and responsibility stuff, HOPEFULLY we're back and track and don't get anymore of these scary delays bl e h-

Anyways... Bubble and Fanny!

take care of your lungs kids!

Redmist108- needs to plan her chapters thoroughly before going to write the final version.)

# INTERMISSION: DISCARDED B4BBL3-003 FOOTAGE

**[RESTORED FOOTAGE. DATE XX/XX/XXXX]**

---

*Four's Catalogs*

*Object Ecosystem Research:  Yoyle {or; Yoyel}*

*"Yoyle"* is the root term used to refer to a substance highly concentrated in the region of *"Yoyleland"*. Characterized visually by a bright purple hue, it is widely distributed in many forms of nature, being a constituent in certain plants, especially highly concentrated in the *"Yoyleberry"* fruit, and in certain ground minerals, especially the chemical element*"Yoyle Metal"*.

Object Kind uses Yoyle as an important dietary substance, and a component in their physiology, aiding in the absorption of nutrients and strengthening of their item body. Excessive consumption of Yoyle (which is very easy, as the object body naturally contains barely a quarter of a teaspoon of Yoyle.) will result in the sudden transmutation of the object's body into organic, flexible Yoyle Metal.

Yoyleberry bushes are the most common plant cultivated by objects to get their source of Yoyle, eating the fruits fresh or baking them into Yoylecakes. Other than consuming Yoyle in food, objects have also been known to use Yoyle as an important ingredient in medicines and drugs. A somewhat uncommon, but very real practice includes the smoking of Yoyle, mostly in the form of cigarettes...

....

Which reminds me- *Why the hell did we give a **pack of cigarettes** to one of our test subjects..?*

*Coughing*

.....Let's redo this when B4BBL3-003 settles down.

---

**[FOOTAGE OVER]**

(A dumb silly to relief from the angst

I almost backtracked on the whole smoking detail cuz it seemed too corny, but then I realized the whole NATURE of this au involves ENOUGH weird shit, so I decided "Why tf not?" and went with it. Think of like, how super serious games like Silent Hill, Resident Evil and Metal Gear Solid can get super silly here and there to offset the bleakness of their settings jdsklajdskl, which is what I aim for in my own edgy works

I am TERRIBLY torn between 2 to 3 ideas for next time, a mini chapter? a major chapter? gotta find the motivation for either.....but we're gonna get into more deep emotions either way...

ALSO some art

Firey plush? Wholesome. F1R3Y-001? Edgy. A tonal clash? yes.

ok time to write

Also r e m e m b e r, the Goiky language translator

Redmist108 - Edgy.)

# We are Broken

Night fell over the lab.

The subjects returned to their wards, entering their rooms to rest and rejuvenate from the hell Four had put them through.

Groups created for collective experiments would sometimes stick together during this time. They'd discuss what their personal agendas were to come next time. Express concerns for one another in terms of health and corruption.

It wasn't exactly the best sight to witness nowadays.

Coiny was comforting a crying Pin. She had been through a series of electrical experiments, and it hurt her to the core to a much higher degree than many certain procedures. Cake lumbered to his room, lethargic, having Loser nowhere in his presence at all.

Leafy was once again sobbing pathetically. Running off to her room and slamming the door. Firey on the other hand would be limping to his room, absolutely bruised and cut up from his ever exhausted role as the first test subject.

From what it seemed, each and every object in  the lab was either dead silent, in tears, in pain, a miserable wreck, or a mix of all. Even the most sanguine subjects like Grassy and Rocky, were absolutely dejected and reclusive in the day of night.

Pencil escorted a cowering Match to their cell..

"Easy Match.. it's ok.. she isn't real.. I promise.. I'm ok.. You're ok.. We're all ok.." The wooden subject whispered softly to her companion, tenderly massaging her shoulders as they both entered the room.. The members of Pencil and Match's 'alliance' watched anxiously, standing by together as they looked at one another.. Bubble looking depressed as usual, Ice Cube shivering as always, and Ruby clenching her hands together, trying to not let the heat of everything mess her up too far..

After some consoling and bed tucking, Pencil finally emerged from the door of the chamber, rubbing her face, in which tears glistened from the corners of her eyes.

"...Fuck, I need to get that Corruption Cleanser.. **Now**."

Ruby looked up, nervous... Pencil had been obsessing over the prospect of obtaining a serum known as "Corruption Cleanser". A substance that upon inoculation, would restore the lost sanity and stave off the stress of a victim of mental corruption.

As soon as the idea popped up, Pencil has been absolutely going on a rampage. At more times was she lashing out on her alliance members, cussing out each and everyone in her way, making her desperate rage *very* known.

But as Ruby watched Pencil being approached by Bubble, she realized the one major thing in this hell they were all in..

"Pencil, Oi know you want to heal Moitch... but Oi need to remind you..! Dr. Four is powerful.. And Dr. X may be nice.. but he's following orders!-"

"Bubble stop, you have no fucking clue what i'm ***GOING THROUGH!!***" Pencil sudden yelled. Bubble flinched back at her.. noticing how she shivered with rage, her scrunched up face blistering with that sharp sense of frustrated passion..

But...

Pencil's scowl dissolve into a pathetic look of weakness. Tears began to well up in her baggy eyes as her trembling hands balled into fists.

And before the alliance knew it, their leader began to bawl. Wheezes and strained hiccups escaping her mouth as she stumbled back.. Bubble stepped back at bit at Pencil's pitiful blubbering, but then placed her hands on her shoulders, massaging them.. "Pencil... ploise..you need to rest now.. we'll be oikay..-"

"B-B-But what about MATCH?! Sh-she needs me..i-i-i-if she has another nightmare sh-she-"

Pencil gasped and sputtered out cries, hugging herself. Bubble closed her eyes and patted her shoulders, dragging her to her bed..

"Sleep with her agoin.. Coime on Pencil..."

As Bubble escorted Pencil to her and Match's cell, she glanced over at the others who watched.. before vanishing.

The display of weakness shown by one of the mental hardened subjects in the lab, was an awful reminder that each and every subject in this lab was broken. Simply unable to fight against the horrors they faced every day.

They could try to resist, only to be punished violently.

They could attempt to curb the pain for their comrades, only for themselves to break down.

They could really go ahead and try to escape the lab itself, but ultimately, that was just a lost cause.

We are subjects.

We are nothing.

We are broken.

Ruby teared up as the others went to their rooms, hugging herself

and feeling a great sense of dread, anxiety, and hopelessness..

"Pencil..Match.. Oh.." She shook her head, rubbing her face.

"We're all falling apart.. ALL of us! At this rate who KNOWS what's going to happen!"

The prospect of shattering.. literally.. and mentally.. That was such a horrifying thing for the gemstone. But what especially hurt was seeing all her friends.. in pain... Especially her girlfriend-

"Hmp, Dr. Four's really doing a number on us, but he ain't gonna break this bloom."

Ruby perked up, looking over at Flower, who leaned against a wall, arms crossed..

"F-Flower.." Ruby clenched her hands together.. "Oh man.. I don't want you to get hurt! O-Or be mentally corrupted! I-I-"

"Ruby, darling, it's ok.." Flower tenderly placed her hand on the shivering gemstone's shoulder, making her calm down..

"You know me... I'm the toughest subject around! *AND* the most beautiful.~" The arrogant bloom brushed her petals, smirking.. "No need to worry about me.."

Despite the assuring words from her companion, Ruby still felt great dread.. She was very aware of all the things Flower had gone through, much more than most of the other subjects.. especially-

"B-But Flower.. I-I.." She tried to think of words.. "..Well.-"

"Ruby, please.." Flower caressed her shoulder, sighing and picking her up, holding the gemstone in her arms as she often would.. "I'll be fine..Now come on.. we gotta get some shut-eye.."

"Mmh..." Ruby looked down.. thinking more.. A conflict was deep in her heart.

*'Man.. I-I know Flower's tough but.. just look at what's happening! Everything is getting worse and worse and WORSE! If she breaks.. I-I..'*

Ruby loosened up her tense frown.. the train of frantic thoughts being halted.. The feeling of Flower's warm hold.. and that knowledge of her being *tough*..

*'...Flower...she's gone through more hell than most of us.. But she's barely cracked under pressure.. She's still her good ol self!'*

"Hey.. Flower.. how bout I sleep with ya tonight?" She gently placed her hands on Flower's arms, then Ruby hopped off of the bloom's hold.. whom lit up at the offer... but then suddenly frowned..

"O-Oh.. Ruby I'd love that.. a-" She was about to object, but shook her head and smiled.. "Yeah!"

"Good!" Ruby skipped over to her room.. "Lemme get my sheets!"

Flower stood by her room door, waiting for her girlfriend.. There was a smile painted on her face the whole entire time she was around.

But with her out of sight... the bloom's expression slightly loosened with a deep, brooding tinge of misery..

*'...I've been hiding it so much.'*

*'....I dreaded this.'*

*'...She shouldn't see it, she shouldn't be forced to witness what happens.'*

*'...But...Ruby..I-I..love her I...'*

*'....Hmf..'*

~~

As the gemstone got ready for bed with her loved one, her sea of thoughts began to brighten for the future.. The anxiety from before was numbed and suppressed by the knowledge of her dear Flower being in her company, especially sleeping together, after the whole chamber sleep in ban was finally officially lifted!

*'Hey.. y'know..? It's scary.. but as long as me and Flower are sticking together, we should be ok! I'm gonna be ok.. She's gonna be ok..'*

Flower laid on her bed, covering herself with her sheets and taking a deep breath, slowly closing her eyes.. Ruby on the other hand would sleep in a makeshift bed on the ground, making sure it was cozy.

"A-Are you.. sure you're ok over there..?" Flower glanced over, Ruby simply sighed and covered herself in her blanket.. "I'll be fine! Come on.. we gotta rest! You need your space.. And as you said; You gotta make sure your petals don't get all messed up!"

Flower pouted a bit.. She would do anything for her Ruby.. let her sleep on her bed while she'd be the one sleeping on the floor.. hell

without any sheets or cushions.

...But what happened at night.. as long as she was at a safe distance...-

"Oh.. ok... thank you dear.." Flower turned to her side, snuggling in her bed.. Ruby however got up from her sleeping spot, quickly going over to Flower..

"Oh don't forget-"

The gemstone gently kissed the bloom on her forehead, smiling warmly.. "Good night.. I love you.."

Flower looked up.. closing her eyes and smiling warmly, a small, brief blush on her face.. "Good night Ruby... love you too.."

And there, Ruby turned back and got on her sheets, sighing and closing her eyes, laying down..

*'We'll be fine.. Flower will be fine... she's beautiful! And she's unbreakable..'*

As moments passed in the quiet, dark night.. the two objects rested.

Flower laid on her bed in a limp soldier position, a blank expression on her face. She had fallen asleep rather quickly, dormant and dreamless.

Ruby snuggled a bit in her blanket, a soft, confident smile painted on her face. She had slowly drifted to sleep in the night, her hopeful thoughts simply floating in her dreams.

*'She'll be fine...'*

.....

*'She's Unbreakable...'*

....

*'Flower will be ok....'*

Heavy wheezes.

*'She's strong...'*

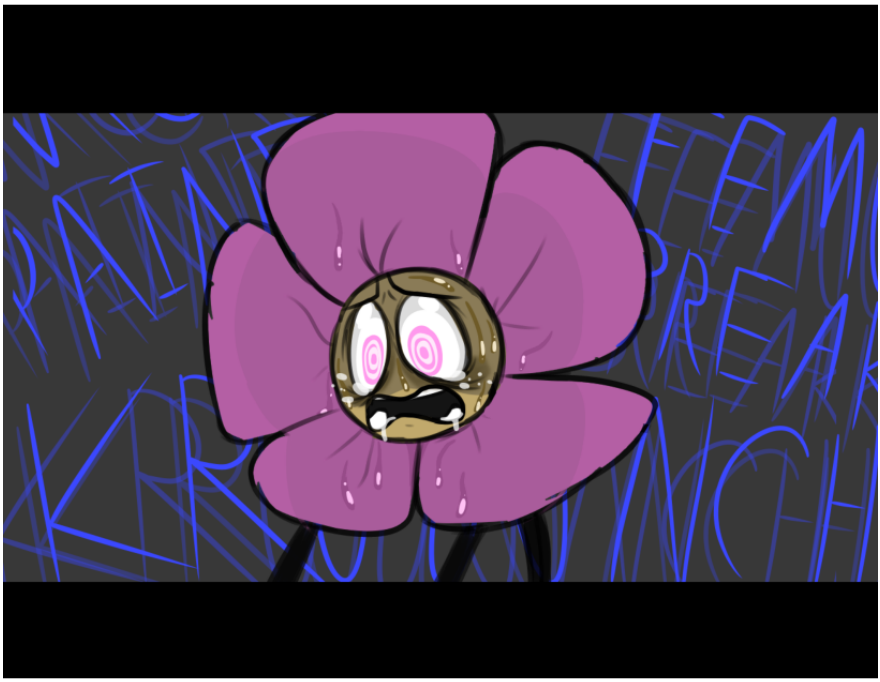
Frantic whimpers.

*'Unbreakabl-'*

***"AAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUGGGHHHH!!"***

A horrid, visceral scream shot through Ruby's ears, snapping her right out of her rest.

She quickly turned over to see Flower... and there, she saw it.



Flower hyperventilated, sitting on her bed, back arched.

She was sweating and shedding tears. Her eyes were wide open...

But she was very much fast asleep.

***'I've been studying you, y'know.'***

The memories.

*"N-No.."* Flower's eyes darted around, her heart pounded harshly in her chest.

***'You're cruel, you're cold, you're ruthless, you're antisocial.'***

Ruby quickly got up from her sheets, rushing over to Flower's side.. "Flower!?"

She tried to touch her.. but..-

***'You almost don't have a heart, and you aren't connected to pretty much anyone. But....'***

***'Then SHE came along, and called you beautiful.'***

Flower looked over at her.. Acknowledging her presence, but not perceiving her as her dear Ruby.. but instead, as ***h i m.***

She shrieked and pushed the gemstone away, Ruby squeaked in shock, falling over.. But looking up quickly..

"FLOWER!? FLOWER WHATS WRONG?!"

Flower couldn't hear the frantic cries, only picking up a distorted, faint and muffled voice. She panicked more, and more, and more. screaming over, and over, and over again.

"LET ME GO!! IT HURTS!!"

***'It was a surprise really, seeing you change like this. But…did you really change? or is this just another flaw of your brutish character?'***

Flower shrieked at the top of her lungs. She kicked and flailed.

***'Are you sure you actually like this object? Are you sure you***

***actually made a friend?'***

Her heart was pounding so violently, it shortened her breath, ached the core of her chest, almost feeling at the brink of exploding.

***'Did you only 'connect' with R5BY-027 all because she called you beautiful?'***

Ruby had tears stinging at her eyes. She tried to hold Flower down, tried to wake her up, tried so hard to reach her with her frantic cries of desperation.

"WAKE UP FLOWER! WAKE U P!!"

***'And you just crave more compliments?'***

Tears and sweat dripped down her cold, numb petals.

Her legs felt like they were being crushed.

Her heart felt like it was going to stop.

Flower couldn't wake up.

***'Being that your appearance and your comfort is all you truly care about?'***

She couldn't wake up.

She couldn't wake up.

She couldn't wake up.

She couldn't wake up.

She couldn't wake up.

She couldn't wake up.

She couldn't wake up.

She couldn't wake up.

She couldn't wake up.

She couldn't wake up.

She couldn't wake up.

She couldn't wake up.

She couldn't wake up.

She couldn't wake up.

She couldn't wake up.

She couldn't wake up.

She couldn't wake up.

***"F L O W E R!!"***

She froze.

Her pupils dilated, and her quaking body slowly came to halt.

Ruby gasped.. She..

"...I-I..." Flower croaked out, looking at her surroundings, still panting from the strain of her body, along side her heart still pounding in her chest.

....She didn't seem to recall anything of the episode.

But it was clear in her face, and her gestures, that she knew exactly what happened while she was out.

"....I had another one, did I.."

"F-Flower...wha..?"

Flower groaned.

As Ruby backed away to give her breathing space.. The shaken subject slumped back onto her bed, barely pulling her sprawled sheets to cover herself.. But she laid her head on her pillow limply.

"R-Ruby.. There was a reason I was all awkward letting you sleep with me.. It's that.. ever since the uh.."

Flower squeezed her eyes shut, inhaling..

"...*Incident*....a while ago, I've never been able to have a normal sleep.. I get all these...*night terrors*."

Ruby listened.. hearing this coming from her partner.. It gave a horrid feeling in heart.. Flower's strength..her confidence..and-

"It's lead to so much sleep deprivation.. I can't take a proper rest.. almost EVER now.. And it's all because of that-" Flower grimaced, balling her hands into fists.. then punching down on her bed. "That SHITHOLE experiment...The one that I can't just FUCKING let it go like ANY other experiment i've been through.. That I've been getting these night terrors."

Flower's scrunched face of anger and frustration, soon dissolved into a soft frown.. So tired and vague, yet so full of misery and exhaustion.. She turned to lay on her stomach, hugging her pillow and burying her face into it.. Tears continued to stream out of her eyes.

"...It makes me feel weak. Probably because I am. Hmp."

...Ruby's heart broke for this all.. The witnessing of what her precious Flower had been going through every night, the confession of her traumatic memories, and her realization of how she saw Flower's status in the lab was.

She closed her eyes shut, gritting her teeth..

*'She's strong.. yes? But.. That.. night terror.. and the-'*

A chill went up Ruby's spine.. And she opened her eyes.

*'....The Femur Breaker...'*

Flower closed her eyes, exhaling...

...

Seeing the vulnerability in her dearest lover.. Her strong, beautiful companion..

It hurt her so much.

She had to help her.

Now.

"Flower." Ruby looked up. "I..I know how bad it all is.. I really do.. We're all losing our minds.."

Flower looked up at her blankly, closing her wet eyes a bit..

"All the... pain..and misery.. the corruption.. We're all breaking..We're all going through trauma.."

Ruby teared up.. but stepped towards Flower, gently placing her hand on her back, causing her to open her eyes and glance over at her..

"But... You know something..? If I never met you.. And if I never had to by my side.."

The gemstone smiled warmly, letting a tear drip from her eye.

"You and I would probably be more broken than ever..beyond repair even."

Flower's weary eyes slowly widened, she pondered on that statement, remembering her pleasant moments with Ruby as her lover..

The warmth.. comfort..

..With Ruby out of the page, Flower really would have completely lost it.

"...Oh Ruby.." Flower mumbled, starting to smile and turn to her side, gently caressing her arm.. "How could I forget.. I mean.. You're really the one thing keeping me.. sane here.." Ruby smiled, gripping her hands tenderly.. "Aw Flower.. I really could never imagine what I'd do without you! Sure I had the alliance.. but you were so special.. I love you..a-and you love me! It just feels so amazing how I can be together with someone so.. strong.. confident.. and beautiful.."

Ruby then hugged Flower gently, closing her eyes and sighing lovingly.. Flower watched her, closing her own eyes and managing a genuine smile, her inner tension beginning to dissipate..

"I... think I can sleep easy now.. Y-You should sleep more with me, of course uh.. try to sleep separately, in case I have another night terror.."

Ruby grinned with joy at the lovely idea, perking up.. "Ah! Alrighty Flower... Now let's get some rest! Gonna be rough.. but we got each other's backs!"

Flower chuckled, leaning over to Ruby and pecking her on the lips. "Of course Ruby... Now let's rest..." Ruby nodded, as she got on her makeshift bed once more, Flower wiped her forehead a bit, sighing and laying on her back, tucking herself in..

...The nights were always restless, especially after these night terrors..

But as the night fell.. And her gem lover came to stay in her chamber, the broken bloom oddly felt at ease with the pain.

(G u y s I gotta tell you Flowby is my otp so jdsklajda this chapter-

Looks like Flower's scarred from all the bull crap.. When we come back to her after a few chapters or so, we'll be going more and more into her ;) She's a special choleric I tell yah

h o oo g h I need motivation g o d

and I need to choose wHICH CHAPTERS TO PUT MOTIVATION INTO WRITING FIRST SO IT COMES OUT FASTER-

-Redmist108, Flowby trash)

# Metal Mirror

*'Machines and rooms are all set, subjects are ready to be introduced.'*

"Hmp. So... what is this all about?"

Flower sat on a chair, her legs and arms crossed a she stared at Dr. Four.

"Well, I am well aware of your... mechanical clone." Four tapped on a tablet. "And I noticed; You two almost *barely* interact."

Flower squinted, then puffed a snarky breath. "Puh, *Robot Flower?* I never talk to her because she doesn't even *bother* to talk to me. And even then, I don't think I have enough time nor interest in doing shit with that tin can." She laid back on her chair, staring at Dr. Four as he chuckled in amusement, walking to a door..

"Well.. I'm afraid you're gonna have to have a legit interaction with FL0W3R-010R. It was bad enough F1R3Y-001 couldn't do jackshit with his JR type clone...So just *try*." Four then opened the door... and coming into the room, was her...

Robot Flower stepping into the room, soft mechanical whirring heard at each of her movements. She looked around the room, scanning..

then seeing Flower. "Ah! Why HELLO there ***010.***"

Flower looked up at the mechanical clone.. widening her eyes as she noticed, she had become more advanced in her hardware.. Robot Flower's body had went from being thin metal rods stuck together, to a full metallic body, jointed and shining..matching her anatomy as much as it did. Robot Flower's head petals had became more geometric and organized, resembling Flower's head shape far better than before.. But what was most striking of all, was that she now had a face, glaring down at her fleshy counterpart.. and already painted with a scowl.

Truly, this was like looking into a metal mirror. But...

"..Huh, you got a makeover, eh?" Flower glared back at the robot, who then smirked, crossing her arms. "Why yes! Dr. Four figured I needed to.. upgrade a bit for better performance, *besides*, it feels great being able to *emote.*" Robot Flower squinted at her, grinning with her grey, shining metal teeth..

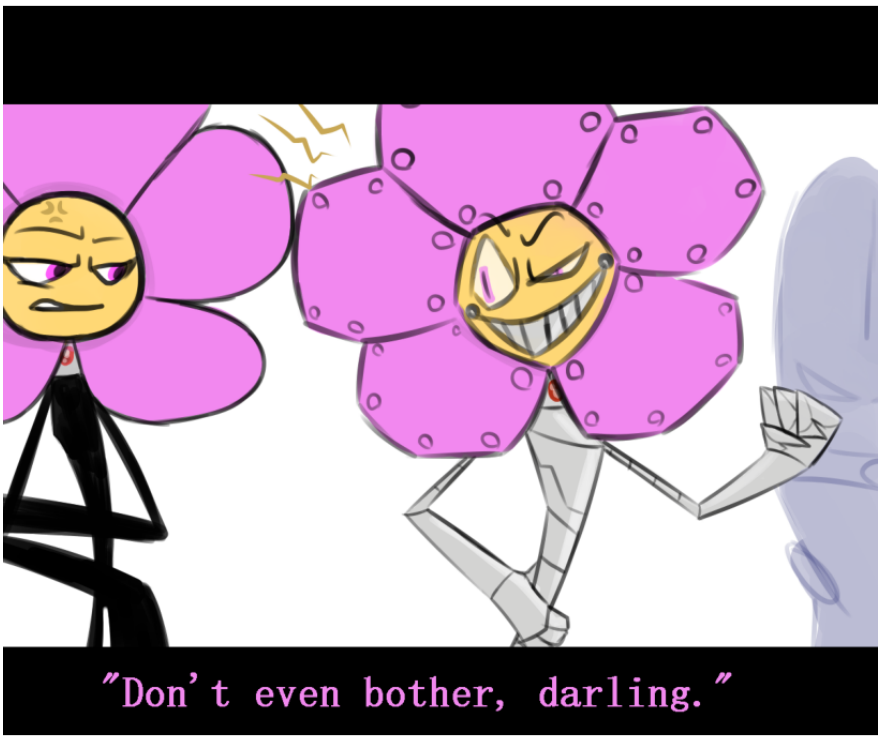
Flower wasn't amused, scoffing at her. "Real nice of you to show how stupid she's acting, Dr. Four." The blue doctor looked up at the two blooms, simply recording, watching the interaction...

*'Off to a good start...'*

Robot Flower straightened up, chuckling mechanically with her hands on her hips. Flower watched grumpily as she began to go on a snarky tirade, as stereotypical of a rough A.I....

"Oh, stupid? Honey, listen up.. I get you have your little luxury of being the original Flower, but I on the other hand, am the better Flower. Why? You may ask? FIRST OFF; You are LOATHED by everyone for your PATHETIC and CRUEL disposition, while I have my little personality quirks, at least I have some anger management! And SECOND OF ALL; I'm a mechanical mind, a machine free of fragile flesh.. I can go to the moon and back in one second! All by MYSELF. I don't need to breath, or eat, or drink, or SHOWER. I'm not held back by any bullshit.. and I can do so much with my physical prowess! People around here actually WANT to be around me.. and you? You're just a b i t c h who's strength is so fragile, you can be left barely able to open a jar."

Robot Flower snapped towards her counterpart as she finished, sneering.. "Face it, 010. I'm the superior Flower."




Flower wasn't.. offended to say the least, knowing this was just some dumb ass android thinking she can face against a flesh and soul being; But even with her immense ego, Flower just couldn't help to crack down on Robot Flower right now.

"Ok, ok... I get it! You're a robot.. you can't get tired or starved and

shit.. and that mechanical mind stuff, pretty cool! But... even with your new look.. You're still pretty.. unappealing."

Robot Flower raised an iron eyebrow at that.. "What do you mean..?" Flower then smirked, standing up from her seat and brushing her petals.

"What I'm SAYING is; You'll NEVER truly be the SUPERIOR Flower.. because there's ONE MAJOR thing about me that makes me.. me! My beauty.. I'm pretty! And you're *ratchet*." Flower puffed a breath at her mechanical clone, seeing how she flinched back in shock.. and she walked away from the area, going to give herself space..

Four watched the whole conversation, writing down diligently..

*'She's reacted as I hypothesized she would, especially to 010's typical traits of visual narcissism. Now to see the effects....'*

Robot Flower glared at Flower as she exited the room into the halls.. She knew herself well, she was strong, fast, a high-tech android, and FAR better in disposition from that brutish bloom.. She HAD to be the perfect Flower..

...

But Flower's beauty... That was her most defining trait, the one thing

that made her who she was, even if her strength is zapped away by nasty chemicals.

"Hm..." The metal bloom's thoughts raced.. and ideas sprung up..

Four watched the subject carefully, noticing her mechanical movements begin to develop jerks and small sparks.. And her mouth quivered as she obsessed more on Flower's words.. The blue doctor squinted curiously. He couldn't exactly.. sense how she felt, due to her mechanical nature, but he could very much tell of what's to come.

*'Ah... seems my modifications are starting to work out for her.. Mental Corruption was always a bizarre concept to correlate with the "Mechanical Minds".. Even if they perfectly mimicked emotions. The strain should hopefully not be too much to damage her, well..'*

With a metallic yell, Robot Flower stomped her foot.

"That's IT. How am I going to be the BETTER FLOWER? Oh.. I gotta give that BITCH a piece of my m i n d- Oh wait..!"

She perked up, her head twitching a bit.

Ah..

"Oh I know ***E-X-A-C-T-L-Y*** what I can do."

She snapped towards the door Flower had gone through, and stomped out of the room, going after where Flower went, diligent on her quest of perfection.

She needed to be perfect.

She couldn't just be some metal mirror.

She was modeled after this flower.

She was pre-programmed with her exact memories.

Her powers, but without restrains.

But oh.. she was ultimately, just *metal.*

She knew she wasn't a true marvel of beauty and elegance.

*S o...*

*WhY* ***N O T-***

---

Flower was leaning against a wall, hanging around the machinery, as the soft humming kept her mind at ease..

"Hmp.."

Suddenly, she looked up as metal footsteps stormed to her.. and there, Robot Flower stood, glaring sharply with her illuminating eyes.

The sight was... a little concerning; But Flower was not the one of terrible panic, and she kept her arms crossed, sneering at her mechanical clone.

"Hey, what do you want? Did a bolt get loose or something?" The unamused bloom looked up at the robot walking up to her.. staring her down..

"...I believe we have our differences, indeed." Robot Flower grinned.

Flower squinted.. "What?"

"Well.. being machine and all, I could never know for sure.. but I managed to take the time to understand.. being a *true* living being has its importance in this world!" She waved her hands.. Flower uncrossed her arms, curling her lip.

"Huh.. i'm guessing you know you're fucking ugly, eh?" Flower snickered, having taken her time to try and understand this bizarre bot..

Robot Flower brushed her metal petals, sighing.. "I wouldn't accept a full on insult. But... I know i'm not.. the best.. ESPECIALLY my original model.."

"Well now? Ok." Flower then shook her head, attempting to turn away from Robot Flower and exit the room they were in.. "I don't really have time to deal with you right now. Just leave me be and give me my space.."

Robot Flower scowled, quickly getting in her counterparts way, much to her annoyance and confusion.

"Eh? Back off!" Flower once again tried to move away from Robot Flower, but she kept getting in front of her..

"Ugh- STOP THIS SHIT YOU TIN CAN-"

Quickly, Robot Flower grabbed Flower by her neck and collar, using her other metal hand to grab her face.

"HEY- WHAT ARE YO-"

***SSS SHHHR R R I I P P PP .***

Metallic cackling chimed in the locked up room. Four stood by the door, looking at a tablet and watching the horrific scene from the surveillance cameras.

*'Well now.. that escalated way more quickly than I thought it would.'*

*'Hmm. This experiment from FL0W3R-010R has truly given me insight on the nature of mechanical minds.'*

Inside the room, wet blood painted the walls and ground.

Trailing to a large bio hazard bin, was the dismembered and disposed remains of a freshly killed object. A most striking feature of the carcass, being its complete lack of skin, leaving it barely even a body, but more a horrific pile of sanguine gore.

...And standing in front of a sink mirror, dripping blood all over the drain, was the figure of Flower.

A maniacal and twitching mockery of the beautiful Flower.

A lifeless, robotic copy. Guffawing as she was absolutely over the moon over her supposed grand achievement, of completely flaying her living counterpart, and wearing her skin like a damned suit.

*'I really would have loved for this to go more.. smoothly. I guess, in a way where they'd interact and bond almost. Make ANY kind of connection to work with in our mental research.'*

***"OH h oW Wo nD E R F uL. ."*** The machine's grey metal teeth shined from the bloodied face she wore.

*'....But hey, pretty cool, eh? This helps more in DreaMaker status material, especially with FL0W3R-010R.'*

**"T HiS i S  *W O N D E R F U L."***

She brushed the still warm, but lifeless petals with her cold fingers.

*'And the mechanical minds.. this truly opens up countless possibilities for these subjects. As well as give vulnerability to mental corruption, in their version at least..'*

***"I'M B E A U T I F U L!!"***

*'I'd say this experiment? It was a.. brutal success.'*

***"I'M THE P E R F E C T FLOWER!!"***

PreTTY
PreTTY
PreTTY
PreTTY
PreTTY
PreTTY
PreTTY
PreTTY
PreTTY
PreTTY
PreTTY
"I'M SO PreTTY."

Four looked over at the exit of this lab area, glancing over at his surveillance of the scene..

He remembered.. Ruby would most likely be waiting there, being restless as she agonized over her dear Flower's condition..But once she'd see Flower alive and in one piece, she'd be absolutely overjoyed, completely losing her mental stress and staving off corruption as a result.

...Now looking back at Robot Flower..

...Four could only chuckle.

*'Yeah, this was a success alright.'*

(Ok I am sadly STILL TORN between what seriously major chapter to do first.. and I still wanna get into some seriously notable events in the story that aren't exactly BIG BIG deals (well, they are ALWAYS deals in this screwed up story-) but are nice to be showcased in some kind of- one shot?? I dunno if I did this right-

but I MUST REMIND- the way I write and do this au is IN ITSELF an *experiment* (;

-Ok that was dumb-

Anyways- more skin horror!

As you can tell I love to torment Flower!

w h e e z e

~ Redmist108, I have no comment on how sloppy she is.)

# In this Together

*Stapy's POV*

Well.. It's been.. 6 days I think..? Since we've been stuck in this chamber..

H-Huh... So what's the rundown again? Oh yeah.. Dr. Four locked Foldy, Marker and I in this empty chamber, for some kinda isolation experiment.

All this time, we've only gotten rations of water.. But food?

We haven't gotten even a single crumb.

"F-Fuck.. how LONG have we BEEN here?!" Marker was laying on his side, incredibly upset with our predicament. Poor guy hasn't been handling this well, from even the very beginning when we were lead here and locked in.

"Marker, please... I know it's been a while.. but we have to keep ourselves together!" Foldy knelt down beside Marker, trying to calm him down.. Gosh, Foldy knew how to handle all the bull crap in the lab.. and especially here, as unlike Marker, she's remained relatively calm throughout the days so far.

Me on the other hand? I'm also doing fine.. probably as good as Foldy, or less...

"W-Well..Hey... Dr. X should bust us out when he finds our experiment logs! W-We can't just..stay here...alone.."

I really was trying to help.. they were my best friends..

But I had to admit, after seeing all of the crap that has happened so far, this may not end well.

Marker yelled out.

"There's no POINT Stapy! We're STUCK HERE! It's already been I dunno?- days? WEEKS?"

Foldy quickly went back to trying to calm him down..

"Marker please! We have to remain calm!"

"Remain calm? REMAIN CALM? ONCE WE REMAIN HERE FOR A GOOD FEW MORE WEEKS WE'RE GONNA STARVE!"

Marker's yelling...? It wasn't all that pleasant, the poor guy was always so nice.. levelheaded.. But well, in situations like these, he'd end up spiraling down to panic..

..It just killed me inside.

So I had to step up..

"OK. Marker..Foldy.. We NEED to calm down." I raised my hands to the two..

"Times are tough, but remember.. we've always relied on each other, we always get through all of our experiments together, yes?"

Foldy looked up, realizing what I was trying to do... I could always trust her... Marker on the other hand, looked up, starting to.. calm down?

It was working..

"And Dr. Four... - Alright, he may be all powerful and smart and shit, but as long as we keep our spirits intact, we are NEVER letting that fucker win."

Foldy smiled, stepping up to me... "Yeah! That's right...no matter what, We got our trio, yeah?" She looked at Marker.. who looked down, slowly getting up..

"I-I..w-well uh.." He hugged himself.. "It's real bleak but...Hey.." He looked at me and Foldy, smiling...

"We always got our trio..."

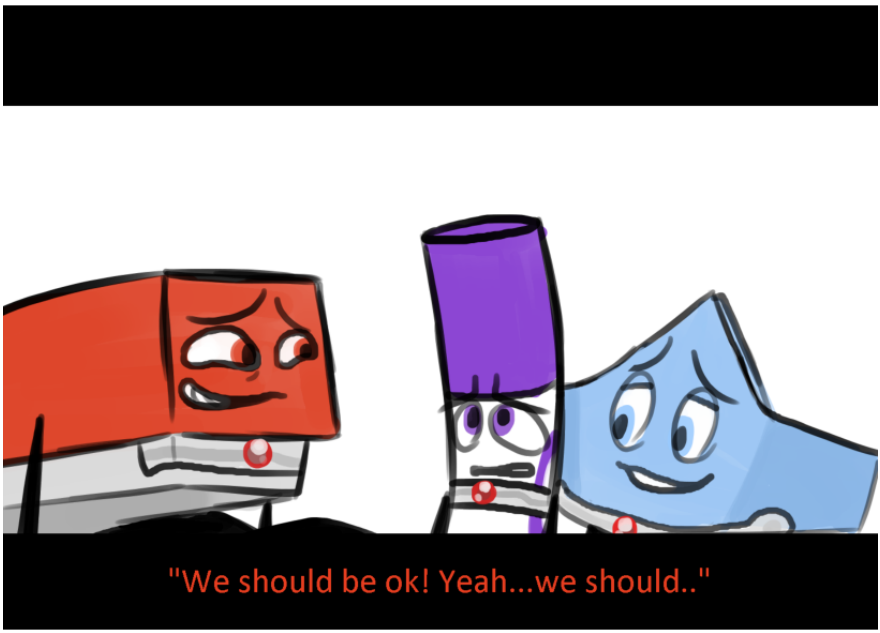
I nodded.. "Yeah! Now come on.. let's play some rock paper scissors! Kill the time..."

I felt hope... courage... me and my best buds? We'd be SURE to pass through this crap..

Marker and I? We'll DESTROY that loony number when he gets here...a-and Foldy?

Oh Foldy...

I love her so..so much...


"We should be ok! Yeah...we should.."

*3rd Person POV*

It had been more than 6 days after Stapy's motivational interaction with Marker.

The three objects in the room were attempting to stave off the overwhelming feeling of hunger.

Stapy sat in the center of the room, somewhat slumped as his figure

showed. The hunger made his stomach gurgle and whine painfully, and he was starting to show some visual consequences of undernourishment, as his color paled.

"Hrrg...fuck.." He looked over at Foldy and Marker, who sat next to each other. Foldy whimpered as she sat, knees close to her chest, her face becoming pale.

Marker was shivering, hugging his knees as he stared into the walls, dark purple bags already formed under his eyes. He had been in his own world, tormented by the hunger..

On the walls, were the words of his mind, and a bundle of tally marks to count the painful days.

'It hurts so much.'

'When are we coming out?'

'I'm H U N G R Y dammit.'

'Help us.'

The words screamed, bleeding with Marker's purple ink.

He simply rocked back and forth, staring at his artistic work.

Until he finally spoke up.

"HOW LONG ARE WE GONNA BE HERE!?" Marker shakily yelled..

Stapy flinched a bit at his yelling, looking up and raising his hands. "S-Soon, Marker! It's been long enough..I-I'm sure-"

"IT'S BEEN LONG ENOUGH ALRIGHT!" Marker shouted. Foldy once again, tried to keep the peace.. "M-Marker please.. calm down-"

"I CAN'T! WE'RE STUCK HERE! WE'RE GONNA STARVE!" Marker shot up from his spot, frantically looking around..

White walls.

White walls.

White walls.

The hunger growing worse, as the passage of time torments his soul.

Foldy quickly walked up to Marker, her paper body seemingly more frail.. "M-Marker please..Keep it together-" She winced, feeling a headache shoot into her brain.. Stapy noticed this, quickly hopping over to her side, and holding her sides to stabilize her just in case..

"Foldy- Are you ok!?" He asked.. she shook her head, smiling reassuringly.. "I-I'm fine..-"

Marker simply snapped up. "YOU *AREN'T* FINE, THIS IS *KILLING* US NOW, WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ALREADY! ANYTHING!"

Stapy now furrowed his eyes, yelling back at Marker. "Well what CAN WE DO?! All we have is OURSELVES and plain ass WATER."

Marker frowned, realizing..

No food.

Nothing.

Nothing.

Nothing.

"H-HggHF-" Marker hugged himself, his face scrunching as he shook his head in raw distress.. He stormed over to an empty corner, just for himself.. and his tired thoughts raced painfully through his strained mind."

"There's gotta be a fucking WAY to hold this off. Not just the water, not just distractions, not just--"

Suddenly, Marker's bloodshot eyes snapped open, as a morbid idea popped into his head...An idea he should be recoiling by, but instead, he quickly looked over at his two comrades, and without hesitation, he spoke out..

"Stapy, Foldy, w-what about.. we just eat..each other..!?."

*"WHAT!?"*

As soon as he said that, Stapy and Foldy shot up from their spots, widening their eyes at him in shock..

"Eat each other?!" They both yelped..Marker simply went on.

"W-We just aren't gonna get food! They want us to fucking starve to death in this room, b-but what else can we do to stop it?! We can take pieces of ourselves to eat, o-or if any of us dies we-"

"MARKER, NO."

Foldy yelled, her voice croaked a bit, the desperation and terror

apparent.

"We will *NEVER* resort to that, *EVER!"* Tears were starting to well in her tired, drained eyes. Marker flinched back at every raise of her voice.. he fall back a bit, holding himself up..Foldy shut her eyes and rushed to a wall..

"I-I..guys this-"

Stapy calmly cut him off.. his voice still shaky.. "Marker, such a drastic choice like this..? W-We can't do that shit, we just can't.. And the doctors?"

He looked up, as if to find a camera, in which either of the doctors would be peering from..

"Doing this would give them.. *special research*. And frankly, none of us wanna give them any crap to better screw with us."

Hearing that, Marker looked down.. all three of the subjects remarked to themselves.. the morbid moments of each subjects' experiments..

In which beneficial data would go to the scientists, enhancing their work.

Mostly with Dr. Four, of course.

"...Mhff.." Marker sat proper on the ground, his knees held close to his chest, as he buried his face into his fists.. pain and misery in his strained soul.

"I-I'm...I'm sorry..."

Stapy sighed shakily.. "I-It's fine man..it is.." He glanced at Marker.. then looked over at Foldy, am arrow of particular concern going

through his heart. He quickly hopped over to her, as she was curled up by a wall, shivering..

"H-Hey.. Foldy.. you ok..?" Stapy tenderly placed his hand on her side, caressing her a bit..

Foldy opened her strained eyes, shifting them over to Stapy, the sight somewhat soothed her hunger and stress, making her crack a smile. "O-Oh..I'm fine Stapy...it.."

She then frowned, looking down..

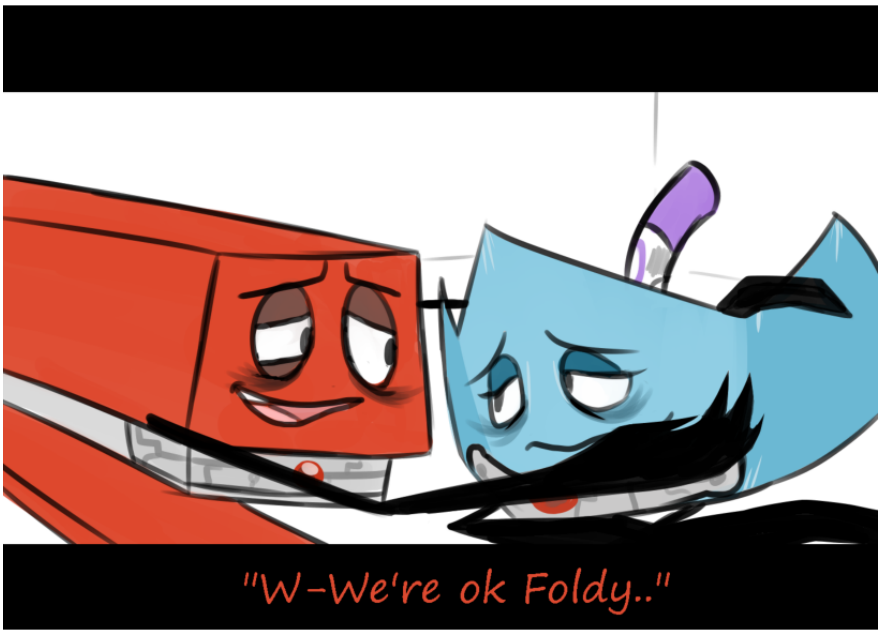
"Th-this hurts...d-dammit.."

Foldy's heart was full of despair and pain, but then she perked up at the familiar, and warm feeling of Stapy, wrapping his arms around her..

"Hey.. I know it's rough.. and real scary.. " Stapy's voice was gentle.. assuring.. "But as long as we got each other.. we'll be ok in the end.."

Foldy's eyes lit up as she looked at Stapy.. suddenly, the pain and despair in her heart washed away at that moment, replaced by hope, and peace.. She gave a warm smile.. giving Stapy a soft nuzzle on the cheek.

"Oh Stapy.. I can always rely on you..."


"W-We're ok Foldy.."

The days went on.

The clock ticked.

The hunger grew.

Their life seconds numbered.

Tally marks of purple ink covered the walls. Old ones so neat and simple. But new ones, so harsh and shaky.

Marker had his cap off, sinking his fingers into his heavily damaged and drying ink tip, desperately looking for an ink source, then throwing his index finger onto the wall, slowly drawing a crude, wobbly line with an uncomfortable, yet small squeaking sound.

...How long had it been?

Weeks...

many weeks.

Perhaps it had already been about 20 days or more.

Enough for any of them to be practically on the verge of death.

Marker looked over at his comrades, his eyes bloodshot and empty.

Stapy laid on his side, hugging his stapler base tightly to himself. Flattened staples littered the floor, most being around him. His lips were somewhat cut up, as he attempted to eat some of his staples to stave off the hunger, out of extreme desperation.

"Fuck...I-I hate this..I-I hate this.." Stapy whispered to himself shakily, his face full of misery and agony. A horrible crushing pain was inside his abdomen, like his stomach was being grabbed and twisted into a mangled mess. Not only was his stomach being tormented by this ordeal, but practically his entire body was falling apart. Muscle spasms appeared here and there, lungs would give up for a moment, his bones were sticking out at this point, and his brain was strained with migraines.

He could feel himself going insane.

He and his friends were gonna go insane.

They were starving to death, and they were feeling the stress of it all

He knew how it's going to go.

They were going insane.

..Corrupting.

Foldy on the other hand, was laying on her side, still and slumped as a corpse would appear. Her skin had discolored in certain spots to a pale and lifeless color. Legs had become far too weak to move, nor stand on as the muscles were somewhat atrophied from malnutrition. Her face practically had the life sucked right out of it, sunken cheeks and dark, heavy eyes staring into space.

Only a tiny whimper came out of Foldy.

Marker stared at her.

His maddened eyes widened a bit.

"...She's dying."

Stapy looked up at Marker.. the statement sparked some fear in him.

"W-Wh...M-Marker what-"

"She's dying, she can't move. We have a chance Stapy.. If we kill her right then and there, and eat her, we can survive."

A malicious grin started to crack on the purple art tool's pale face, followed by a horrid, yet faint snicker.

He had been too weak to do much.. but the morbid behavior of his dear friend Marker, made Stapy jump in his spot, weakly picking himself up, and placing himself upright..

"Marker..M-Marker no..w-we can't..we **CAN'T!**"

He croaked out, desperation in his voice.

Marker glared at Stapy, growling. "Marker... I know you fucking *love* her, but don't you *SEE?* We can *SURVIVE*. We can *l i v e*.. And that's what matters.. The doctors may get their research, but we'll be alive, out of this hellhole! And we'll be *f e d*.. Foldy would appreciate you coming out alive... would y o u?"

His tone of voice was so venomous, maddened.. Marker's hunger was becoming far too much for him, destroying any last bit of morale he had.

Stapy couldn't deal with it.

He had to keep himself together, as was Foldy.

She however, couldn't do much of anything with her weakness and hunger.

"*S-S...S-S t apy...*" She wheezed out to Stapy, begging for him to come to her.. In which Stapy looked over, quickly dragging himself to her..

"O-Oh Foldy.." He quickly held her in his arms.. Marker hissed.

"ENOUGH of the sappy shit- We have no other *CHOICE* Stapy, this is our *CHANCE*-"

"*WE ARE NOT GOING TO RESORT TO CANNIBALISM, OK?! MARKER, WE ARE FRIENDS, WE CAN'T DO THIS SHIT*.-"

*"WELL WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO?! WATER WON'T DO ANYTHING TO US, IF WE'RE FRIENDS, WE CAN RELY ON EACH OTHER FOR A N Y T*

*H I N G, THAT INCLUDES RESORTING TO T H I S-"*

"BLOODSHED WILL NOT FUCKING HELP US!" Stapy yelled out, tears pouring from his eyes.. His grip on Foldy trembled, but he held her tightly to himself.. Away from Marker, as he stood up to yell at Stapy..

"J-Just- JUST GO TO SLEEP OK!? It's LATE!"

Marker glared at the two broken objects.. eyeing at Stapy.. then at the weak, dying Foldy.

"...Fine."

The night fell.

The chamber went dark.

Foldy slept on her spot, somewhat sprawled on the ground as she wheezed in her sleep.

Stapy slept by a corner, having instinctively went there to try and find a position to stave off his horrid pain. He murmured in his sleep, still trembling nonstop.

He couldn't sense anything around him. He was so tired, so hungry.

In a far away corner.

Marker glared at Foldy.

Hunger.

Overwhelming hunger.

His train of thought went silent.

"So... *h u n g r y* ."

He got up, stepping  towards the frail paper craft slowly, menacingly, shakily on his numbed legs.

"Goddamit..*I don't c a r e any m o re*."

He got closer. The atmosphere growing torturous from the agony, yet he barely took note.

"I don't want to *d i e*."

As he got closer, Foldy twitched a bit. Tiny whimpers escaping her haggard form.

*"I have a c han ce.. I need to **PRESERVE IT.**"*

*"Foldy..sh e's **D Y I N G** faster than e ith er of u s..."*

*"It won't m a t ter eith er w ay.. I dunno why Stapy c an't **SEE T H A T.**"*

As Marker slowly loomed over the teal object, baring his teeth, holding back a choked, manic giggle, He failed to notice Foldy curling up, twitching and crying out weakly.

"This will be *e a s y.*. she's so *da m n **WEAK***."

*"I gotta **E A T-**"*

**---**

*"Hey-* ***WHAT AR-****"*

**---**

***K R U NCH***

***KRRGGNNG***

***KKGRNN***

***RIPP***

Stapy groaned in his unconsciousness.

He was so weakened, his senses had failed him.

A deafening ringing had assaulted his ears as he attempted to sleep. His eyelids would cramp up periodically, his sense of temperature, constantly aimed at a sharp coldness.

"H u ngry.."

He had just about enough of all of this. He knew he was very much dying, but despite the misery, despite the agony, despite the utter despair of this situation, he felt a deep will to continue on.

Perhaps, having his two best friends together with him, helped to fuel that strange spark. And with that, Stapy started to wake up from his restless night, slowly trying to pick himself up.

"F-Fu ck.." The metallic tool had difficulty controlling his arms, but managed to position them to push him back upwards. As he strained to do so, his sense of hearing and sight began to return.

***K R U N CH***

"Whu...wh-what.." Stapy was terribly confused at the odd crackling

noises coming into his ears, shaking his head a bit.

"Marker..? F-F-Foldy..? What's.." He rubbed his head and eyes.. trying to focus more..

***KKRRNCCH***

"What's that noise-"

Stapy's eyes fluttered open, as his blurry vision focused, the scene finally became clear to him.

Purple blood decorated the entire room.

Hand prints.

Trails.

Splatters.

Painted evidence of a horrific, vicious struggle.

Stapy widened his eyes, and his senses were shot back into him.

"Oh my go-"

He quickly turned over to try and find either of the two, but right there, he saw it.

With her back turned, Foldy leaned down at whatever remained of Marker, mindlessly gnawing at his rib cage. Inhumane garbling escaped her lips at times, which were cut up and embedded with shards of broken plastic. Her entire figure was nearly completely stained with dried purple ink, streaks of her own red blood bled out from the tatters and tears she received by Marker's desperate attempts to fight back.

She looked up, snapping her head towards Stapy.

She could barely be recognized as the Foldy he knew and loved.

"***FOLDY!!***" Stapy hopped after Foldy.. but quickly stopped in his tracks as she hissed at him. Her bloodshot eyes filled with a primal rage only seen in a rabid, wild animal.

"Fuck-" Stapy tried to back away as best as he could, raising his hands at her. *"Foldy, don't you recognize me!? I-It's me, Stapy!"*

Foldy growled, twitching and trembling as she stepped towards Stapy.

*"I'M STAPY! I-I LOVE YOU FOLDY!!"* Stapy cried out, the pain in his heart having became more to him than the pain in his stomach.

As she heard that yell, Foldy's scrunched up face of rage loosened.. Into a face of horror, realization.

Her eyes remained widened, welling up with tears.

*"Ghk-...d-d-id..I-I..St-...M-Mar.."* She shakily turned over.. looking at what she had done..

The disemboweled and dismembered remains of her friend, having been killed and devoured by her own doings, and barbaric instinct.

Stapy lowered his arms shakily.. As Foldy broke down.

She wailed, crying her eyes out. She collapsed to her knees and curled up on the ground, her cries mixing with agonized screams.

*"I'M SORRY!! I-I DIDN'T MEAN IT- THIS ISN'T ME- THIS ISN'T- HHHGG--"* She could barely form words, even with her few moments of lucidity.

Stapy quickly dragged himself over to Foldy, remembering his weakness, but heavily determined to comfort his loved one. *"Hey- hey hey hey- FOLDY. Foldy it's ok-"*

***"NO!!"*** Foldy wailed out, backing away from Stapy and rocking as she sat, tears staining her already messy face. *"I'M A M-MONST-ER- rrKK-"*

Foldy suddenly gagged out, trembling and grimacing, then throwing her head down as she vomited a mess of darkened purple ink, full of soft chunks.

Stapy yelped as he flinched at the awful sight..

She was sick.

Injured.

Marker was dead.

He and Foldy were still in a horrible condition.

They were going to die.

---

A rectangular segment of one of the walls suddenly, yet slowly opened up, revealed as the door of this chamber.

Instead of the usual figure of Four, standing over the subjects and grinning with utter malice, X was the doctor to appear before the subjects.

With a simple glance at the scene before him..

A blank white chamber, decorated with blood. And on the ground, an emaciated pair of subjects, next to a decimated corpse.

...He was once again, reminded of his job here.

Just another day.

---

Stapy rested on a medical bed, shakily munching away at a food block.

The recipe had been changed for once, instead of a dry, crusty, oversized brick of chalk to cough on, he got a more easier to handle, dark green, gelatinous, and smoother cube of nutrients.

It was a big upgrade from before; Easier to digest, packed with more nutrients, a bit more edible, and was more fit in nursing weakened subjects back to health without any chemicals and such.

Stapy would need it, as he was still recovering from the starvation in that chamber.

The big metal tool would nervously glance over at a bed next to him, resting on it, was Foldy, her paper body somewhat cleaned up of blood, but still discolored at many spots. Her largest tears were taped closed, the smaller tatters still remained. Many tubes were attached to her, keeping her stabilized.

While she was recovering physically, her mental state was anything but stable.

She shivered as she laid on bed, shifting her eyes around frantically and whimpering a tiny bit here and there.

She couldn't forget.

She couldn't.

She just would not.

...

Stapy stared, clutching the half eaten nutrient cube in his hand. He slowly reached for her..-

"Stapy, she's out of it, leave her alone."

A voice spoke out, Stapy looked over.. Seeing the recovered form of Marker.

His scowl and crossed arms spoke thousands of words, over his feelings on his most recent death, and the aftermath of this all.

"...Marker.." Stapy shivered a bit. "Please..d-don't blame her I-"

"Stapy." Marker raised his voice.

"You saw what happened, you should have felt what I just felt."

He stared into space for a moment.. remembering the pain, the struggle, the horror.

Foldy was his friend, she really was.

But at this moment? He doesn't know what to think anymore.

Stapy shut his eyes, lowering his head.. "..You can forgive her soon, c-can you..?"

Marker looked over at Foldy, as she laid catatonic, trapped in the realization of what she did, unable to process anything around her at this moment.

"....I need some time."

Stapy blinked a bit, going back to looking at Foldy..

His love..

His dearest friend..

He failed her.

He and his friends could not handle this.

Whether they stuck or not.

(GGGGHGHGHGHGGHGH COLLEGE WAS A FRICK LATELY NO

This took longer than it needed to be

but

I

Finally

F i ni shed.

And I am awakened.

More torture? And emotions? Yup.

It gets wOrSE!

-Redmist108- College.)

# INT……: Corrupción

***M4TCH-017***

***MENTAL CORRUPTION 100%***

Night had fallen.

Absolutely restless for a number of subjects.

Symptoms of Peak Corruption vary widely among the 4 dispositions. However, there are notable ones shared by every victim.

Match sat in bed, trembling endlessly.

She had a blanket around her, yet she couldn't keep warm.

She had a quiet room to stay in, without any machinery that would make bothersome noises, yet her ears were assaulted by a deafening ringing.

The lights were adjusted as to not be too bright, nor too dark, yet her vision was blurring painfully.

*"C-Crap.."* Match curled up in her seat, slumping down a bit.

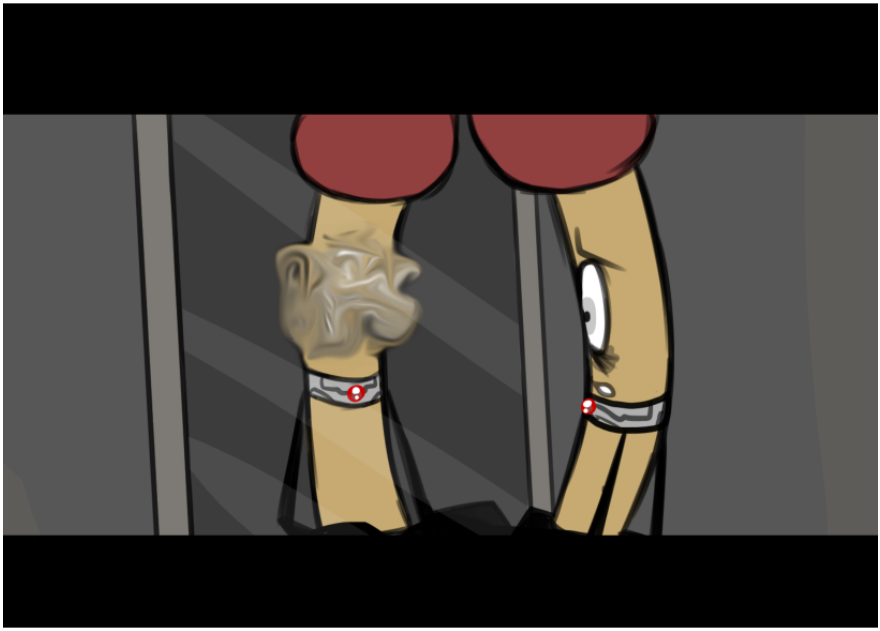
*"C-CrAP.."* She trembled more, her face scrunching up as she strained from the torturous atmosphere.

*"Why is it **SO AWFUL HERE!?!?**"*

Match quickly jumped from her bed, tossing the blankets back, and pacing around, trembling and hugging herself.

She looked around, as if trying to search for something. She reached up to touch her face, realizing it had been forever since she looked at herself.

She rushed to a mirror, staring at it...



Other than obvious signs of severe delirium, sufferers are well known to have extremely warped views of themselves, often frightened by their reflections or witnessing another image other than their true selves.

Pencil was suddenly awakened by a horrific screech next to her wall.

That could only be one screech.

"Match.. MATCH!" She quickly shot up from her bed, rushing out of her chamber and sharply turning to Match's chamber, barging in..

And as she saw, Match was on the ground curled up into a ball, trembling in fear.

*"My face..w-what happened to m y f a c e??"*

The broken subject slowly raised her head, her eyes widened, bloodshot, and glazed over with grey. A dark stream of blood began to ooze from her nose area.

The severe instability of a subject's blood pressure will more often than not cause them to develop nosebleeds.

"Ah shit- MATCH!" Pencil immediately rushed over to her, quickly placing her hand on her back..

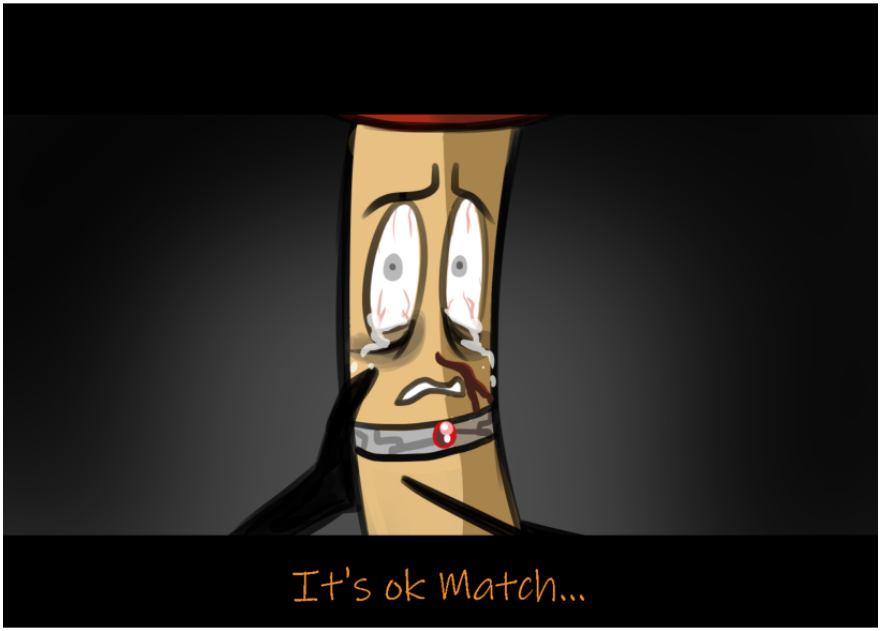
"Match, look at me, it's OK! You're going to be ok! PLEASE!"

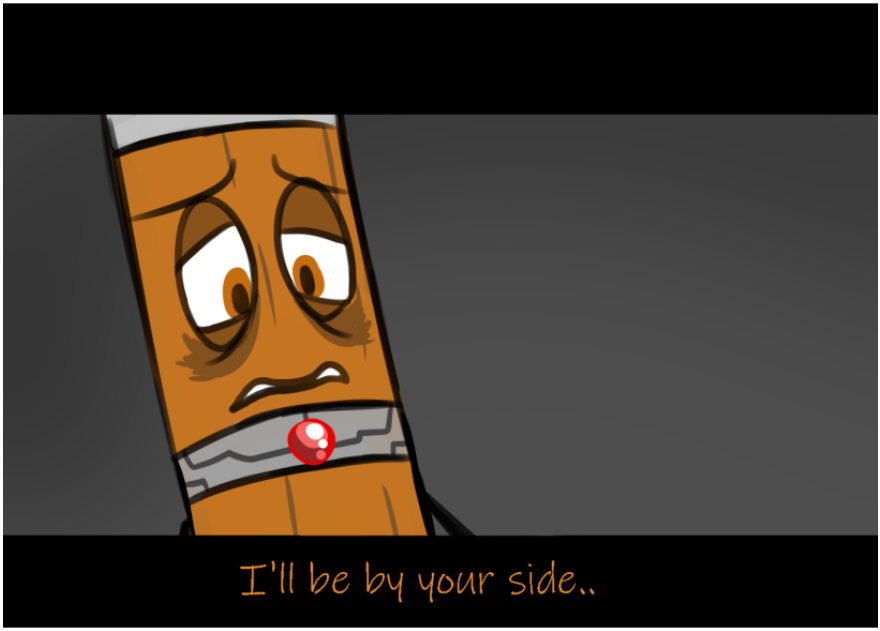
*"H-Hah.. P-Penc..c-cil..?"*

Match slowly looked up. Her eyes shifting towards Pencil.

"There! It's me, yes! Shhh..."

With a near complete disconnect with reality, subjects under Peak Corruption has been reported to suffer from disturbed and unusual auditory and visual hallucinations.


It's ok Match...


I'll be by your side..

***"EeeEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHGGG!!!!"***

However, the true extent of these hallucinations are far too difficult to properly study.

(Man i sure wish i could've done this image more like a spooky gif, but i'm pretty sure you need a fancy animation program to do that and H

anyways-

Match.. ain't doing so well..

Corruption is ONE hell of a bitch, i tell yah

and, yup, it can cause demon of hell hallucinations.

g o d i need to think of a new, good chapter to write quicker and better, and also-

I'm thinking of making a oneshot book

crackbook? edgebook? whatever y'all call those-

it WILL be edgy

also- new book ideas-

lemme make the cover art before i advertise them-

-Redmist108, need that quick content, against college)

# INTERMISSION: ADVERT

Four: Come X COME!

X: Eh...wha...? Four- I'm trying to recover from the constant lethargy during this part of the sto-

Four: LOOK! We did it.. more stories X, MORE STORIES!!

X: Wait- Really??

Four: YES. New universes...more of this twisted version of Goiky... all in WHOLE NEW FORMS!! BEHOLD-

(Wow, a true intermission chapter in a while? Well-

ALRIGHTY, i obviously have aus to make, if you knew me in the long long past

I am fixing to tell more stories other than this one, now that i've gotten to this point, it felt super unlikely at first unless i like, had a REALLY REALLY good idea of a story that I REALLY had enough chapter ideas to throw it off the hook, but FINALLY i DID, and better, I managed T W O

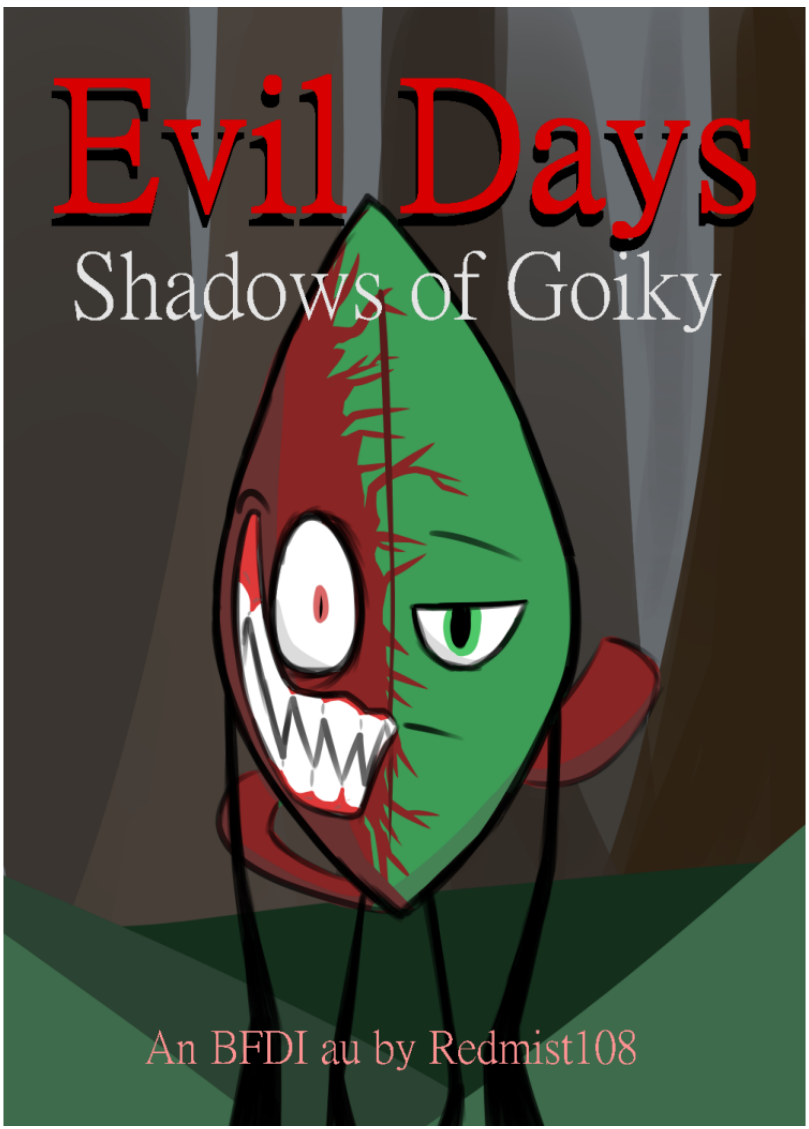
*"**It** finally happened one day."*

*"And now we all mourn."*

*"You must too."*

*"Or, we can simply free you."*

*A super angsty goth-themed au inspired by the Lobotomy Corporation abnormality- Funeral of the Dead Butterflies, and the vocaloid song- Wozwald.*



*"We all have an evil twin out there... and together? They make their own society, just like us.. But.. we don't really fit together."*

*An au where each and every character has their own evil variant. All evil characters have their own personalities and even their own abilities and traits, informed through documents.*

Oh yeah and- A crackbook/edgebook oneshot art junk book to put tiny stories for in between every big story-

I'll make my stories at my own pace and choice of adding, just for the sake of my abilities-

I dunno when these will ACTUALLY be released and realized, but hey- everything here is an experiment! I guess?? I mean- this is being done on Goiky Labs-

***ok back to THIS story-***)

X: Excuse me WHAT!?

Four: I know! Isn't it great-

X: FOUR! WE DISCOVERED INTER-DIMENSIONAL TRAVEL!!

Four: Yea- ***WHAT?!?!?!***

(Next chapter or so, stuff will be getting... much messier than it already is.)

(Whadaya think??)

# L4B R3FR3SH3D

{Hardware Online. 100% Operative.}

{Refined resources in storage. Supply stable.}

{Power grid stable.}

{All subjects present in lab headquarters. Chambers all occupied and locked. No actions needed.}

{Reviewing previous experiment logs.}

{Initializing...]

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

[Experiment Date □□□□□□□□□]
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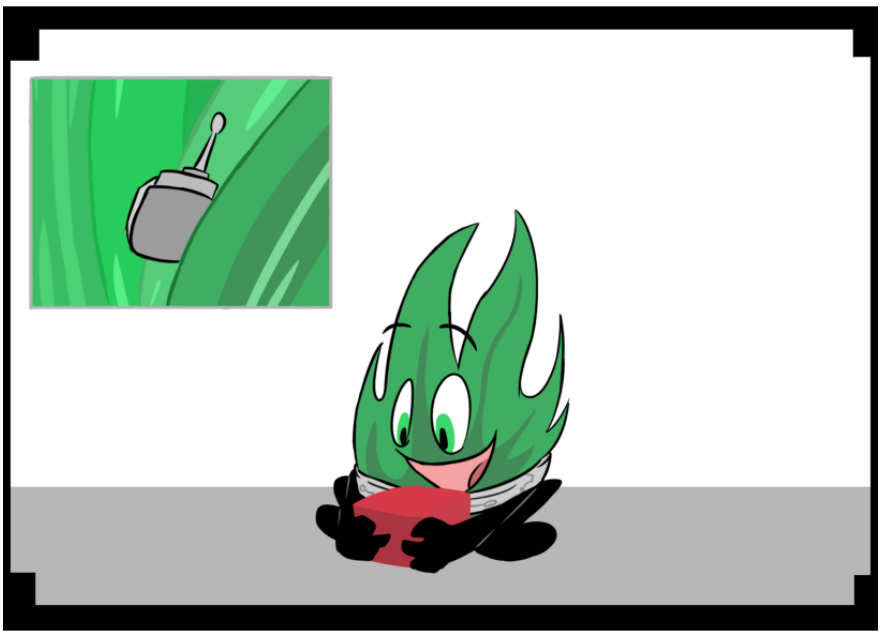


[Sanguine-based socialization experiment]

[Subject(s) used: GR4SSY-054]

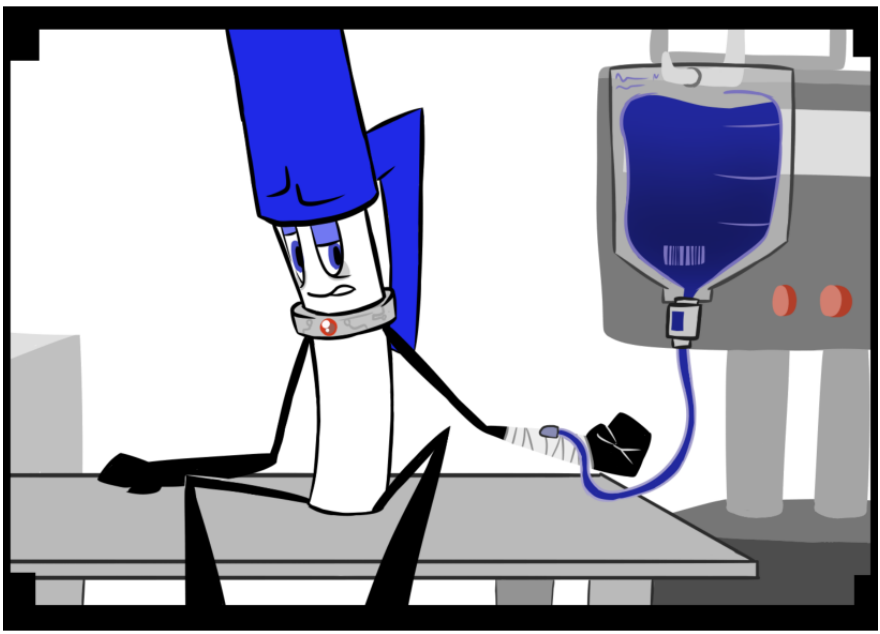
[Subject's Mental Corruption: 1%]

*Interaction: 054 placed in basic experiment chamber. 054 showed signs of anxiety towards Dr. X and Dr. Four, but soon calmed down with simple rundown of basic experiment. 054 was offered a red wooden building block for stimulation. 054 displayed great joy and interest in item, most likely reminded of BL0CKY-012, whom 054 has developed a "father-son" bond with.*

*Outcome: "Psyano-Seeker Device" Was successfully implanted within the base of 054's blades, without startling 054 or raising any awareness of the device's existence. Subject was released.*

*"Look, Dr. X! It looks just like dad!"*

[Experiment Date □□□□□□□□□]



[General Subject Material Extraction]

[Subject(s) used: P3N-008]

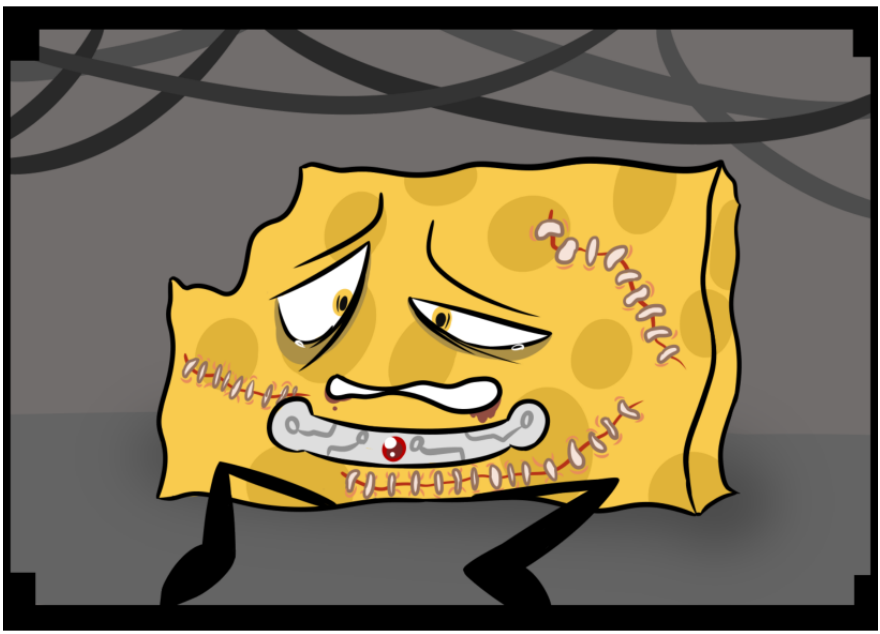
[Subject's Mental Corruption: 14%]

*Interaction: 008 was sent to general surgical room. 008 displayed acceptable cooperation during process of inserting needles for fluid harvest. Over half of 008's ink was siphoned. 008 seemed to remain calm during harvest, but scans showed high signs of stress and discomfort.*

*Outcome: 2 liters of raw "Type-008 Hemo-Ink" obtained. 008 was sent to chamber with notable, but recoverable anemia. Pending for review on ink's current qualities and value in research and chemical synthesisation .*

*"Man... you eggheads vampires or something? I don't see the scientific shizz in this..."*

[Experiment Date □□□□□□□□□□]



[Torture Experiment]

[Subject(s) used: SP0NGY-014]

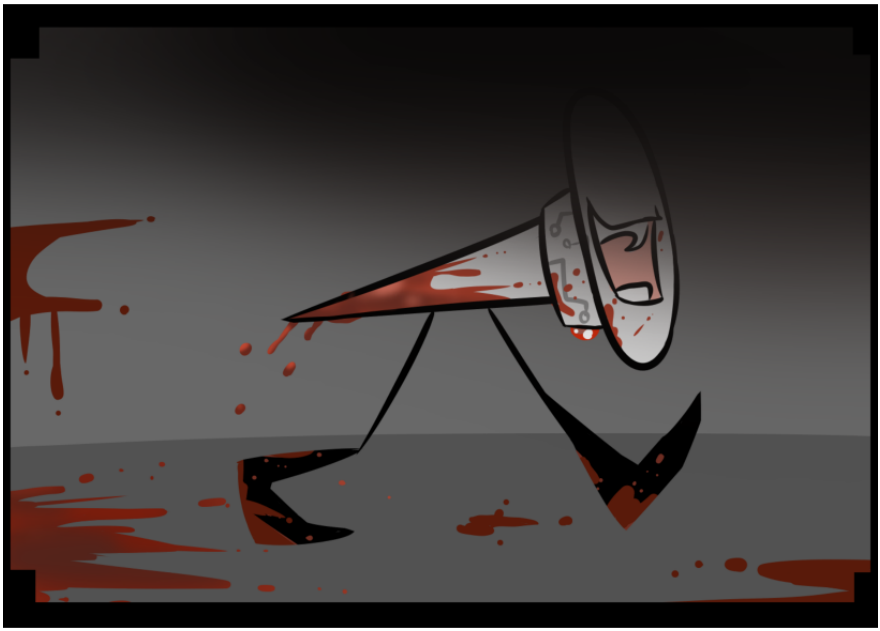
[Subject's Mental Corruption: 58%]

*Interaction: SP0NGY-014 was placed in a general torture chamber. With the use of basic cutlery and stitches, Random parts of 014's flesh was cut open and stitched back up. Certain non-vital organs were extracted, such as a kidney, 1/3 of the liver, a portion of intestines, whilst 014 remained fully awake. A small portion of 014's sponge matter was extracted. 014 displayed extreme pain and distress throughout entire procedure, but due to lack of limbs and general sluggishness, doctors received little difficulty in performing procedure.*

*Outcome: Biomass and objectmass collected from 014. Significant drop in health and mental stability detected in 014. Despite health concerns, 014 was released into chamber without healing.*

*"Why... Oh why... Why do you do this to us...?"*

[Experiment Date □□□□□□□□□]



[□□□□□□□□□□□□□]

[Subject(s) used: N41LY-048, G3L4T1N-022, B4RF B4G-055]

[Subject's Mental Corruption: 100%]

*Interaction: 048 had been repeatedly placed through Prototype Procedure [illegible] and left to interact with 022 and 055 in group chambers. 048 displayed extreme mental instability, 022 approached with a humorous attitude, much to 055's deepest concerns. 048 then proceeded to attack 022 and [illegible] Severe damage [illegible].*

*Outcome: 022 and 055 rendered terminated. 048 was terminated with collar kill-switch.*

*"Oh silly me...~ My stab instincts took over...~"*

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'

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(h a h

h  a  h

wa

am i free?

[college is back]

shit-

OK

we're *baaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaack*

This fic is still very much alive! But going at an incredibly sluggish pace-

chapter ideas? i have a couple- but due to a mix of both mental issues, art and writer's block, and irl business [college for example] has lead to me being only able to make this throughout a whole ass break

h

welp

bare with me pls-

BUT, things should hopefully be improved in the story now that i had this long as haitus

the lore is the main part, and its play into the actual meat of the story

hopefully it's better than last few chapters

HOWEVER

next chapters... the extreme gore should return

so

be warned- ;)

Redmist108- literally dying)

# For Her and Evermore

*In the depths of Goiky Labs, the cold, sterile tubes bubbled softly. The pulsing warmth radiated, as developing subjects grew, not yet ready for their true purpose.*

*In one of the tubes, a pink bracelet floated, covered in wires. She was oblivious and unsure what was going on around her, simply knowing the warmth of the tube fluids, the strange flow of liquids in her lungs, and the small wires attached to her veins, regularly pumping blood, IV, and nutrients for her to survive.*

*She didn't know her purpose. What was she?*

*Where was she?*

*What did she want? It felt like nothing, but she simply felt; There was something she wanted.*

*The subject looked around, her vision poor from the fluid, but she swam over to the inner walls of the glass, shivering a bit as she placed her hand on the cold glass, and she squinted.*

*The outside world. The figures in white. Working away, walking around her.*

*But... she saw something in the hands of a doctor, widening her eyes.*

*A comatose Ice Cube, being examined by her handler, like a display creature.*

*Bracelety was utterly shocked, she was so beautiful, so mysterious.*

*"As you see.. The ice cube is fully formed- completely able to function, once we activate her mind."*

*Ice Cube...*

*Bracelety knew in her preprogrammed mind.. that was her name, yes?*

*"I-Ice Cube..." She managed a smile.*

*"Ice...Icy..."*

*She finally got her answer. She knew what she wanted.*

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

"Get UP!"
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

"D-Doctor- GHK-"

Four angrily kicked Ice Cube in the gut while she was still on the ground, having been weakened immensely by a myriad of awful, painful experimentation. The little cubical subject just couldn't get a break as she wheezed, shakily trying to prop her bruised up body, crying from the pulsing pain, only to be kicked down once more by an angry, blue doctor.

How may we explain Ice Cube's predicament in Goiky Labs?

Well, for starters, she's held the 2nd rank in having the highest deaths among all the subjects. Her fragile body, her sensitivity to pain resulting in higher chances of her going into shock. It didn't help that she was practically a complete punching bag, both by scientist and subject.

She never felt loved by anyone, not by her only friends, nobody.

She felt helpless as she was tossed around, injected, sliced open, and pushed around by the cruel scientists.

But alas.. as Mark 4 had arrived, and this singular lunatic of a doctor was here to beat her to death, something miraculous happened for dear lonely Ice Cube.

"ICY!!"

Out of nowhere, Bracelety rushed into the room, having torn a pipe out of the walls, and before Dr. Four could process the sudden invasion, he yelled as he was being beaten by the manic subject, covered himself, eventually falling on the ground, disoriented.

Ice Cube gasped in shock, staring at Bracelety. "W-What- AGH-" She couldn't get up however, being that her leg was broken.

However, she wouldn't have to walk, as the moment Bracelety caught sight of the injured ice cube, she quickly paused her spiteful assault on Four, and rushed over to the little subject, tossing her pipe away. "ICY!! ICY- ICY-" The frantic bracelet quickly scooped up the frail subject, holding her close and darting out of the room, leaving the blue doctor. As Four managed to get up on his feet, rubbing his deep blue bruises, the bubbling rage in his heart only signified the worst.

"Hmmp. Of course it had to be her."

"B-Brace-" Ice Cube tried to speak up to Bracelety, still in shock and terror from the event. But her numerous injuries were too much for her to try and change the topic, and she winced.

Bracelety on the other hand, had managed to run over to an empty closet, shutting the door behind her, and carefully placing Ice Cube on the ground. "Careful-i-it's ok! I know it's hard to process- But I'm here to SAVE you Icy!!"

"..Save?" Ice Cube pried open one eye, looking over at the strange subject. Out of everything her entire life, she had always been seen as cannon fodder; No matter the situation, she was more often than not, the one subject everyone agreed to sacrifice, if it meant saving those who'd suffer more slowly than her.

Ever since she figured that lovely fact out, Ice Cube had suffered from feelings of worthlessness, at least, in terms of being treated as an object worth living.

"Wait- why..why would you save me? I-I- There's no point!" Ice Cube winced at her aching back, but tried to explain on. "W-We haven't even met each other!"

However, even with her blatant truths, the subject in front of her only continued to grin, perking up as she found an opportunity to bond. "OH!! Icy!! I'm Bracelety!! You've seen me- I'm number 034! And I LOVE YOU!!"

"I- You..love me? But-" Ice Cube didn't have to object.

"Don't think that way, silly!! Out of ALL the subjects in this lab- You've got to be the most INSPIRING OF THEM ALL!!" Bracelety chirped in joy, and she went on.. and on..

Ice Cube blinked, for the first time in her life, something interesting had happened.

She never thought that a "Number 1 Biggest Fan" would be that something.

"I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT THERE WAS NO HOPE HERE, UNTIL I SAW YOU! NOW I KNOW FOR A FACT THAT WE'RE ALL GONNA BE SAVED, CUZ YOU'RE GONNA INSPIRE US ALL TO BE FREE!! YOU CAN DO ANYTHING!!"

Bracelety's voice was well, pretty loud and grainy.. But Ice Cube in her honestly, wasn't exactly bothered by it, noting her enthusiastic and hopeful tone.

Her disposition was- Sanguine? Yeah? That was a no brainer.

"B-Bracelety- I-I dunno if I can.. d-do all that-"

"NONSENSE!! HOW DO YOU KEEP ON GOING?!!? YOU NEVER GIVE UP, EVER!!" Bracelety had to applaud her. "YOU'RE THE STRONGEST SUBJECT IN THIS ENTIRE LAB!!"

"I..." Ice Cube paused.. Hearing that compliment.

"I am..?" She squeaked out, and Bracelety happily went on..

"YES!! YES YOU ARE!! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! AND YOU'RE SO PRETTY, SO KIND, SO AMAZING!! WHY DO YOU THINK I SAVED YOU?! I COULDN'T LET YOU JUST SUFFER LIKE THAT!"

All these remarks, were nothing she'd ever hear. Not from her friends, not from Leafy, Dr. X, anyone.

It practically was making Ice Cube tear up.

"W-Wow.. I-I never expected someone..w-would ever say that to me.." She curled up a bit, looking down as her eyes glistened with tears, and her mouth quivered.

"YOU DESERVE TO HEAR IT! CUZ I LOV- Wah?" Bracelety noticed Ice Cube, her wide smile now loosened, as she watched her idol begin to weep softly.

"I-I..w-wow.. j-jee.." Ice Cube sniffled and wept, overwhelmed with the sudden emotions. In her long and grueling life of taking in insult after insult, hopeless remark after hopeless remark, a genuine compliment of this degree was like a hard pill to swallow.

One that would ultimately, alleviate her pain.

"I-I never expected someone t-to..love me.." The little subject shakily smiled, whining a bit, so soft, and so delicate.

"I-I always thought I-I was..u-useless..j-just.. a tool.."

Hearing such emotional pain from her dear Icy, it made Bracelety's heart drop. But almost immediately, she had to object.

"WHAT?! NO! ICY! DON'T BEAT YOURSELF UP LIKE THAT!!" Quickly, yet carefully, Bracelety picked up the frail subject, speaking to her up front.

"YOU GOTTA BELIEVE IN YOURSELF!! JUST LIKE I BELIEVE IN YOU!! YOU'VE SURVIVED 4 WHOLE MAJOR EXPERIMENTS AND YOU'RE STILL YOUR GOOD OL SELF!! DON'T YOU SEE?!"

With the chipper girl's enthusiastic remarks, Ice Cube couldn't help but smile a bit, tears still pouring from her eyes.

"YOU'RE THE BE-

***SSHHK***

***BR4C3L3TY-034, TERMINATED***

*"G  HHH K-"* Bracelety shook in place, as blood shot out from under her collar.

Her jubilant smile trembled, slowly collapsing into a frown, and she dropped Ice Cube, crumbling like a broken ragdoll.

Ice Cube cried out in horror, grunting as she landed on her broken leg. Looking up to see her sudden savior dead, she screamed in horror.

"BRACELETY!!"

She wouldn't have time to properly cry out, as Four slammed the door open.

"004. Just forget it."

He walked over, kicking away Bracelety's body, glaring down at Four.

"I heard everything... Hah, so fucking funny." He had to crack a smirk.

"034.. Goodness, she's unique. You think what she said was true? Sure, to her that is. But I'll tell you something special. It's a glitch."

Ice Cube cried out, trying to back away from Four, but her futile struggle was paused, as he stepped on her, holding her down with his boot.

"She only loves you because of a glitch. It was a freak accident in her personality programming, and now she's obsessed with you. You wouldn't be that desperate to accept a subject like that, hm?"

As he put pressure on the frail subject, Ice Cube cried in pain, not wanting to believe him. "N-No- T-That isn't-"

"True? It's true, alright. You're doomed, 004." He chuckled.

"Nobody would ever love you."

***CRRNNHKK***

And there, Ice Cube's life were shattered, into a mess of skull of brain matter.

~~~

"No.."

Bracelety's mind trailed, as she was slowly revived in her stasis tank.
~~~

In conjunction to her "glitch", her mind raced to most when in her tube.

"I failed again.."

After all her mindless attempts at trying to grab Ice Cube's attention through signs, screaming, and crafted totems, her first direct attempt at simply saving Ice Cube from her numerous agonies, had turned out alright.

Well, until she was terminated.

She already felt Ice Cube die.

She just couldn't bare to allow this pain to continue.

She was the first being she ever saw. The one being she felt a great importance for.

Not only did she want to be close to her, she just wanted her to be at peace. When she was in pain, Bracelety was in pain.

She just couldn't stand this anymore.

She'd do anything for her.

Her safety.

Her joy.

She had to protect her.

And she'd truly do anything.

For her and evermore.

~~~~~~~~~

Ice Cube walked back into her chamber, shutting the door behind her.

After being revived, she honestly didn't want to go to the stimulation room, even if it was time to interact.

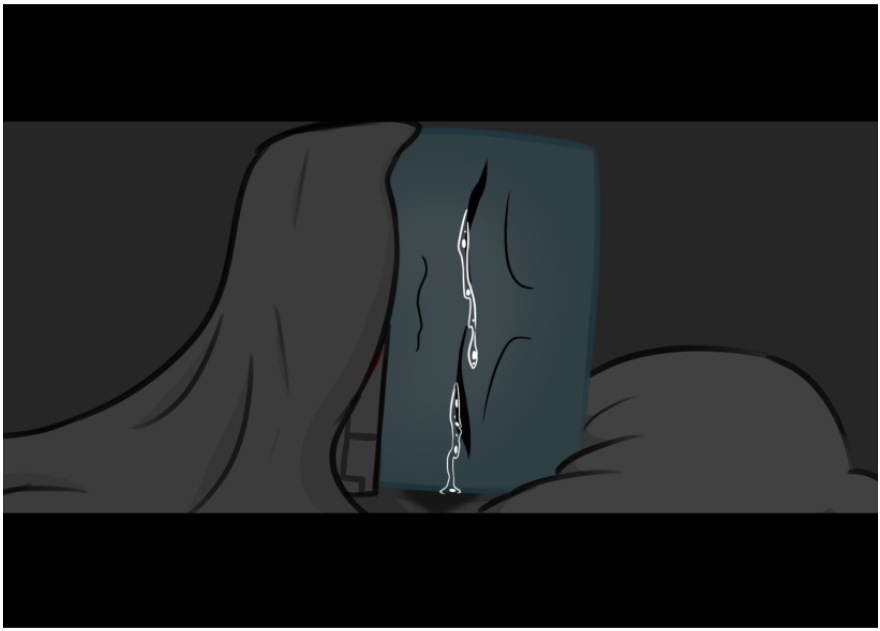
The all-female subject group she was hanging with was just too chaotic. Her old friend Book had changed for the worse, and she just didn't want to deal with her.

Not to mention, that pathetic little leaf had become a depressed mess. Ever since her precious ex-boyfriend had his memories wiped. It was the same fucking story everyday.

Hell, she tried to hang out with Bubble, a subject that shared her exact predicament; fragile, bullied, a punching bag for scientists and subjects alike. Yet the melancholic junkie managed to hook up with that angry bitch, and regardless of her attempts to help, Bubble just couldn't connect to Ice Cube anymore.

All the cube of ice could do, was slum on her bed, lay in her sheets, and sleep her miserable life away. Tears dripped from the edges of
~~~~~~~~~

her eyes.



"Ugh- is there a way to shut this chick up?" Gelatin sat by Donut and his allies, watching as Bracelety ran around as usual in the stimulation room, holding up her mindless signs and showing her pride for Ice Cube.

"I LOVE ICE CUBE!! ICE CUBE IS THE BEST!! WE GOTTA BELIEVE IN ICY!!" That saccharine subject would not only attempt to cheer Ice Cube in this manner, but attempt to sway the other subjects into her little craze, most attempts simply futile, as it was agreed that Bracelety's undying love for Ice Cube was just too much.

"We can't really do anything about it. It's just her.." Donut sat, simply nibbling on a food block he saved. "Hmp, i'm surprised that the doctors didn't fix that little Icy glitch- I always wondered if she had a personality outside of "I love Icy".." He shook his head.

"Hm.. I dunno.. Apparently it's kinda like TD's muteness and Firey's amnesia- irreversible!" Gelatin chuckled.

"Yeah, but this wasn't on purpose." Donut scoffed.

"But hey- it's actually something lighthearted for once! At least Bracelety doesn't have this- freakish obsessive hatred of Ice Cube that'll result in her tormenting her worse than anything Dr. Four could do!" Gelatin chuckled, his friends however, stared at him in slight disapproval.

"Uhh... sorry- heh!"

"ICY ICY!! HEY! WHERE'S ICY?! I GOTTA SEE HER!!" Bracelety looked around at the crowd, asking enthusiastically for her idol. She just couldn't stop thinking about her lately- more than she ever had been already. It practically made her forget the time she saved her, then got killed right after.

Leafy squeaked a bit. "A-Ah.. I think Icy went to her room.."

"OH!! OK-"

"Wait- Bracelety! I-I don't think you should bother her.." She raised her hand to the cyan subject. "S-She just isn't.. feeling well.."

"I-I- Wah? W-WHY?! I-IS IT FROM LAST NIGHT?!" Bracelety asked frantically, which made Leafy and some others confused.

"Wait.. were you there when she-"

"YES! YES I WAS THERE! I TRIED TO SAVE HER!"

"W-What?!" Leafy widened her eyes, never expecting that Bracelety would do this.

This was too damn risky in this time and age.

"I-I- Bracelety- I-I don't think you should-"

"SHOULD WHAT?!"

"You shouldn't have done that! Don't you know the LAST times that we've tried to save each other?!" Leafy just had to speak her mind.

This rebellious nature was her doing, she knew it. She inspired all these sudden invasions of scientific work, from the multitude of times Leafy herself went rogue. Hell, she holds the lab record for being the longest rat running amok until she was caught.

But ever since the atrocities she witnessed.

The pain.

The despair.

The poor copycats that tried to follow her example and fight against an unstoppable force.

She had to change the game-plan, before anymore were hurt.

"W-WHAT DO YOU MEAN?! I-I COULDN'T LEAVE ICY ALONE LIKE THAT!" Bracelety whined out, dropping her sign on the ground.

"I-I know you couldn't, b-but you know Dr. Four! He could hurt her! Hurt you! You can't risk that anymore!" Leafy tried to explain.. The others around her murmured.

"I-I know how hellish this place is.. B-But if we don't obey the scientists- they'll do WORSE to us!"

"Hm. Really?" A large subject stood up, Leafy shuttered, looking over as behind her, Snowball confronted her.

"I thought you were the little rebel now! Never thought you'd go back to being the little doctor's pet." He narrowed his eyes as he loomed over her. Clearly, hearing Leafy's sudden statement to Bracelety had struck a nerve. He wasn't the one to handle 'hypocrisy' very well. Especially in this day and time.

"What? Snowball- Hear me out! Would you rather go with the dumb

shit the doctors put us through, than piss them off and receive a goddamn HELLHOLE of a day?!" Leafy furrowed her eyes, barking back at Snowball.

"Oh- Those days are over, Leafy. We have DR. FUCKING FOUR in this lab. And him? He just fucking slaughters us all when he WANTS to. You don't even have to do ANYTHING to him. Hell! If you piss him off, it won't be any better than when he's fucking BORED!" Snowball went off, his tone made the other subjects back away, not wanting to deal with him. But Leafy, and strangely, Bracelety stayed put.

"Don't just think like that! We could get that guy to calm down! There's gotta be SOME kind of goddamn humanity in that guy! How the hell does he even have his job?!"

"Yah THINK!?"

"B-But- What about my Icy?!" Bracelety had to take note of the distraction. However, Snowball had to jump on the opportunity, scoffing.

"Oh.. YOUR Icy. We know you're only GLITCHED into loving her to bits. Do you really wanna waste your time on the ONE little lab rat who's life means nothing compared to ours?" He got up in the cyan subjects face, the deathly remark made her gasp.

"WHAT?! NO! I-I'M NOT GLITCHED! I-I-"Bracelety sputtered out, falling on the ground, backing off from the burly snow subject. And he simply went on.. and on, approaching and pointing at Bracelety.

"If Ice Cube's gonna get someone she can go cry her eyeballs off, I don't think a *literal* experiment gone wrong will do the trick-"

Immediately, Leafy got between the two, holding up one of her signature knives.

"Back off! Leave her ALONE, Snowball!"

"Oh..?" Snowball straightened up, raising an eyebrow, as he was being held at blade-point.

Funny, this wasn't his first time.

One of hundreds, in fact.

He only chuckled, raising his hands, smiling mockingly.

"Easy now.. You know me! The big bad bully of the roster-"

"ENOUGH. I've HAD it with you." Leafy growled lowly, holding up her blade. More and more, she felt her anger bubbling in her heart. Snowball only rolled his eyes, dropping the lame facade, and hitting where it hurt.

"God- I'm not gonna be surprised if Firey wiped his memories of you on purpose." He muttered.

And that little sentence, it only made Leafy jump.

*"..What did you say?"*

"What? You heard me- Just saying! The guy was actually pretty close to the doctors! Right before his poor little brain got melted-"

***KRKKGNH***

***"HGGHAG-"***

Droplets of blood flicked out, splattering on some of the subjects. Everyone who witnessed gasped in horror, backing off, some screaming in terror.

Snowball suddenly jerked back, letting out a violent gag as a blade plunged into his throat. The stab severed his trachea, and a fine collar of mahogany draped down his chest.

As the large and cold-hearted subject's vision readjusted, his terrified gaze met with a green leaf, staring him down, holding the very blade that punctures his throat.

*"Don't. Ever. Speak. About. Him."* Madness blazed in Leafy's eyes, accented with unbridled rage.

As the stimulation room went wild, Bracelety backed off from the scene, quickly darting out of the stimulation room, and rushing to her dear Ice Cube.

She had no time for this madness.

Ice Cube remained cooped up in her room. Far away from the stimulation room, she was left at peace from the chaos and noise, the voices that drove her crazy.

However, she jumped, as she heard her door open, and a panting figure was there to meet her.

"ICY!"

"I-I- Oh..i-it's you.." Ice Cube sat up on her bed, gasping at the sudden arrival of Bracelety. The cyan subject rushed over to her bedside, smiling and giggling like an idiot.

"HEY!! A-AH- ARE YOU OK!?"

"I..." Ice Cube blinked, realizing that she was crying, quickly, she tried to wipe it off. "Oh- n-no I'm ok- I-I-"

However, Bracelety already saw, she jumped up, and almost instantly, she produced a sign from her back, ripping off a chunk to wipe away her tears. "OH NO! I GOT YOU!"

"Wah-!?" Ice Cube flinched a bit at the sudden contact on her face, but the moment she realized that the strange sanguine subject had dried her somber tears, she sat silent, in awe.

"..Thank you.." She blinked, and Bracelety only happily replied. "NO PROBLEM! I HAD TO HELP YOU ICY!! PLEASE TALK TO ME!! I-I- I KNOW YOU'RE SAD! I-I-"

However, as soon as Bracelety noticed Ice Cube's confused, somewhat awkward frown, she simmered down, recoiling, her own smile loosened.

"I-I...Oh..I-I'm sorry- I'm sorry if I'm coming off as- c-creepy! I-I-" Bracelety stuttered, unable to find words to explain herself. A deep shame began to wash over her enthusiasm.

But Ice Cube noticed, quickly reassuring her. "Hey hey- Bracelety!"

Bracelety looked up. "W-Wah?"

"You didn't bother me... you never did.." Ice Cube adjusted herself, sitting up and scooting over to Bracelety, this in turn made the cyan subject tense up.

However, when she realized what the little subject was going with.. her eyes brightened.

"I.. I'm actually honored that you like me... I really am.. It's been so horrible in this lab.. I can't really rely on my old friends anymore.. I just want a real relationship.. so.. Maybe.. we could try something?" Ice Cube looked up, giving a small smile.

A single smile was all she needed, as Bracelety's face lit up with a cheerful grin, and she immediately hugged the little ice cube.

"YES!! I-I'D LOVE TO TALK MORE!! I DO!! I PROMISE I'LL BE THE BESTEST FRIEND YOU CAN EVER HAVE!!" The overjoyed tone was more than anything Bracelety could ever muster, being successful in opening up with her dear idol.

Ice Cube jumped a bit from the sudden hug and ecstatic voice, but she chuckled, feeling this would be the start of some great things.

In the cameras, a doctor was thinking otherwise.

"Hm... this is really happening, eh? Like hell you two are becoming a thing."

Four scoffed, scooting back a bit from his desk, and opening the bottom drawers.

He pulled out a little glass box, inside of it, was a little bug-shaped gadget.

"Prototype Neurax-Scarab.. This better be interesting."

"ICY!!! LOOK!!"

Bracelety quickly pulled up a picture she drew, a little doodle of Ice Cube and herself, with little pink hearts showering the place.

Ice Cube looked up, giggling. "Ah.. that's cute!"

"YEAH!!"

Whilst the two hung out, a small little entity skittered across the white tiles. The "Neurax-Scarab" device, which was automatically seeking out Bracelety, as Four inputted her collar location. The little robot snuck up behind the hyperactive subject.

They didn't notice a thing.

"Hah.. say.. what do you think we could do together?" Ice Cube asked

curiously.

"OH!!" Bracelety lit up more, her mind bubbling with all sorts of imaginable ideas. "WE COULD DO ANYTHING!! OH!! WHENEVER NIGHT COMES, WE CAN SNEAK OUT AND HANG AROUND THE CAKE GENERATOR!!"

Ice Cube giggled at the idea.. "Oh.. that'd be real nice! Though.. we gotta be careful about the doctors-"

"OH FUCK THOSE GUYS- I PROMISE I'LL PROTECT YOU!!" Bracelety proudly announced..

"R-Really..? But.. I wouldn't want you getting hurt, y'know.."

"BUT ICY! WHAT MATTERS TO ME IS THAT YOU'RE OK! AS LONG AS I KNOW, I DON'T LET ANY PAIN GET TO ME!! CUZ I LOVE-"

Suddenly, Bracelety felt a strange, cold thing hop onto the back of where her neck would be, jabbing its spindly legs into her flesh, immediately connecting to her spinal cord. There, Bracelety froze, her motor functions from the neck down no longer in her control.

"I-I...Icy?" Bracelety suddenly frowned, her body twitched, and she was slowly approaching Ice Cube, ignorant to the world of chaos she was about to enter.

"Ah- Yes Bracelety? What's wrong?-" As son as Ice Cube turned to look at her little singular entourage, she was knocked out with a swift punch.

With Bracelety's hands, all against her will.

"ICY!!!"

It was a struggle for Bracelety, trying to regain control of her body. Right as she knocked out Ice Cube with a sucker punch, she was dragging the small subject to a testing room far away. All that time, the terrified and confused subject was trying to scream for help, apologizing to her idol, but most of all, crying to herself as she desperately tried to fight at the device she didn't know was hijacking her body.

Only at first was Four going to be there to taunt Bracelety in person. However, now that he thought of it, him not being present in the experiment would potentially make the outcome of this very,

very,

very,

interesting.

So there he sat. In his dark office.

Watching through cameras.

Eventually, Bracelety was forced to kick the door to the testing room open, placing Ice Cube's body on a table, strapping her legs and forehead in with cuffs.

By that time, Ice Cube groaned, fluttering her eyes open as she looking up.

"Wha...w-what the fuck-"

"ICE CUBE LISTEN!!"

"W-What- Bracelety?!"

"THIS ISN'T ME! I-I'M NOT DOING THIS! I-I SWEAR!!"

Bracelety was crying out loud, her eyes poured with tears, and she gritted her teeth as she unwillingly dug through tools, a pre-placed box that she tore open, pulling out a handful of large nails.

As she held up a hammer, the poor subject could only turn her head to look at her dear idol, her face full of fear and remorse.

"I'M SO SORRY!!"

Every attempt to resist the forced movement from her hacked nerves brought her stinging pain.

As she approached her panicked idol, the next commands of the neural scarab kicked in.

Bracelety's arms raised, the nail aimed at a Ice Cube's top left corner.

And the hammer raised...

"NOOO!!-"

**KLANK**

***K R U N CH***

"AAAGGGHH-" Ice Cube screamed out, the shriek of her agony filled the room, as did the blood from her shattered corner.

Bracelety could only cry out pathetically, a prisoner of her body as step by step, she was forced to hammer nails into Ice Cube's body.

"I' M SORRYY-"

**KLANK**

***K R U N CH***

"S T O P!!-" Ice Cube cried.

"I CAN'T!!"

**KLANK**

***K R U N CH***

"IT HURTS!!-"

**KLANK**

***K R U N CH***

"BRACELETY-"

**KLANK**

***K R U N CH***

"LEAVE ME AL O NE-"

**KLANK**

***K R U N CH***

**KLANK**

***K R U N CH***

**KLANK**

***K R RR R R N C H***

**...**

It felt like eons as she was forced to torture her.

Bracelety's bloodshot eyes glared down at the awful sight in front of her.

Her voice was robbed from her, not from the control of the device, but of the realization.

She couldn't do anything to save her dear Ice Cube.

She failed to protect her from any pain, any agony.

She said she'd do absolutely everything for her.

But now?

Here she was.

Her arms draped in long gloves of cold blood.

The hammer in her trembling arm soaked crimson.

Droplets of red splattered all over her tear soaked face.

And right in front of her, Ice Cube's twitching body gradually bled out. The poor girl had massive nails wedged into her body, like a grotesque pin cushion. One had punctured her eye, many others were embedded into her shattered ice body. The finishing blow for dear Ice Cube, was the final nail in the coffin.

A nail to the heart.

"I-I c y...?" Bracelety croaked out, dropping her hammer with a deafening thud.

Before she could even have to chance to mope and grieve, a familiar beeping came from her collar.

***BR4C3L3TY-034, TERMINATED***

***SSSKK***

***-------***

Ice Cube and Bracelety were recovered later on.

Dr. Four saved the recording, putting it in with Bracelety's interaction data.

Watching the annoying thing turning her oh so beloved ice cube into a bloody pin cushion was quite amusing. It was pretty damn obvious the two would suffer severe mental corruption. As Four stared at Ice Cube's brain scans, keeping her in her test tube until further notice, he saw the percentage was 57%.

Only a few points higher than the usual corruption she received in any noteworthy torture session.

"My my..." Four raised his eyebrows. "She really held on more than I thought." Looking up at the subject, curled up in her tube, he sighed. "It's obvious really, she's used to this crap, probably as much as 003 is." He scoffed a bit, then moved on to Bracelety.

.....

"Oh.. another peak." Four stared at Bracelety's stats. A full 100% meter of mental corruption.

It didn't really shock him, hell, he played it off as a simple little joke. This had become small potatoes than the other cruel endeavors he desired from the subjects.

"Oh whatever- At least 004 is *definitely* going to avoid her now."

And there, he finished his work, placing the subjects back into their chambers.

***"Hhhh...."***

It was dark in her chamber, no one came to check on her, nobody knew what happened.

***"Why y y...."***

Ever since the incident, she remained in this eternal tomb, drowned in her guilt, her misery.

***"W-Wha t did I do to h e r..."***

The overwhelming guilt, like stones in her heart.

***"I-Icy…"*** Bracelety hugged herself tightly, shivering and whimpering miserably as she sat on the same spot of her bed for hours on end. ***"I-I didn't mean to..I-I.. I h u rt I c y…"***

She wheezed as she uttered those words to herself.

Even with that metal insect controlling her, the hammer was in her hands, and the nails were wedged in by her brute force.

***"I…"*** Suddenly, the deep regret in her heart, slowly, but surely, boiled into rage.

Resent.

Re v e  n g e.

"**..No...tH E Y made me h urt m y I C Y...**" Bracelety's red, teary eyes widened. Her brows furrowed fiercely, and her hands clenched into tight fists.

"**The D O C T O R S.**" She growled under her voice, getting up from her seat, and for once after hours, she exited her chamber.

The rage that radiated from the cyan ring was felt by the unaware subjects, slowly as she trudged through the subject ward, going towards where the doctors usually were.

"I.. I think.. I can do it." A soft voice spoke, alone in his office, fiddling with his thumbs.

X had been in such a terrible depression for weeks.

he never dared show it to Four. It was becoming a great concern for the subjects more than anything.

His mental state was dwindling, he didn't outright know it, but he felt it.

With what remaining sense of self he retained as he tried to end the constant pain, he realized something.

He needed to talk to him.

Before it's too late.

"I can talk to him...I should have..I..." X paused, but simply stood up, adjusting his coat, his glasses, and keeping a stern pose.

"I can do this." He spoke silently under his breath, opening the door to his office and leaving.

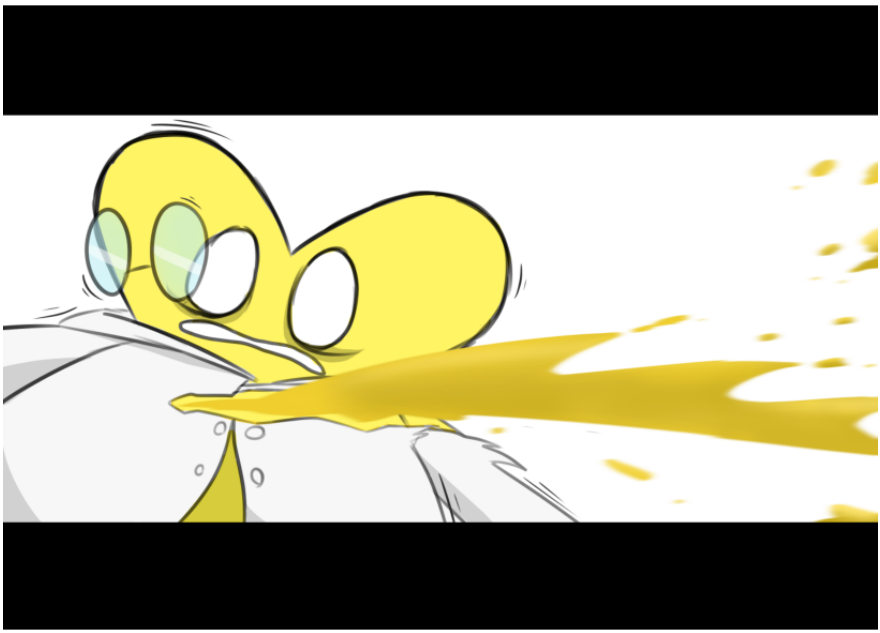
As he walked down the halls to find his coworker, he tried distracting his racing thoughts with the simple words of encouragement he made for himself.

It was working for a while... He could even smile a bit.

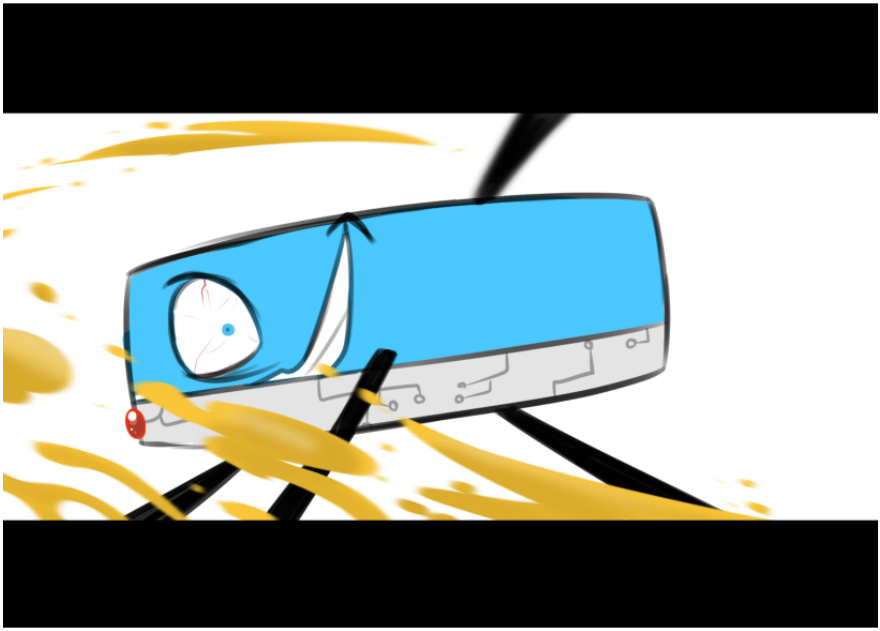
But as he was about to turn a corner, a stumbling subject got in his way, surprising him bit.

"Oh- Hey-"

***SHK***



**"HHHK-"**



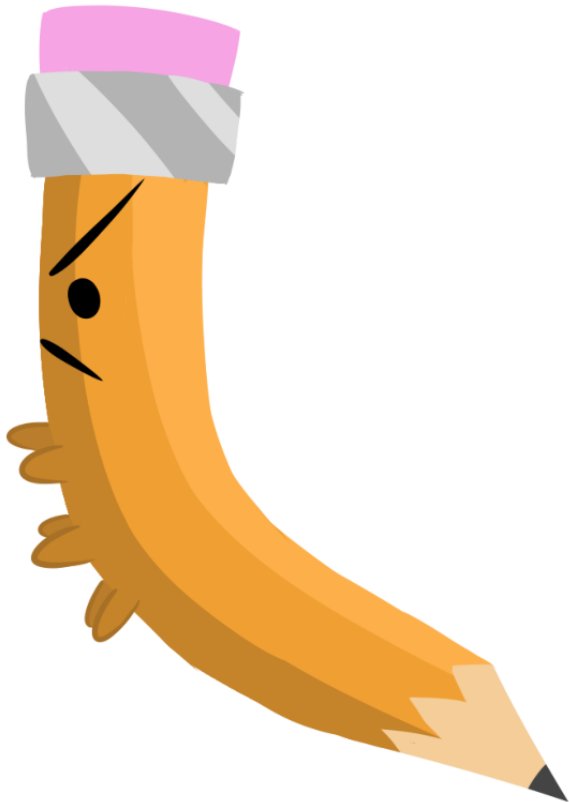
*"I'll do it for h e r."*

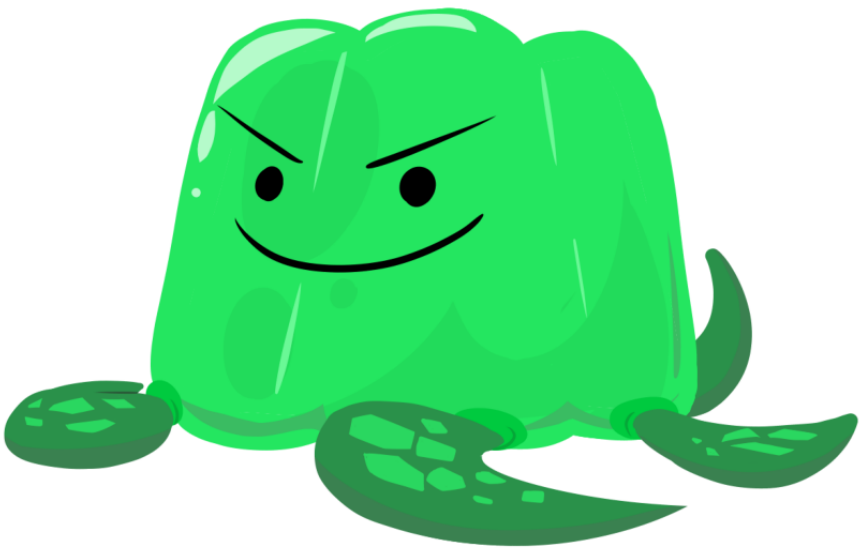
For her and evermore.

(H.

H. - Redmist108, waiting for college to end)

ISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS





Snail Fanny

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*Addendum- Snail Fanny*

**END OF FILES**

".....X WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?!"

(This was originally for April Fools but as you can see I missed that big time-

poop

A little breather before shit gets REAL-

boy if this ends up being a clusterfuck-

-poop)

# Gawawawawawa

**Goiky Labs  20XX**

**Location: ?????????**

"Hello?"

Taco had awoken in a strange dark chamber, oddly hued in a deep blue haze.

Was this a secret area?

All she remembered was Four knocking her out... He only said to her-*"T4C0-045, Report to testing room 6, I have an experiment."*

Then that's it.

"Man..where the hell is that guy anyway...I swear.." Taco hugged herself a bit, the atmosphere more cold than the usual lab air.

As she walked around, she couldn't see any tables.. no tools, no crates, no switches, windows, anything.

Seemingly a totally enclosed chamber..

"What? Where the hell even am I? Is this some kinda-"

**"Hhhhhhh."**

A hushed breath exhaled beside her ear, and a cold, clawed hand grasped her shoulder.

Taco froze, her lettuce perked up, and fear shot through her heart.

That wasn't Four.

"W-Wh a. . ?" The poor subject whimpered, slowly turning her head to the mysterious figure behind her.

The last thing she saw was a pair of wide eyes, blazing with rage and hunger.

**^*&^(&%(*)(*(*()*()*%^%$^%^&*()**

**RRRRRRRRGGG**

*Kr u u nc h*

*KRNCH*

*SSshK*

**KRUNCH**

"R r r r h g g ." Satiated her eternal hunger with Taco's flesh, Evil Leafy once again sat in her hidden chamber, fed and studied by Dr. Four, fully recovered from the previous battle before.

The corners of her head were a bit tattered, and after being stuck here for so long, she grew more agitated, frustrated, more and more wanting to escape this damned place.

She could easily teleport out, but some damned energy field was turned on, keeping her enclosed in this tomb.

She didn't quite understand that this chamber was in fact, a hidden structure within the blue doctor himself.

With his powers as an algebralien, he was gifted with an internal pocket dimension, a simple blue forest, but also, enough space for him to build a small secret lab within himself.

The E.X.I.T.

And it's *all* here to keep the demonic leaf contained.

Meanwhile, Dr. Four himself could see everything in the chamber, examining Evil Leafy as she fed on Taco's body. The feral creature had already devoured over half of her body, crunching up bones,

tearing up innards, lapping up any droplets of blood she could find.

*"L34FY-002E seems to solely rely on object flesh as a nutrient source. Potential causes for this cannibalistic diet could be the effects of Compound Scarlet. The most plausible theory being that Compound Scarlet deteriorates the bodies of E-Class, requiring them to maintain their existence with fresh object cells."*

Whilst Four was examining his little internal world, he was safe and sound in his office, sitting calmly, focusing his mind within, speaking into a recorder.

*"Studies with L34FY-002's DNA shows small traces of Compound Scarlet. Her and her 'Twin's' bond may very well be a mere instinct. A drive from the neurological effects of Compound Scarlet to survive."*

His lip curled, marveling at his new little discovery.

"Her bizarre involvement with the previously failed Evil Project may very well be much deeper than we thought. The Compound could've originated from her. Or perhaps.. something more complicated than that. Whatever our theories and investigations go to, L34FY-002 must not be-"

***"F O U R!!"***

A distant cry of pain.

Followed by a painful hack.

Immediately, Four's eyes shot open, and as he recognized that voice, his heart was struck with terror.

Terror so strong, it jammed the power within the E.X.I.T lab, making Evil Leafy squeak in shock.

".....X?"

(WElp apologies for the disappearance- I am alive! just- fucking busy as hell with college, AND mental health-

reminder- you all have my permission to draw stuff involving my fanfics and au's! it's real nice to see.. hell- you can make fics about

them if you want!

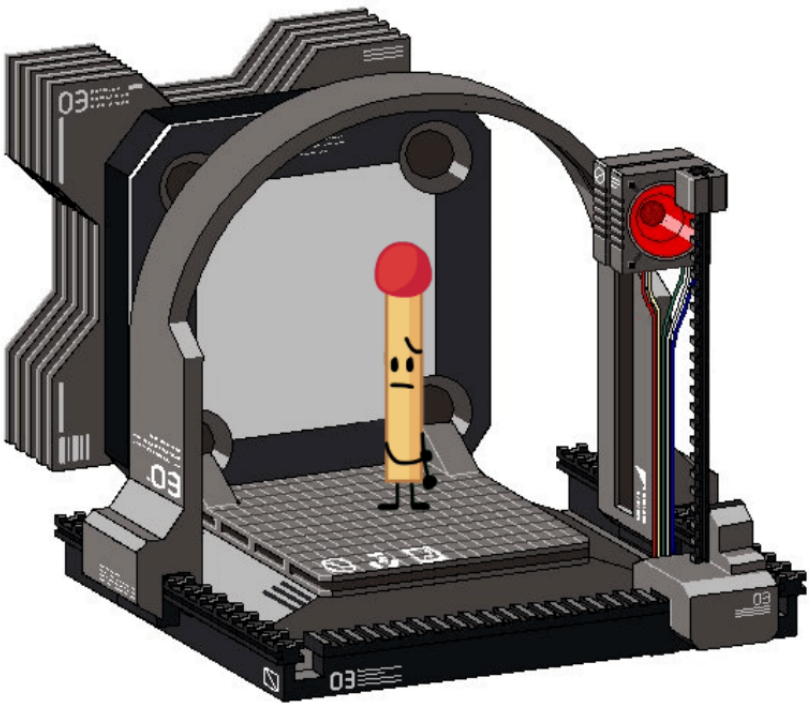
Other than that- I HOPE I can work some more here- and once again I apologize for all the dumb waits-

H. - Redmist108, what else am I doing? college)

# INTEREORMEORMEOM: Why

Since this fanfic is already as gorey and egregiously edgy as it already is, allow me to summarize what is apparently the most infamous chapter from what i've heard!

The Match and Pencil chapter in a single picture everyone!



I hate what i've created!

Please don't look up the origin of this!

***PLEASE***

(-Redmist108, ready to die)

# In the Arms of an Angel

***"X?! X!!"***

***"I'M COMING, X!!"***

"Hhhg..."

Firey covered his ears tightly, shivering at the muffled, yet distracting commotion outside. He had been in his chamber, locked up, hiding away from everyone, now that the doctors were thankfully neglecting him to focus on the other subjects. All he ever did now was curl up on his bed, fetal-position, trying to tune out everything in his damaged mind.

"God..make it st o p.."

The flame had it, he just had enough.

His life was miserable.

He had no friends whatsoever, whatever friends he had at least, he couldn't be near them anymore.

It was all too much, the pain was too much.

His anxiety was out of control.

Nobody could be trusted.

Nobody.

Especially that damned le aF-

"RHGG-"

Firey whined in pain, flinching on his bed, curling up further than he already was.

The thought of that leaf-

"HGGGH-"

It always sent a shot of mental pain the moment he even tried to think about her.

A cloud of scrambled memories that stung at his brain, every time he tried to even touch it.

But this time, it was more intense.

Yet clearer.

The pain lasted far less.

And Firey swore, the more he tried to recall, the more he genuinely began to..

*Remember.*

Like a wound, slowly healing, rejuvenating to brand new flesh.

"...What.."

Firey opened his bloodshot eyes, staring into the distance in shock.

...

Could he?

He had to..

What was this all about.. why couldn't he remember- yet know *something-*

He sat up, taking a deep breath, and as he held his head, he tried to recall.

recall.

Remember-

~~~~~

**"Look! I got you some cake, Firey!"**

~~~~

Bit by bit.

It all came back to him.

"W-Wha....Leaf...that..-"

~~~

**"Hey- Leafy! You ok? God- we gotta get you to bed..."**

**"N-No- I'm fine, Firey..."**

~~

"Oh...."

An enigmatic figure, that was so persistent in getting his attention. A perceived nuisance, soon becoming a great invasion of his space.

More and more, he recalled tender moments they had together.

To his shock.

Almost horror.

Then soon, the realization.
~~~

She.

The Leaf.

Number 002.

They had comfort with one another.

The only true solace Firey had ever felt.

In the sorrowful suffering of this lab.

~~

**"C'mere, Firey... You've been through enough..."**

**"L-Leafy, it's ok...the wound will cauterize itself...-"**

**"Fireeey... I wanna cuddle..."**

**"Leaf- Oh...mmh..."**

**"Heh...you're so warm..."**

**"Ah.....cmon.... you're the sweet one here..."**

**"Oh...Firey..."**

~~

The feeling of her arms, wrapped around him, holding him close and promising to protect him from the foul clutches of the doctors.

Like in the arms of an angel.

It brought tears of oil to Firey's eyes.

In this very moment, he felt joy, actual joy.

The memories just flooded back, all of it.

He had found her.

It was her all along.

He should have known.

The weight has been lifted.

"Oh g-god....Leafy....I-I remember now....L-Leafy...!" Firey quivered through his tears, chuckling shakily as he hugged himself.

"I-I can't believe...I-I...forg-...." But then, a new realization occurred.

Why did they make him forget her?

Those damned-

.....

Then it hit him.

Like a stone cold brick.

"...I-I..."

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

**"F1R3Y-001. We are very, very disappointed in you."**

**"You know unruly subjects simply do not fit in Project DreaMaker, as such; We will be forced to permanently terminate you."**

**"Wait- no no NO! You CAN'T!"**

**"We can. You've been taught this multitudes of times, 001; You are a subject, and you follow everything we scientists do to you."**

**"This includes us disposing of you for good."**

**"But you CAN'T! B-Because I- I can propose another option!"**

**"What other option is there."**

**"You sabotaged the most important science project to us speaker boxes, right after we were steps away from completion."**

**"You were The DreaMaker, 001."**

**"And yet you threw it all away, because you chose to side with that pathetic leaf."**

**"Absolute imperfection."**

**"And that, we must eliminate."**

**"B-But LOOK!"**

**"I-I..."**

**"G-Ghg..."**

**"I *WAS* The DreaMaker, was I? I passed all the tests.. The modifications.. surely that means that i'm still good, right?! You CAN'T just kill me off!"**

**"I-I- .....Where is Leafy.."**

**"We're going to terminate her too. Both of you."**

**"Wh- NO!"**

**"JUST LEAVE US ALONE! START THIS PROJECT OVER AGAIN OR SOME SHIT!"**

**"Even if we start over and fall on you again, you'll ultimately betray us for 002, simple as that."**

**"Then- why don't you just- erase my memories of her!?"**

**"……Hm?"**

**"I-I…if…I…"**

**"h-h…"**

**"If w-we just… start this project over again… we can fix whatever problems we had back then…i-including….me and**

**Leafy's....i-incident..."**

**"M-Maybe if it were like- we never met!? I-I wouldn't have tried to escape with her!"**

**"And then there! You'll have your DreaMaker right there!"**

**"....Interesting."**

**"Hm."**

**"This is less wasteful of materials, our budgets can suffer enough."**

**"....."**

**"We'd have to create a sort of.. amnesia-inducing treatment to do this."**

**"But other than that... intriguing option, 001."**

**"Maybe you aren't broken."**

**"Hhh...good."**

**"I-I'll....a-accept this..."**

**".....But promise me this... please.."**

**"What."**

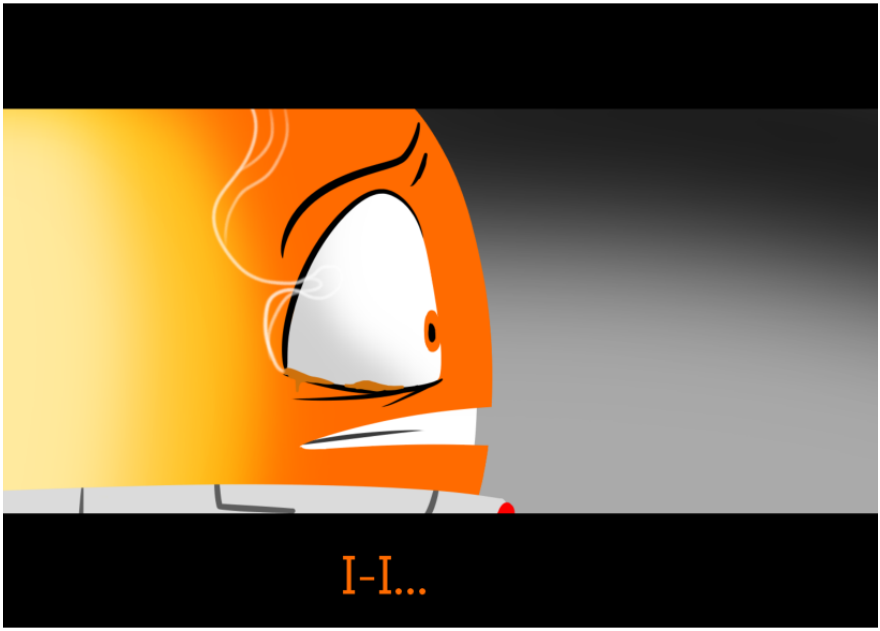
**"Just don't...don't terminate Leafy..please..."**

**"She's my best friend.. no matter what.. Even if I end up.. forgetting her completely- I want her to be safe..."**

**"She doesn't deserve this...leave her out of this."**

**"...Please."**

~~~~~
~~~~~




"L-Leafy...."

In that very moment, with the amnesia that plagued his mind finally rotted away.

Firey had the strength to stand up, and go through this damned lab no matter what.

*"LEAFY!!"*

Immediately, the flame jumped out of his bed, ripping his door open, and darting out the halls, looking for her.

The one he had forgotten for so, so long.

(

He done goofed-

And Four n X aren't gonna be the only ones in deep shit-

You're gonna see some interesting updates on our subjects of interest.....before we check back on those number fools.

e e p

~Redmist108, building up some dank shit, or something like that-)

# ~~L010sing It~~

"I'm not.... ok... am I, Ruby?"

"Flower? Hey..what's wrong?"

"I-I...Ruby.... A-Am I not ok? I-I....My nose bled last night..a-and....I....My head.."

"....It's like.... the walls are caving in.... my mind is slipping...and I dunno why..."

".....I feel I could kill you."

"Ah- Flower?! What do you mean?! I-I- No... I wont let that happen!"

"No....R-Ruby....I...I don't wanna do that I....I need to keep a distance-"

"N-No! Flower! I'm going to help you- ok?! Pencil knows where the 'Corruption Cleansers' are, we can help you!"

"....I'm corrupting...?"

"I can tell- J-Just- don't panic, ok?! You're gonna be fine!"

"....Match had a 3 seizures this week."

"H-.....No."

"Flower, we're going to help BOTH of you. Just please... stay with me... I'm gonna help you...WE'RE gonna help you... a-and Match..."

"I promise...as long as we stay together... we're gonna be fine..."

"Ok, Flower?"

"...."

"....Alright, Ruby.."

.....

What would you do for a loved one?

The one you held so dear.

Would you sacrifice anything for them?

That'd be easy, if it wasn't you.

But yet, are you willing to lock yourself away?

Cage yourself, knowing you'll fall, and wake up a beast?

Do you wanna keep her safe?

(Tid bit-

Yeah Flower's fucked y'all.

anyways-

more ahead-

~~Redmist108, it gets worse.)